What I Found Out About the Oxford Movement by Emily Newell Bl

JAN. 1,
1938

Liberty

5¢

STEN, YOUTH!—Elsie Robinson's New Open Forum for Intimate Problem

How Roosevelt Learned to Be a Politician by Emil Ludwi

Macfadden-Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida

Make Your Winter Vacation Pay Rich Dividends in Health

Florida climate and human ingenuity have combined to make Macfadden-Deauville a veritable paradise not only for the pleasure seeker but also for the seeker after renewed health.

In addition to presenting every facility for making your visit an ideal experience from the vacationist's viewpoint, Macfadden-Deauville makes available the most complete Physiotherapy departments in this country. Here you can enjoy sun-bathing, hydrotherapy, electric, steam and cabinet baths, massage, corrective dieting, calisthenics and many other features of Physiotherapy on a scale unexcelled.

If you or any member of your family have a knotty health problem to solve Macfadden-Deauville offers the opportunity to spend a joyous and beneficial vacation while rebuilding health under skilled supervision and with the help of the finest and most modern equipment that money and science can provide.

This is not a sanitarium but a luxurious hotel amid glamorous surroundings where health building has been developed to an extraordinary degree. Here getting well is a happy and pleasant experience utterly free of the air of misery that so often prevails at sanitoria. Happiness is the dominant note—dancing, inspirational singing, swimming and good fellowship restores the thrill of life that was yours in the days of boyhood and girlhood. Under this regime morbidity and monotony disappear as by magic and you live again "in the heights". Write us for details of our system as adapted to your individual needs.

FOR THE PLEASURE SEEKER

To vacationist and health seeker alike Macfadden-Deauville offers the ultimate in luxury and opportunity for enjoyment—richly appointed quarters, unsurpassed cuisine, 500 foot private beach with sand that is powder soft, the largest out-door circular swimming pool in the world, nearly 100 of the finest cabanas in Florida, golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, riding practically at the door—everything to make your vacation happy and utterly enjoyable. Write for rate schedule today.

Macfadden-Deauville

COLLINS AVE. AT 67th STREET *Miami Beach* FLORIDA

The Fourth in a Line of Navy Men can't take chances with his teeth and gums!

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

THERE are traditions to uphold, ambitions to fulfill...when you're fourth in a line of Navy men! And what could be more important to a Navy future than clean, brilliant teeth in firm, healthy gums. That's why this young man is practicing daily what his teachers taught him—regular massage of the gums for *healthier* gums and *sounder* teeth.

Right in the schoolroom, these children are being taught the importance of massage to healthy gums, *the importance of healthy gums* to sound teeth. Even at their age they know that today's soft, fibreless foods rob gums of work and health. Even at their age they know about "pink tooth brush" and what it can threaten to sound, sparkling teeth.

"Pink tooth brush" is simply a warning—nothing more. But if you see it—*see your dentist!* It may or may not mean serious trouble ahead, but let him be the one to decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "Gums that need more work and exercise," and often, very often, "gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

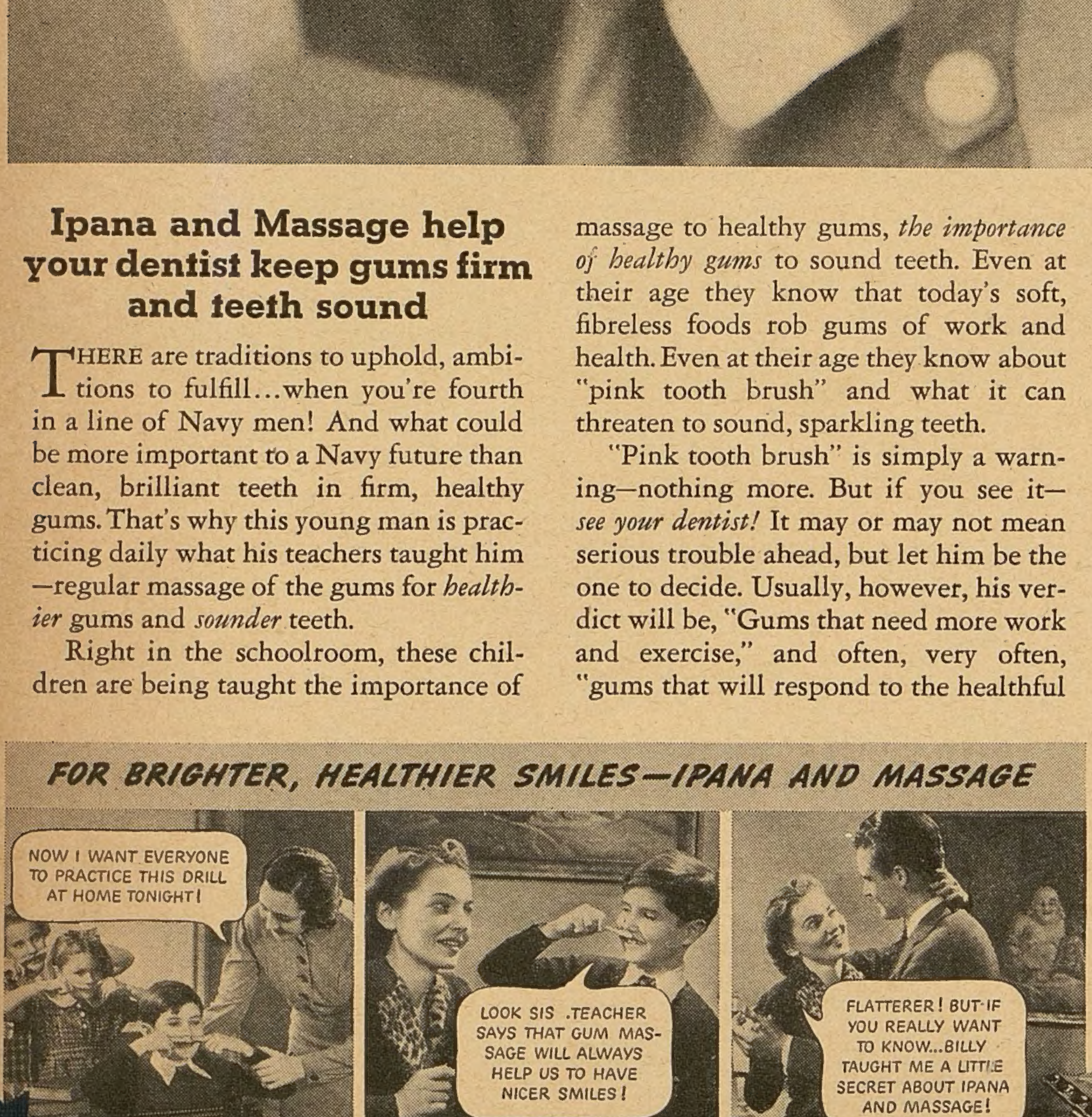
For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help the health of the gums as well as clean the teeth. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little *extra* Ipana into your gums. Circulation is awakened within the gum tissues. Gums tend to become stronger—teeth gain a brighter lustre.

Try Ipana, today. Remember, only with healthy gums and sparkling teeth—can you have a *radiant* smile!

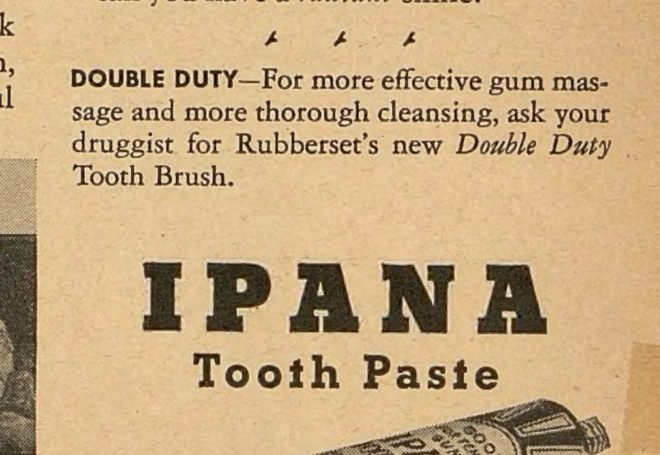
⁂

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

FOR BRIGHTER, HEALTHIER SMILES—IPANA AND MASSAGE


NOW I WANT EVERYONE TO PRACTICE THIS DRILL AT HOME TONIGHT!
LOOK SIS .TEACHER SAYS THAT GUM MASSAGE WILL ALWAYS HELP US TO HAVE NICER SMILES!
FLATTERER! BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW...BILLY TAUGHT ME A LITTLE SECRET ABOUT IPANA AND MASSAGE!

IPANA
Tooth Paste


IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS

JANUARY 1, 1938

Liberty

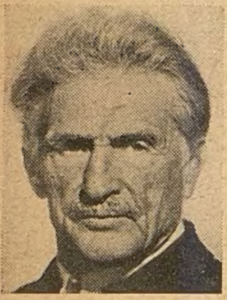
VOL. 15, NO. 1

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

WHAT THE FARMERS WANT IS MORE MONEY!



BERNARR MACFADDEN

They want a market for their products at a price that will give them a reasonable profit for their labor.

And the administration appears to have the same idea in mind. The officials appear to have the interest of the farmers at heart and they are trying to add to their financial rewards.

The AAA was pronounced unconstitutional. It was a wild dream which if continued would have meant a regimentation of our rural folks which would have been disastrous. It would have robbed them of their independence.

However, the administration still appears to be considering similar fantastic theories to increase rewards in the agricultural field.

What the average independent farmer wants is to be able to manage his own affairs, and he should expect from the government information that will help him select the crop which will yield the greatest profit. The statistics of the Department of Agriculture should be able to fill this important requirement. If there is a prospect of an oversupply of wheat, corn, or other products, then crops that promise better returns should be considered.

Charity handouts have doubtless been acceptable in recent emergencies largely because of the grave financial needs at that time, and though farmers have passed through rough experiences they are strongly imbued with the American idea of independence. They usually have a large supply of self-reliance that gives them the courage and persistence required to make their way without outside assistance.

It has been stated that the plowing-under procedure has cost the American farmer the price of ten million bales of cotton in foreign sales. At fifty dollars a bale it would make a total of five hundred million dollars that the cotton growers of this country have lost because of the efforts of the administration in controlling cotton acreage.

Argentine and other cotton-growing countries have increased their acreage as fast as we have decreased ours, and the American farmer has been compelled to assume this loss not only on cotton but doubtless heavy losses on other agricultural products due to plowing under and other wasteful procedures.

Huge sums mounting into the billions have been spent by our government to help the farmer. A small part of this colossal expenditure could undoubtedly have been used to raise the prices of various agricultural products to such an extent as to give the farmer a fair return without varying from the principles that have been adhered to throughout our national life. Then every farmer, by following this tried and true procedure, would earn what he receives . . . there would be no political favoritism, which apparently operated with such facility in the charity handouts.

There are many other methods that could be adopted to give farmers a greater income for their crops. A foreign market could be created by lowering the prices sufficiently to insure sales. The loss, whatever it might be, could be made up by the administration, doubtless at a small part of the cost that the government had to assume in the previous procedure.

Then another method would be to purchase an excess supply to be stored for lean years. Much of this supply could also be used to help support victims of the dole.

Any system, almost regardless of its character, would be better than following a policy of supervising farmers as though they were school children and telling them what and how much they can raise . . . loaning them money on their crops beyond market value. Last but not least, there is the processing tax . . . a fantastic procedure that tremendously increased the price of these necessities to the consumers.

The good old American system that operated so successfully for one hundred and fifty years is just as dependable now as it ever was.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 54

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributi otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class post and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT PLYMOUTH'S LOW PRICE

THE BIGGEST BUY!

CHECK VALUES among Low-Priced Cars—in Comfort, Beauty, Economy! Prove for yourself Plymouth's Easier Driving—NOW!

GET THE MOST for your money when you buy! When you look at cars—see what you *actually get!*

ONE LOOK will tell you how outstanding this new Plymouth is...how extra roomy and beautiful.

ONE SHORT DRIVE will demonstrate Plymouth's remarkable ride...its luxurious big-car comfort and amazing safety features!

OWNERS' FIGURES prove that Plymouth costs less to run than any other full-powered car. You save on gas, oil, tires...on every item of upkeep!

THE PRICE will delight you. Ask a Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer about Plymouth's very easy payment terms. And be sure to see, drive, and compare this new Plymouth—*today!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

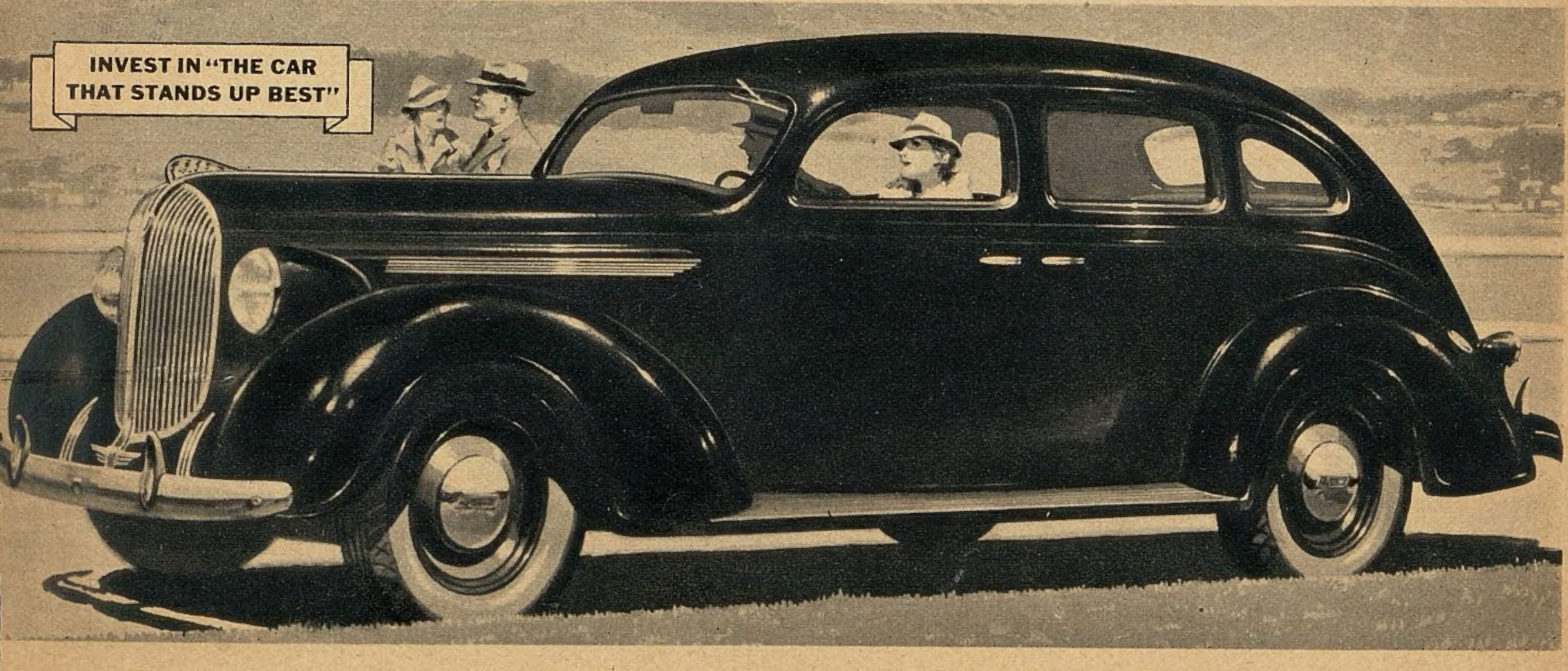
"READY TO RUN" PRICES
1938 PLYMOUTH 4-DOOR SEDAN

Here are the low delivered prices of a new Plymouth 4-door Sedan at various geographical points:

Detroit, Mich.	**$730.00**
Philadelphia, Pa.	**767.50**
Boston, Mass.	**770.00**
Milwaukee, Wis.	**750.00**
Kansas City, Mo.	**775.00**
Casper, Wyo.	**810.00**
New Orleans, La.	**805.00**
Pacific Coast	**871.50**

These prices include Federal taxes and transportation. State or local taxes, if any, are extra.

SEE THE NEW PLYMOUTH



What I Found Out About the Oxford Movement

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

STATESMEN are saying that unless men make what they call "spiritual values" the basis of society, civilization as we know it is doomed. They say it, but they do nothing about it. Yet what these spiritual values are is well known, has been known for centuries: Honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love.

The difficulty is that they cannot be created by fiat or won by a drive. You cannot even see them. You can only see what they do to people who have them.

Now, what first impressed me about the Oxford Group people was their acts. They did not perform as other people I knew. They were amazingly joyous. They were not self-conscious. They were kind. They actually seemed to care about you. They were generous. A little more experience with them and I saw that they said just what they meant — no more and no less — and were ready frankly to acknowledge their mistakes.

It took no cleverness on my part to decide that back of these actions of theirs there must be some force or power not operative in me. Naturally I wanted to know what it was. Their answer was that they practiced absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, and absolute love. I would have said, offhand, that I practiced these qualities myself. But when I compared my acts to those of these Oxford Group people I saw that the word "absolute" made a heap of difference in results.

My next question to Group members was: "Where and how do you get the power to practice these absolutes?" Their answer involved nothing less than what they called "a changed life," and when they explained what it was, my Episcopalian soul rebelled at what I had scornfully known as "conversion."

Now this is not the place to go into theology, nor did these Oxford Group people to whom I talked go into it. They have, I suspect, many different conceptions of God, many different theories of that process by which man establishes a contact with a power not himself making for righteousness. They are not given to explanations of what happens. They concentrate on the experience. They have been changed; you can see the results. If you want the effect, then try the method.

The point is that you do see the results. I went to one of their "house parties" at a Richmond hotel where two hundred of them, men and women from every kind of life, were spending ten days together to talk over their experiences and plans. It was the most joyful, informal, and gayest meeting I had ever attended. I saw then what society might be like if it was made up entirely of people like these. Not that they had any political or social platform or formula for making the world better, but because what they were in themselves so affected their relationship with each other.

I saw also what this Group meant by "a way of life." It was just that—doing, feeling, thinking without greed or envy or deceit or malice. Did they, then, never feel such emotions? I asked. "Of course," was the cheerful answer. But when they did, it seemed, they recognized their feeling for what it was, and acknowledged it—and miraculously it seemed to leave them.

In spite of their gaiety and lightness, they had, I discovered, a deeply serious purpose in life. It was nothing less than that of changing America, even as they had been changed. Through the meeting like a motif ran this desire and intention. Yet, and here again the uniqueness of this Group struck me, they had not joined the Group in order to change America; they had joined the Group in order to be changed themselves; but because they had been changed, they did want to change America.

I met the Group again at a winter resort in Florida. It was then I really learned to know Frank Buchman, the leader of the movement. It interested me to discover what manner of man this was who without funds of his own, without position or great gifts of oratory, had founded a fellowship with members in fifty countries which numbered hundreds of thousands of members, including Prime Ministers as well as coal miners. What struck me first about him was his freshness, his zest—qualities one associates with youth—and he is over fifty. There was, too, his simplicity. You felt that he always saw things stripped of the extraneous, and got down to bedrock.

The most noticeable thing about him to me was his way with people. All specimens of humanity seem to have a special preciousness to him. Which may be what is mean by that much abused word "love."

Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, leader. The Oxford Group

I met the Oxford Group again at the large Berkshir Hills assembly. There were thousands of them scattere through several towns. Men and women of many kind told their stories of what "going Oxford Group" ha done in and for them. But again it was not so much wha they said as what you saw in them.

A beautiful woman radiating such understanding tha little lame girls and burly laboring men took their prob

For liberals with common sense and open minds—A frank revelation from one who heard, saw, and was conquered

lems to her for help. A robust man of the cut and jib of a well-set-up successful business man talking of a drink habit that had been cured. A young butcher who spoke with power and poise of the spiritual experience that had come to him.

Seeing may not be believing if you have a skeptical mind, but seeing is often wanting. This was the case with me. These people had what I felt would make life what it should be.

What I had to do seemed simple. It involved an act of faith, but the faith might be only that of the man who prayed: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." What seems necessary for an answer is that you really mean it; that you really are willing to give up your own ideas of what you want your life to be, or want to do, and will accept the will of this power you call upon, though He be an unknown God.

There is nothing new in this. There are men and women in all churches who, in their lives, bear witness to the same experience. The Oxford Group does not seek to be a substitute to these, or to others, for the church. It is a fellowship of people who are giving a demonstration in their daily lives of what the church exists to promote—the Christian way of life. The Group has been called "the shock troops" of the church because it does seek to bring people to God. Many are the people it has sent back to the churches with their belief revitalized. Others it has sent who never before felt the need of a church.

A great religious teacher, Stanley Jones, has said that the Beatitudes, far from being impractical, are the only practical rules whereby a permanent society can be built. In this Group people are committed to practicing them the only place a person may—in their own daily lives.

Now, for a housewife to treat her servant honestly, for a merchant to tell the truth to customers, may seem a long way from solving the servant problem and the problem of monopolistic prices. But if enough merchants and housewives were doing the same thing, if enough industrialists and politicians practiced the absolutes, would not some of our difficulties be on the way to solution?

But I drop into argument, and this is not the Oxford Group way. They simply practice the absolutes in their daily lives and then bear witness to what has happened to them because of it. I must do the same. I must bear witness to what the Oxford Group has done to me.

One of my first discoveries was that back of what I hugged as a righteous indignation was a jealousy of another woman who had succeeded at things in which I had failed. I sat down and wrote a letter to her acknowledging this jealousy. On second thought, I did not send the letter, realizing that I had no right to inflict her with my affairs in order to ease myself; but I had really meant to send it when I wrote it, and so had been willing to expose myself to her. That, I think, must be the reason that the jealousy left me.

Three things that have ridden me all my life have also left me: the dependence upon outside things, such as clothes, houses, etc., to build up my own self-confidence; a feeling that people did not like me; and self-consciousness that built a wall between me and others. I have gained a new friendliness for people.

Put simply, what has happened to me seems to be that whereas once I acted on the principle that God and I were one and that one was I, now the principle is that God and I are one and that one is God.

All this I must credit to the "quiet times," when I sit down each morning to speak with the power, force, person we call God, ask for what I need, and listen to what I hear. There is this two-way prayer. You do get guidance as to the day's work. When you do, there are no problems. You go forward with a peace and ease that releases in you all your abilities and energies.

The idea of a group like this is not new. The truths it teaches are as old as the first Christian century. The importance of the Oxford Group lies in the fact that it applies its message to the problems of life today. It speaks the language of today. (The Group's new magazine, The Rising Tide, the first issue of which is now in preparation, will demonstrate this modern approach.) It employs methods that accord with the pragmatic psychology of today. It therefore reaches people of today.

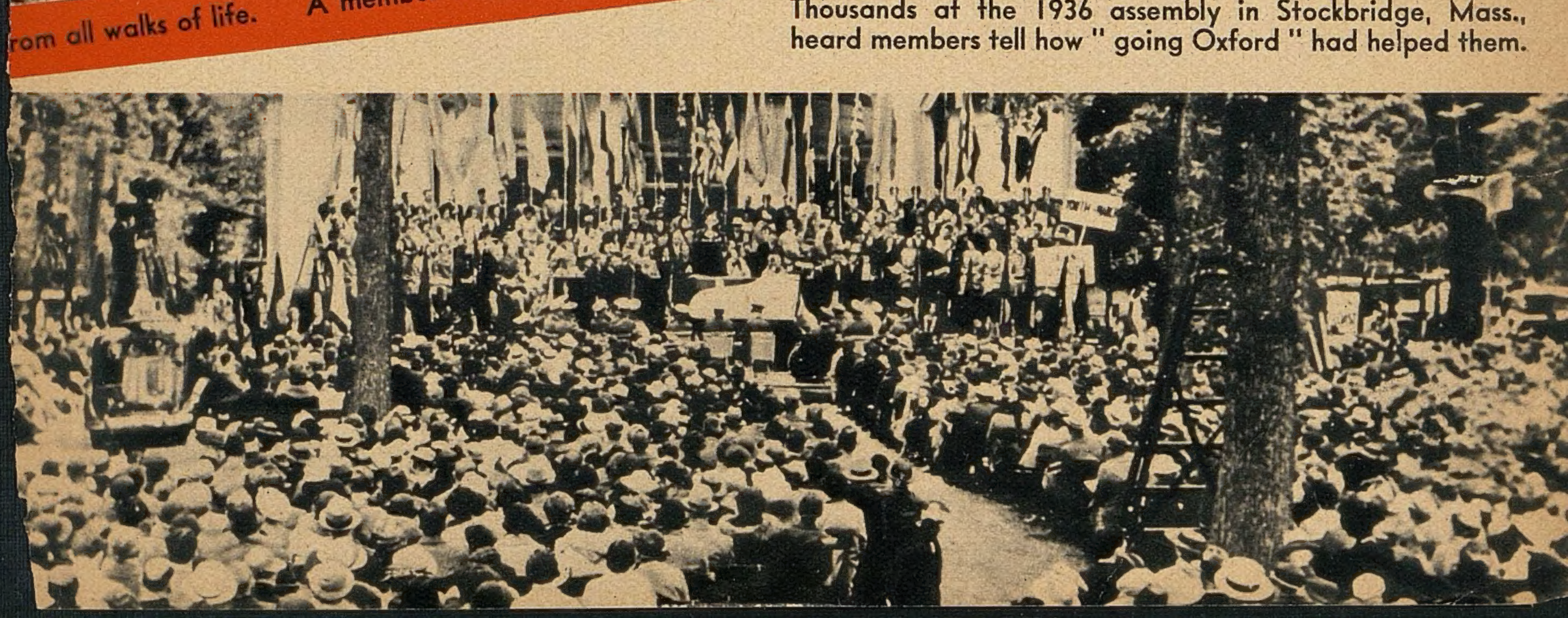
Never will we adopt spiritual values because we know we should in order to save society. We will adopt them and practice them only as they solve our own problems. The Oxford Group shows us that they can. But—and here is the paradox—though we adopt them for that purpose only, this adoption, as we practice them, would in turn save the world.

THE END

rom all walks of life.

A member from a boiler room.

Thousands at the 1936 assembly in Stockbridge, Mass., heard members tell how "going Oxford" had helped them.



A Cell for Two

BY ELITA WILSO

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

MORE than one pair of eyes followed Valerie Taylor as she walked along the sand—looking for him. But she paid no heed. Funny, she was thinking, how out of all the people vacationing in Florida there was only one person who mattered to her.

Mattered! That was putting it mildly. She was in love with Jim Harkins. Had been in love with him ever since that day, over four weeks ago, when they discovered that they were the only two swimmers who ventured out beyond the surf to the sand bar. You just couldn't ignore the only other occupant of the bar. They had smiled at first, then laughed, as a big breaker challenged them; dived easily through it. And then they were talking like old friends. He had only that morning arrived at the hotel. No, he wasn't sure how long he would stay.

They swam leisurely back to the shore, keeping close together and riding the waves.

"I suppose," Valerie said, as they came out of the water, "that we ought to introduce ourselves. I am Valerie Taylor."

He smiled. "I know. I am Jim Harkins."

"You know?" she echoed curiously.

"The desk clerk at the hotel told me."

She shot him an arch look. "You didn't by any chance ask him?"

"I did."

And so it had started—that simply, so unexpectedly.

He was a strange person. Didn't seen to want to talk at all about himself, and it didn't seem to matter. Instinctively Valerie trusted him.

They had had such fun together. The beach in the morning, the races or deep-sea fishing in the afternoon, sometimes going down to the air terminal just before dinner to watch the big Clipper ships come swooping down out of the sky. And the nights! The nights were the things Valerie would never be able to forget. Dining and dancing under a star-spangled sky, and this past week there had been a full moon. The long drives before bedtime in the rented car that carried them along the ocean front. And then, without knowing exactly when it had happened, she woke up one morning distressed by the knowledge that she was in love with Jim Harkins.

Distressed? A little panic-stricken was more like it. And the feeling took deeper root when it became evident to Valerie that with every passing moment Jim Harkins was himself approaching that point where the sound of her voice beside him thrilled him and the touch of her hand stirred him to the depths.

When that happened she would be "on the spot." Because soon, now, she would be returning to New York. He too. He was already talking about things they would do together back in the city. She felt very much like an unhappy Cinderella, because when that time came her lovely golden coach would turn into a pumpkin once more, her expensive frocks would become basement bargains, and she would no longer be Valerie Taylor—"Mrs. Amos Taylor," the hotel register said. She would be just plain . . .

"Hi, there!"

Valerie turned swiftly as a voice hailed her from one of the cabañas. It was Jim. Troublesome thoughts dropped from her as she ran to meet him, radiant, happy. Happy just to be near him, draining every precious moment they were together of all it had to give, and knowing all the while that the greater the happiness now, the greater the heartache was going to be later on.

"I just moved in this morning," he said, indicating the cabaña. "How do you like it?"

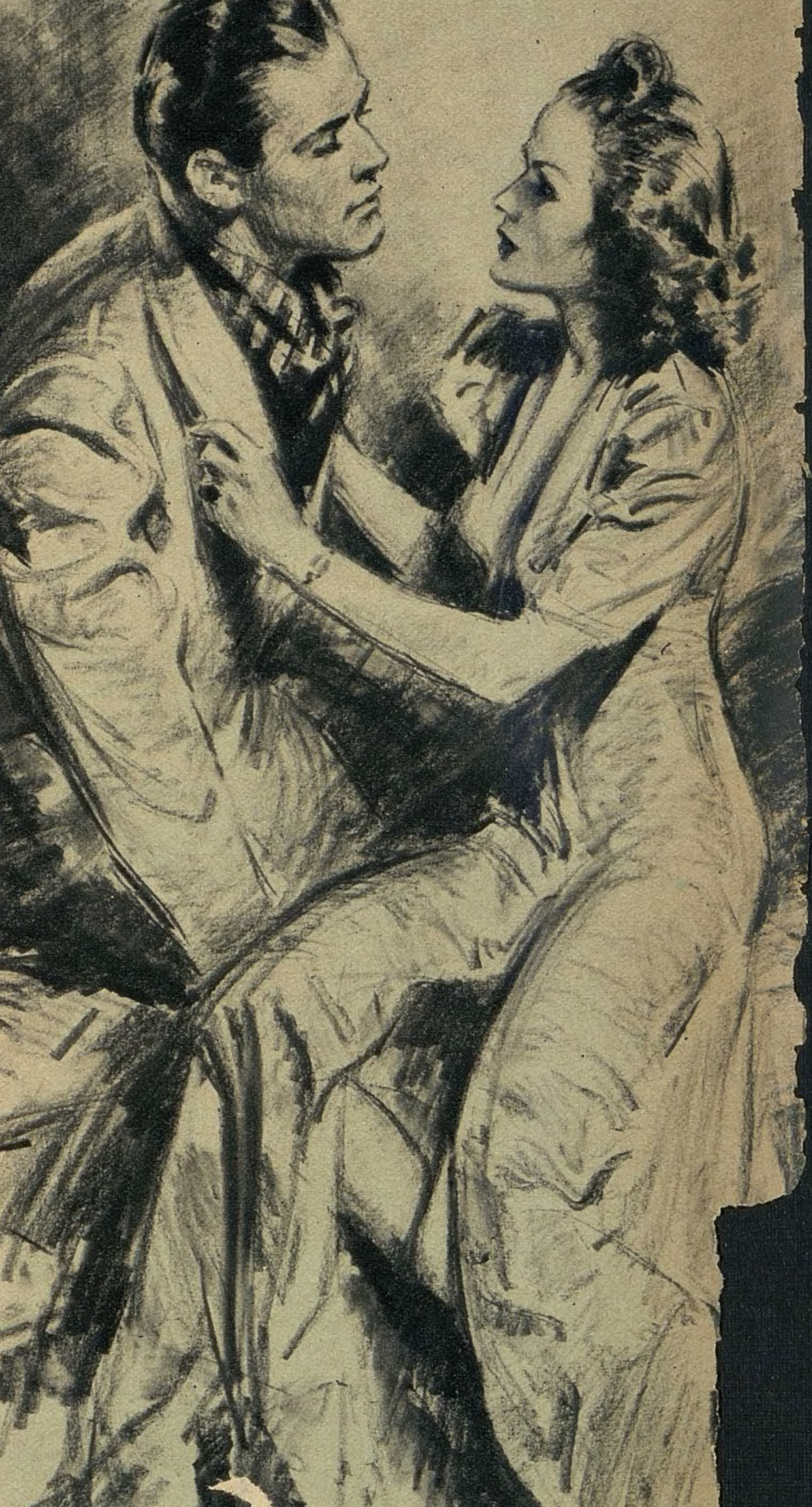
"Pretty doggy, I'll say," she nodded, looking around.

On a small table inside was a tray containing ice, soda, and a bottle of rum. Jim looked about for glasses, found them, and made two rum Collinses. He opened up beach chairs and they sat on the sand in front of the cabaña.

"It's hard to realize that back home they are slushing around in snow a foot deep." Valerie tried not to hear. "Women always look so fantastic walking around in the snow with sun-tan on their faces."

"Florida tan doesn't last long," she returned.

"Which reminds me . . ." he added cryptically, at



"I told you I was Jim Harkins, and I am."

A blithe, surprising tale of a m
Cinderella and a lovers' masqu

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

the same time hitching his chair closer so that he might put his hand over hers.

"Of what?" She had to ask it, just as she had to sit there helpless to stop the pounding that had set up in her heart at the nearness of him. Helpless, too, to stop the dreadful dénouement that stared her in the face. If only they never had to return to New York! If . . .

Jim Harkins set his glass down in the sand and leaned forward so that he might look her full in the eyes.

"On Saturday," he said, "I must fly back home. I have already stayed two weeks over the time I had allowed myself. That is your fault."

"My fault?"

"Your fault," he repeated. "Because from the moment I set eyes on you strange things began happening. A remarkable thing about you, Val—remarkable because one doesn't usually find it in a woman—is your utter lack of curiosity. You have never asked me about myself—where or how I live, what my business is, how I happen to be in Florida."

"If you had wanted me to know, you would have told me, wouldn't you?" Valerie asked. But inwardly she was saying, Of course I wouldn't ask you. That would give you the right to ask me such questions. His next words startled her, then set her to wondering.

"As a matter of fact, Val," he said casually, "if you had asked me any questions about myself I should probably have lied. I would have had to." At sight of the girl's startled face he laughed and took her hand.

"You don't have to go on being so mysterious," she said.

"You're right," he declared. "And I won't. But first I want to tell you a story. It is a story about a very blind and foolish man. This man was married to a girl he loved deeply. She was pretty, spoiled, selfish—but he loved her. He did everything possible to make her happy, to keep her love. But as time passed he could see, even though he didn't want to, that she was getting tired of him, that she welcomed the flattery and attentions of other men. He wasn't jealous, because there was apparently no one to be jealous of.

"For a long time the husband was stubborn about it, thinking he could buy back her love with presents and a trip to Europe and a mink coat at Christmas. But it was no go. She finally told him that unless he consented to a divorce she would go to Paris or Mexico and get one anyway. She meant it. The man was heartbroken, but he was a good sport and took it. He sent her to Florida."

VALERIE started up in her chair at that last sentence. Panic raced across her face. Harkins pushed her gently back.

"There is more to the story. As the time drew near when the divorce decree was to be granted, the husband's thoughts were almost constantly on his wife. He remembered the first two years of their married life, how much she had loved him, how she had waited eagerly for his home-coming at night, called him at his office during the day 'just to hear the sound of your voice,' and of the times when, lying close in his arms, she would murmur, 'Oh, if only we didn't have to go to [illegible]p. It's just like going away from each other!' She had loved him once. Such love couldn't die, he argued. She [illegible] a silly girl, not knowing what she wanted. He'd [illegible] too soft, letting her run away to Florida to divorce him. Perhaps down there, in a new environment, he might rekindle that pasion, might persuade her to come back to him.

"In a frenzy of haste he caught the first plane south, urried from the airport to her hotel and asked the desk lerk if his wife were in.

"'Here she comes now, sir,' said the clerk, nodding oward a woman coming out of the elevator.

"The husband started eagerly forward, then stepped ack as a perfectly strange woman swept past him.

"'You misunderstood me,' he said to the clerk. 'I sked for Mrs. Amos Taylor.'

"'That was Mrs. Taylor,' replied the clerk."

Valerie covered her face with her hands. "Go n . . ." she whispered miserably.

"Well, of course," Harkins' voice continued, "the husband knew there was something rotten in Denmark, so he got his lawyer on long distance and started an investigation. Within two days he knew that his wife had never come to Florida at all. Instead, she had gone to Maine with the man she had been having an affair with, the man of whose existence the husband knew nothing, and had sent her manicurist down to Florida to impersonate her and get the divorce. The manicurist's name was Jane Sheridan. She was a nice kid who had never been south of the Battery or north of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. She was scared stiff at the idea, but it was the opportunity of a lifetime."

Valeria, looking like a ghost, uncovered her face. "And you've known . . . all the time . . . and . . ."

THE memory of those nights beneath the Florida moon, his kisses, the hours when she couldn't sleep for thinking of him, that awful moment when she had to face the fact that she loved him desperately . . . All of these things came rushing upon her like the big breakers out beyond the sand bar. "Oh, how could you?" she cried.

In a torrent of tears she ran into the cabaña and slammed the door. People on the beach stared curiously as the man hurried after her.

Inside, she turned and faced him angrily. "All right," she flared, "I'm not Mrs. Amos Taylor. I'm only Jane Sheridan, a nobody from nowhere. I did do wrong in coming down here and impersonating another woman, but you said yourself it was probably the only chance I'd ever have got to see Florida. Do you know what it is to work from the time you're twelve years old until you're twenty-five without even a week's vacation? Do you know what it means to turn over every penny you make to help support a lot of kid sisters and brothers and a drunkard father? Do you know what it means to go without lunch so you can buy a pair of stockings at the end of the week? And do you know what it means to a girl's heart to fall in love for the first time in her life—and then find out that the man was married all the time and deliberately let her do it? Oh, you . . . you don't know *anything!*"

She flung herself, sobbing, on to the wicker settee.

Harkins, who had been standing off to one side, arms folded, regarding the girl's outburst with a mixture of amusement and curiosity, now came over and sat down beside her.

"Look at me, Jane Sheridan," he said.

A violent headshaking answered him. "Go away," said a muffled voice.

"You're just a woman, after all," he persisted. "Women are always jumping at conclusions."

Jane's eyes flew open. "I suppose you're going to tell me that you've fallen for me, so now you don't care about your wife wanting a divorce. Well, you can save your breath, because even if I did fall for you, I'm all over it now. If I'd wanted married men I could have . . ."

"Who said I was married?"

"Why . . . you! You just said so . . . that story . . ."

"Let me finish the story, nitwit. I told you I was Jim Harkins, and I am. I happen to be Mrs. Taylor's lawyer. Amos sent me down here to try and talk his wife out of the divorce. Naturally I had to find out what was going on when I discovered you."

The girl sat up and caught Harkins by the lapels of his coat. "Then . . . you're not a married man? Oh, why did you frighten me?"

"Because you deserved to be frightened. The story I just told you so very nearly happened, it isn't funny. Amos Taylor was on his way to the Newark airport when he was called back by business and sent me in his place. He's not the charming fellow I am. He would probably have put you in jail. I can still do it. I think I will. From now on you are locked up in my heart for the rest of your natural life, Jane Sheridan."

"Make it a cell for two, please, James," she smiled, as his arms went about her.

THE END

BUCCANEERS' BOOTY

BY W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ACROSS the unpaved street from the cantina where Julian Michael O'Mara was eating his luncheon a low adobe house drowsed beneath the shade afforded by the scarlet foliage and monstrous seed pods of a flamboyant tree. A youth was lolling on a bench outdoors, and O'Mara observed with mild astonishment that although his features were Mexican his hair was red. The Irishman was speculating about this circumstance when suddenly there erupted into the narrow street of the village of Santa Maria del Pilar three mounted men wearing cartridge belts and peaked velvet hats trimmed with silver, and carrying carbines which they discharged at random.

Their arrival was no affair of O'Mara's unless they singled him out for robbery. The graying adventurer with the young heart sat tight.

Their special purpose, it became clear instantly, concerned the little house across the way. The red-thatched boy was promptly fired at. He toppled over, apparently dead. Then one of the marauders jumped from his horse, flung himself against the door which was just being closed from the inside, and returned before long, dragging a screaming, struggling girl. Her loosened hair was even redder than that of the youth.

O'Mara left his table and slipped into the street. He drew his revolver and pushed his hat back from his forehead as he emerged from the doorway. The bandits on horseback raised their carbines. But they were far too slow for O'Mara. He fired twice with appalling accuracy, breaking the right arm of each man between elbow and shoulder. Weapons clattered from numbed fingers to the ground. They reeled in the saddle, but plied their spurs furiously and rode off, their voices raised in hoarse imprecations.

The dismounted man released the girl and swung toward O'Mara. But the moment he got a good look at the Irishman he rushed for his horse and scrambled on to its back. O'Mara allowed him to go unharmed. He did not have a lust for killing bandits.

Even when an unexpected shot rang out behind him and he turned to see a fourth horseman approaching from the opposite end of the street, O'Mara contented himself with whipping his revolver into position and then holding his fire. It satisfied him that this brigand also should flee as if from the very angel of death. He had hoped for some such result when he had pushed back his hat so that they could see his features clearly. O'Mara knew that he enjoyed a certain degree of local personal fame. The white plume above his temple was the badge by which he had come to be recognized in Mexico.

He sauntered to the adobe house, examined the boy, and found a hole through his shoulder. It was no mortal wound; he was already recovering consciousness. The girl, disheveled and flaming with excitement, was calling upon the saints to witness the depth of her gratitude to the foreigner for saving her from abduction. She was beautiful in her fierce primitive way, and every whit as native in type as her brother.

" You don't have to thank me as hard as all that, señorita," he said at last, smiling. " Gun fighting is both my profession and my favorite amusement. Say, what's your name? "

" Patricia Omaley," she answered, running all the syllables together with an odd lilt. " But will you not enter the house, señor? All that we have is yours."

O'Mara accepted courteously. He found the establishment consisted of a bedridden father whose first name was Esteban, a blind and enfeebled great-aunt, the girl Patricia, and the wounded boy. The mother of the two last-named was dead and the father had been crippled in battle.

" The bandits have long had their eyes on my little red one," Esteban told him. " They knew I was too weak to defend her, but their master Satan forgot to tell them that the good God might send a defender like your worship."

Esteban's brown face was curiously pug-nosed, and the surname Omaley reminded the adventurer of something familiar. Suddenly he broke into a gay chuckling.

" Your ancestors were not Mexicans," he said. " They were countrymen of mine. The red hair and all proves it. Sure, they were O'Malleys from Ireland! And I am Julian Michael O'Mara, at your service. O'Malley—O'Mara! We might be distant cousins, bedad! "

ESTEBAN simply looked bewildered, but the blind great-aunt croaked feebly: " The stranger is right Our people came from the far north and fought under a admiral who was a king in these lands. They spoke English then. My father remembers it."

" You don't mean to tell me that your father is alive! " exclaimed O'Mara.

" He was in the best of health when I last had news of him—twenty years ago. He returned to the island where the admiral rul[illegible] Patricia, bring me the paper in which our fortune [illegible] to be written."

" The pries[illegible]elf could make no sense of this, señor,' she said apolog[illegible], putting it into his hands.

O'Mara decipher[illegible]ith growing wonder the faded English words:

> . . . forasmuch as I have pledged my honour to hang th said Dennis O'Malley at Gallows Point, when he returnet within my jurisdiction. But for [illegible]rother Patrick I hav naught but good will, and do hold [illegible] his account ye moneys and divers prizes earned by his gall[illegible] behaviour at ye city of Panama. Until this just debt be p[illegible] to Patrick O'Malle or his lawful heirs, I shall not rest [illegible]tent. Aye, and I d lay the charge upon all who may follow after me as Hi Majesty the King's lieutenants in Jamaica. Let God b their judge!

The signature was illegible except for the ending " gan."

O'Mara looked up slowly and asked: "Are you descended from Dennis or Patrick O'Malley?"

The old woman shrugged. "I do not know. But there has always been a Patricio or a Patricia in our family. My father was of that name—and the girl here."

"Why did your father go to Jamaica? For it *was* Jamaica, wasn't it?"

"Yes; I remember now that the island was so called. He went seeking gold and jewels that were owing to us. Is that what the paper says?"

"It is. But only half is here. Where is the other half?"

"My father took the first sheet with him. Himself, he could neither read nor write. He went to see the admiral who wrote it. One sheet he carried as proof. The other he left with us, fearing that he might be robbed and killed on the journey and the whole story be lost. We have never heard from him since. But if he found the great admiral he received justice, no doubt."

"I'd say that this paper was signed by Sir Henry Morgan, the famous buccaneer you call an admiral. He died more than two hundred years ago, and you really think that your father set out to find him?"

"Two hundred years does not seem such a long time to me," replied the calm old woman. "I passed my hundredth birthday last month. Suppose my father knew that the admiral would be dead! Does that signify that he could not hope to see the son of Morgan, or some one else who would be well informed about the old affair?"

The crippled man in bed made the logical comment: "Your worship proved himself today to be our only friend. If you are traveling in the direction of that island of Jamaica, look into the matter of the gold, I beseech you. Our fortune shall be your fortune, for we shall divide it evenly. And take one of my children with you as a companion and a living answer to such as may doubt our right to claim what is promised in the admiral's letter."

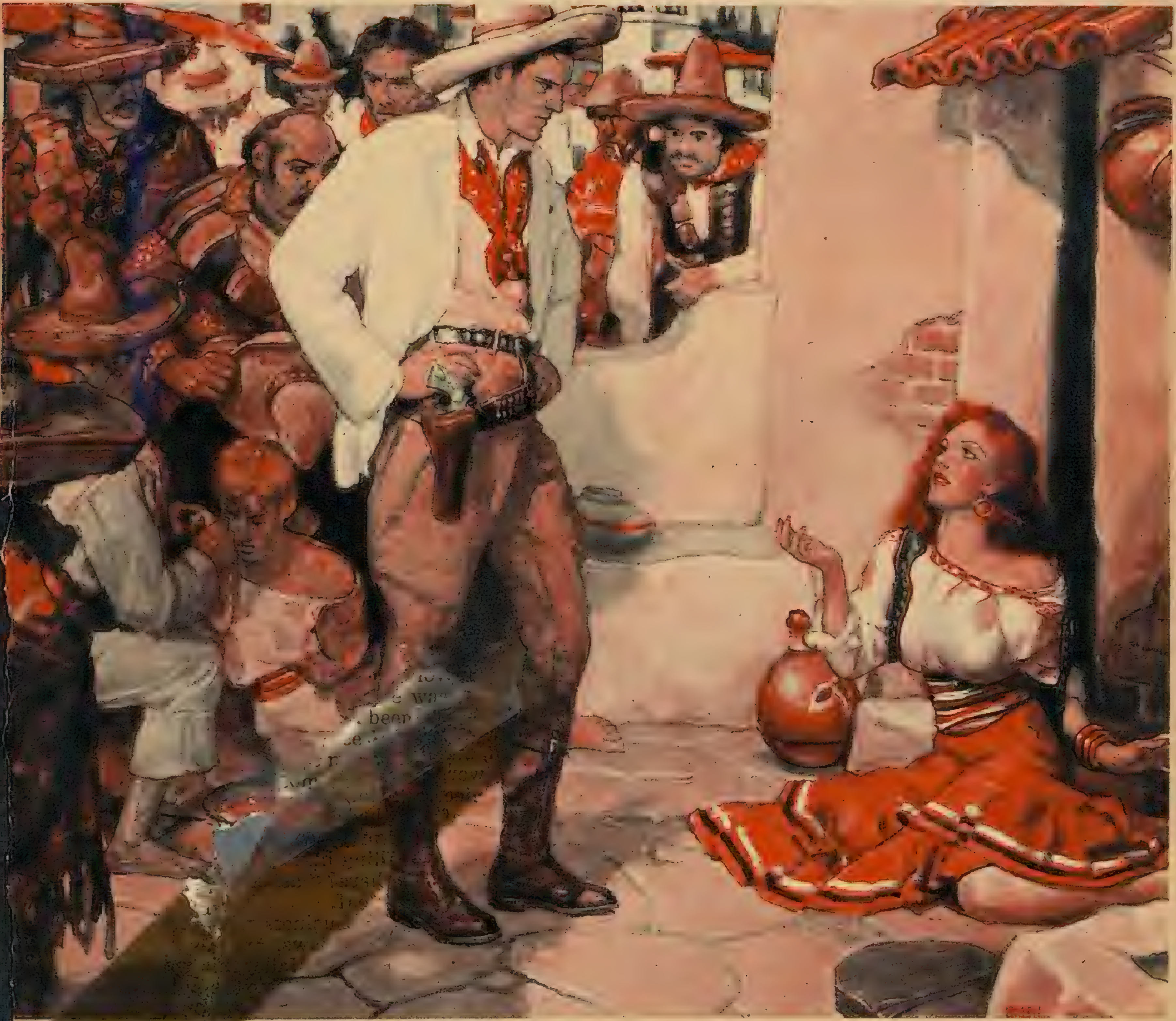
"Either of your children?" asked O'Mara quizzically.

"Of course. The little red one would have died rather than submit to capture by a brigand chief, but she will obey me gladly if I tell her to go with your worship. You can decide about marriage when you come back to us. But I tell you the fortune beyond the ocean is no dream. A younger Omaley looked into it recently and was convinced. Alas, he died in a revolution before his plans were ripe."

AT Vera Cruz, two days later, the rover and the vivid girl who passed as his daughter caught a battered German tramp, and in a week were at Kingston, Jamaica.

After he had taken rooms in a latticed hotel, O'Mara found that his first move would be prosaic and of routine character. He went with Patricia, whose name he had shortened to Pat, to the public registrar of deeds. In the past twenty years, he inquired, had one or more Mexicans

Gold and a glamorous girl—and a fighting Irishman! . . . Here's a stirring story



"You don't have to thank me as hard as all that, señorita," he said. "What's your name?"

called Omaley tried to claim money held in trust from the seventeenth century?

The brick-complexioned Englishman in charge admitted that there had been such a case. "An absurd claim, my dear sir! But—er—a rather unusual one, really!" he declared with irritating phlegm. "The beggar wanted us to believe that Sir Henry Morgan, when governor of this colony, acknowledged a debt to his family. A Creole lawyer got his finger into the pie, and then the case was suddenly dropped."

"Could you tell me why it was dropped?" asked O'Mara. "And the name of the lawyer?"

The registrar gazed fixedly at Pat, his eyes fishlike. "My duty—er—is to report on documents and not to dispense twenty-year-old gossip," he mumbled after an insulting pause. "If you intend to open a new suit against the colonial government, that is your privilege; but it will be fruitless, really!"

O'Mara leaned his elbow on the desk, while into his light gray eyes there came an expression which made the other man continue, though grudgingly.

"Every one who was officially connected with the affair is dead," he stated, "except the Mexican himself. He is said to be living in the hills behind Port Henderson, at the western end of the harbor. The fellow must be bally old by this time. It appears that the claimant heard the money at issue had been buried by Morgan, instead of being placed in the crown treasury. Silly ass, what? The old pirates'-gold nonsense. But I assure you his deceased lawyer filed no brief and there's nothing to be learned except straight from the Omaley beggar."

"That's little enough, but it helps. Thank you."

They walked away beneath the poinsettia trees.

"The Englishman looked at me as the bandits used to do," the girl flared. "You should have killed him."

O'Mara stroked her arm dreamily, his thoughts elsewhere. Twice she had said things like this—once on the boat, when a sailor had tried to joke with her; once now. It was no part of his adventurer's scheme of life to become entangled in love and the jealousies love breeds. He said:

"We'll be going to that place where your great-grandfather lives."

He hired a native canoe and had himself and Pat paddled to Port Henderson, a ragged village weltering in the mangrove mud.

"Did you ever hear of an old Mexican in these parts named Omaley?" O'Mara asked of the withered brown postmaster.

"A crazy granddad who don't speak no English? Yes, sir!" the other drawled. "He don't receive letters, but he comes down here sometimes to buy tobacco. He lives in the gully you can see from the south end of my veranda —yes, sir!"

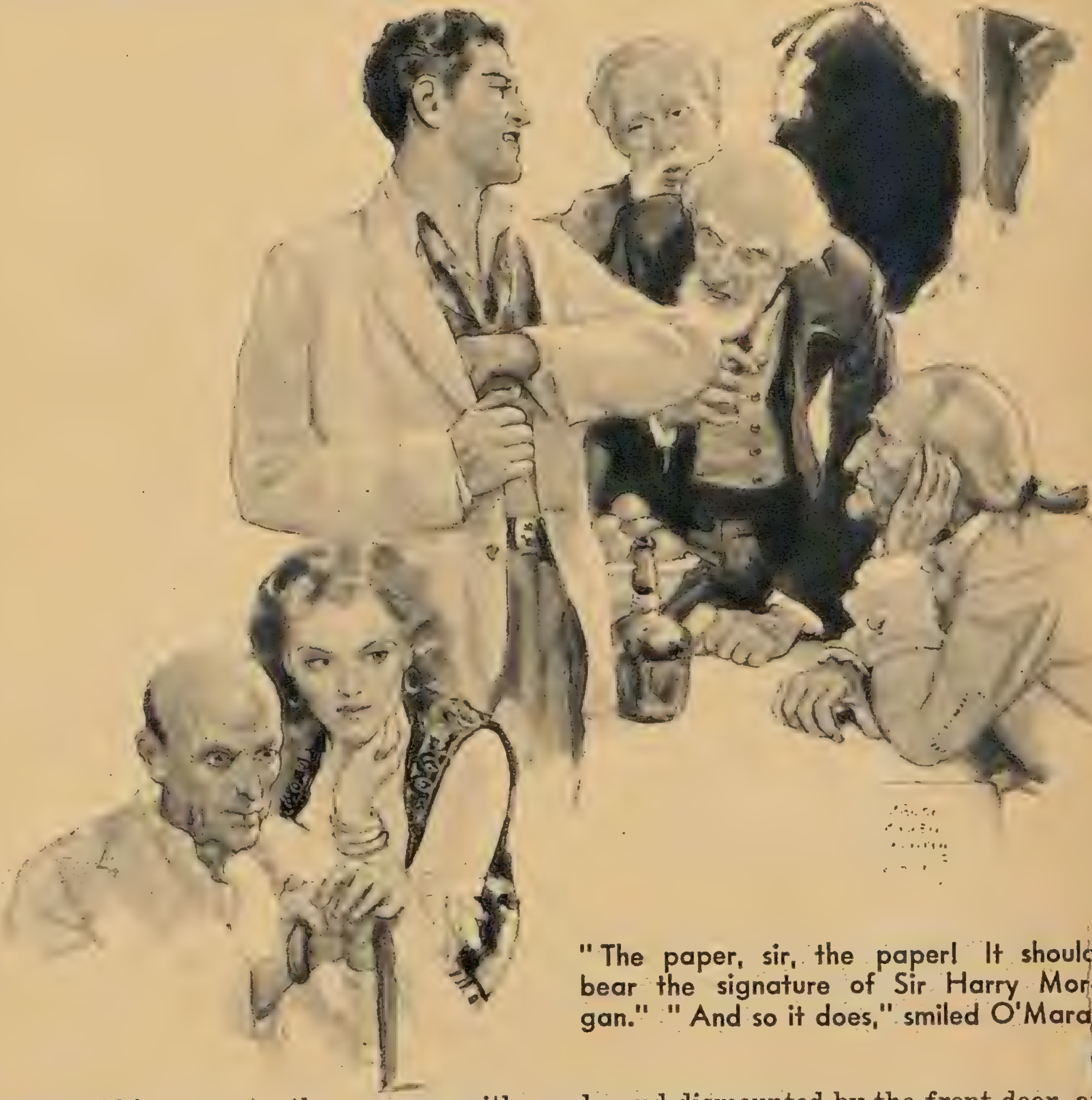
The postmaster pointed. The mouth of a valley showed like a dim blue shadow against the hills, above the dust-laden heat blanket that shrouded the plain.

"We're going there to call on him, and if we don't come back you can notify the governor of Jamaica," said O'Mara flippantly.

He hired a pair of saddled mules and in the first cool of the afternoon he and Pat rode toward the culmination of their quest. The distance was far shorter than the murky atmosphere and the talk of the postmaster had caused it to seem. By five o'clock O'Mara and his companion had entered the valley, and the sharply sloping ground soon led to a zone of luxuriant vegetation watered by a stream. The air was cooler at this level. It was a miniature paradise not unlike the flower-draped gorges which had delighted O'Mara in Mexico.

A thickly shaded house stood far back from the trail. It was a sprawling one-story building with stone foundations entirely above ground and a vine-clad superstructure of weather-beaten wood. Its majestic dilapidation implied that it had been built no later than the middle of the eighteenth century.

O'Mara and Pat rode up a long curving driveway overgrown with weeds, and dismounted by the front door, at a low stone platform.



"The paper, sir, the paper! It should bear the signature of Sir Harry Morgan." "And so it does," smiled O'Mara.

Dusk was beginning to fall, but as yet there were no lights behind the jalousied windows. It was impossible to tell whether any one had noted the arrival of the guests. O'Mara shrugged, stepped jauntily to the door, and knocked. After a wait of nearly fifteen minutes he was admitted by an old gentleman of singular appearance. The head of the ancient resembled one of those gargoyles carved by the natives from coconut shells; it was brown, wrinkled, and tufted with a sparse beard, but the gnarled features were Anglo-Saxon. The body was garbed in ill-matched pieces of clothing, of which the most startling was a pair of knee breeches of faded purple velvet.

"We're searching for Señor Omaley of Mexico, though I guess you'd be calling him by his rightful family name of O'Malley. Is he here?" asked O'Mara loudly, fearing the other might be deaf.

"And what is your business with him?" creaked the old fellow, with rattling jaws.

"This girl is Patricia O'Malley, his great-granddaughter. I brought her from Mexico, as a matter of friendship and adventure, to get at the meaning of a documen that's been in the family a long time."

"And you—who are you?"

"Julian Michael O'Mara, a citizen of the United States, born in Ireland."

"You have brought the document?"

"Half of it. Pat's great-granddad has the other half."

The ancient shuffled over to the wall, lighted an oil lamp, and then squinted shrewdly at his visitors.

"The O'Malley hair, right enough! We've been expecting either the girl or some other from Santa Maria del Pilar. But, God's death, you'll have to tell a story that holds water! The old O'Malley has gone blind. Come this way with me."

The guide, who condescended to mumble that his name was Wat Judkins, led O'Mara and Pat down a corridor and into a huge room where a table was set for dinner. Already seated, though the food had not yet been brought, were six men, each of whom was preposterously and grotesquely old. The one at the head of the table was stooped forward by the weight of years that simply could not be estimated. He wore a dusty and moth-eaten civilian costume of the late eighteenth century and his scanty hair was gathered behind in a pigtail. His hawk nose and his nutcracker chin threatened to meet above the narrow line of his lips, but his eyes shone alertly. He was no senile imbecile. Four of the others were skinny bearded relics of northern stock. The last, a person of great age, sightless and bald, was obviously the Mexican. Pat rushed over to him and they talked in soft Spanish.

"These visitors are a young O'Malley and one who gives his name as O'Mara," announced Judkins. He turned around and bowed. "Our chief is Captain Martin Drew. The remaining gentlemen are Lynch, Stodder, Davis, and Codrington, by your leave."

Everybody saluted politely.

CAPTAIN DREW waved his guests to be seated. Judkins clapped his hands, and a Negro scarcely less ancient than his masters staggered in from the adjoining kitchen with dishes of food.

Courteous broken talk of no importance circulated until the end of the meal, when coffee and black cigars were served. Then Drew thrust out his head still farther between his hunched shoulders, stared into O'Mara's face, and said in a shrieking falsetto that nevertheless was hardy, "Will you give us your tale, sir?"

The Irishman told it in a few words.

Captain Drew half raised a palsied arm. "The paper, sir, the paper! If you have the correct O'Malley document, it should bear the signature of Sir Harry Morgan."

"And so it does, God rest his soul!" smiled O'Mara, producing the sheet he had brought from Santa Maria. "But how does this strike you? You read aloud the first page, which I take it is in your charge. Then I'll read mine. The two should fit together like an upper and lower lip."

Drew scowled, but fumbled in the tail pocket of his coat until he found a crumpled paper, held it close to his eyes, and read:

> "This Twentieth day of June, 1681, to Captain Charles Cobb, of His Majesty's Frigate Galatea, cruising in ye waters of New Spain:
>
> "Greetings:
>
> "Word cometh to Jamaica that ye boatswain aboard ye Galatea is by name O'Malley, and layeth claim to having served under me at Porto Bello and ye glorious adventure of Panama. Please God that it be Patrick O'Malley, a seaman of excellent parts. If peradventure it be Dennis, he is a treasonable rogue who sought to betray me to ye Spanish Governour of ye isthmus, and I pray you to put him in irons and deliver him over to my trusty messenger . . ."

Drew paused, and O'Mara continued:

> " . . . forasmuch as I have pledged my honour to hang the said Dennis O'Malley at Gallows Point . . ."

"It is the right paper, the very letter that Morgan wrote!" yammered Drew.

"Of course. But what does it mean to us tonight?"

"That which it promises—the treasure into the hands of Patrick O'Malley's heirs, but death to any descendant of Dennis who might seek to possess it."

"And do you know where the treasure is hidden?"

"Aye, that we do! I, sir, am the chief watchdog of the trust. When I was still a lad, it was passed on to me by a brave soldier who had fought with Morgan."

"And what is its value?"

"Eight hundred pieces of eight, as well as sundry gems. The dividend due Patrick O'Malley after the Panama expedition was two hundred pieces of eight. But for the loss of his right hand in action he was to be paid a bonus of six hundred pieces. A very proper prize!"

"I see. But I take it Patrick O'Malley never showed up again in Jamaica?"

"He did not."

"Nor the black villain Dennis neither?"

"Ye have guessed right. He was wise in his generation," answered Drew, with a curious undertone of malice. "Morgan's letter found its way at last to the family of Patrick, and in all these years there have been men in this house willing to honor it. Our old Mexican friend arrived with half the letter. It was not enough. He was too poor to journey back for the other half. So we waited—for you!"

"Are you convinced that the young Pat is a descendant?"

"Aye, that I am!"

"And how do you look on me?"

"As a descendant also. The last, belike, of the brood of Dennis. Ye may have imposed upon the Mexican O'Malleys, but ye cannot do as much to Captain Drew."

O'Mara burst into uncontrollable laughter. He had been suspecting that some charge of the kind would be made.

"But why—why?" he gasped. "My name is O'Mara and I have a United States passport to prove it."

"O'Malley—O'Mara! The one could be corrupted into the other easily enough," said Drew. "Patrick had red hair, but Dennis was dark with a feather of white above the temple. That last is the kind of mark that goes down from father to son, and bedamned if it don't show plain on you, sir!"

O'Mara was taken aback. He knew that he was no O'Malley, and that a streak of prematurely white hair was a birthmark to be found in many Irish families. But the coincidence in this case was odd.

"Ask the lass how she came to know me," he said.

"We speak no Spanish, but shall get an interpreter tomorrow."

"Meanwhile, you've decided that I'm an enemy. I can tell it from the looks of the lot of you. No matter. What is the verdict for now? Do I get a bed under your hospitable roof?"

"Aye, a bed," answered Drew curtly. "But see to it that ye do not try to escape. The girl will sleep in O'Malley's quarters."

O'Mara glanced around the room. Wat Judkins had slipped unobtrusively back to the main doorway, which he appeared to be guarding. The Negro servant prowled in and out of the entrance to the kitchen. Lynch, Stodder, Davis, and Codrington, who had refrained from uttering a single word, were now pushing back their chairs with quivering, belligerent gestures.

"I'll not run away," he said abruptly. "But tell me, for God's sake, are you all over a hundred?"

"On my last birthday," answered Drew amiably, "I was one hundred and thirty-nine. Dr. Davis and Lynch have just turned their centuries. It's said that the air and water of this valley have special virtue. We're former soldiers and sailors, sir. Myself, I fought under Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, and in my boyhood I knew a man who had known Morgan. Dr. Davis joined me twenty-five years ago, when he quit as surgeon in the Yankee navy. O'Malley came the last. Him we kept out of good will, since he was poor and his claim to Morgan's gold unsettled. Does that satisfy ye?"

"Perfectly, thank you—for the time being," said O'Mara.

The captain arose. "Then to bed," he bleated.

O'MARA lay on a wide canvas cot with nothing but a sheet over him, and mused about the queer old men. Captain Martin Drew had known a man who had known Morgan, and the very phrase gave body and reality to the swaggering shadow of the buccaneer. The contact was within the scope of possibility. Morgan had died in 1688. But Drew, who claimed to be one hundred and thirty-nine, might as a boy have met a soldier even younger than Drew was now who had fought under Morgan.

At last O'Mara fell asleep. Hours later he started awake in response to a violent premonition of danger. It was still night, but the window beside the cot showed as a pale square against the approaching dawn. Midway down the room he heard a faint shuffling as of many feet advancing stealthily.

The next instant a cataract of bodies tumbled upon him from the darkness. Fingers like claws and mandibles stabbed feebly at his throat. Hands clutched at his arms, legs, and groins, striving to hold him down, but exerting strength only in unison. Each separate hand, though hard and corrugated to the touch, was as puerile as that of a child. Yet fingernails hacked his skin with a certain vicious effectiveness, and the cold blade of a knife was pushed fumblingly acress his abdomen.

W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS

traveler, writer, and former war correspondent, has been fascinated since boyhood by buccaneers. He was born in Jamaica, B. W. I., stronghold of Sir Henry Morgan, and is the author of a life of that old freebooter as well as of several novels and some verse.

Exerting a mighty effort, O'Mara threw himself sideways from the cot. He fell full length on the floor. His invisible assailants piled gleefully after him. The breath wheezed in their throats and came out in hisses between their clacking teeth. Horny talons gouged at his eyes, his ears, his mouth. The knife had slit his flesh here and there but had inflicted no serious wound. A horrible paw, rough-skinned and with gnarled knuckles, found its way to his throat and gripped his windpipe with unexpected strength. The blood rushed to his head.

He uttered a cry of loathing, tore his right arm free, and struck at a form that he perceived dimly in the gloom. It went over backward with a dreadful sound of creaking bones and lay still. The hand at his gullet was clutching tenaciously. The blade of the knife continued to prick—prick—at his bared stomach.

With a supreme convulsion of his entire body, he shook himself loose, bent his head, and fastened his teeth in the stringy tendons of the hand that was strangling him. It let go. A falsetto cry rang out, and O'Mara recognized the voice of Captain Drew. He ran his fingers into the neckband of Drew's coat and hauled the captain up with him as he struggled to his feet.

"Call off your game, you old bloodhounds!" he shouted. "There aren't enough of you to kill me. A light, there! Some one light a lamp!" But even as the words passed his lips the swift tropic dawn came up over the horizon and the room was flooded with sunshine.

Out of the scrambling confusion on the floor the figures tottered erect, one by one. O'Mara saw that the fight against him had been waged by the six English-speaking veterans and the Negro servant.

"Why did you do it?" the Irishman asked, moved to grotesque mirth. "Attempted murder, at your ages! You should be ashamed of yourselves!"

PUTTING on his coat, trousers, and shoes, he strode through the doorway and into the great dining room. At his heels shuffled and teetered the procession of old men.

"Pat—hey, Pat Omaley, where are you?" O'Mara shouted.

Standing at the near end of the room and flicking at his leggings with a riding crop was the English colonial official, named Willoughby, from whom O'Mara had wrested the first information he had obtained in Jamaica. The ancient Mexican and Patricia were penned in the corner behind him.

The adventurer flamed: "What are you doing to my friends?"

"Be careful how you put—er—insolent questions to me, my dear sir."

"Damn your stalling! Your business—out with it!"

"I wish to know what right you have to travel with a young girl—who can't be your daughter. The morals of this colony must be protected against—"

"Is that so, me fine fellow?" interrupted O'Mara. "I'm thinking you'll have learned discretion by the time you're through here."

His right fist flashed out and caught Willoughby a ringing blow on the ear.

The Englishman's head went back. But he was sturdily built and no coward. He dropped his riding crop and assumed a pose of self-defense. O'Mara laughed exultantly, went into a crouch and bored forward. He took a heavy clout that glanced off his arched shoulders, got inside Willoughby's guard, and beat a terrible tattoo upon the fleshy torso. The other grunted and clinched. O'Mara thrust him off by main strength, brought a left uppercut to the chin, and knocked him flat.

Willoughby got up immediately, bleeding from the mouth, and hurled himself with unscientific fury upon the Irishman. O'Mara was a neat boxer. He shot across a flurry of punches to the face that drew blood, then closed in again and drove short-arm jolts to the ribs with tireless ferocity.

His own head was singing with the pounding of his arteries. Yet over and above the sound he heard behind him cackling laughter. The old men were vastly amused at something.

WHEN he knew that he had weakened Willoughby sufficiently, he stepped back to get longer range and dropped him with a straight left to the chin. Time and again, as the stubborn Englishman arose, O'Mara sent him to the floor, until at last he had beaten the fight out of him. He stared for a moment at the sprawled insensible form, and then turned wearily.

Standing in a group a few feet away were all the aged residents, including the blind O'Malley and led by Captain Martin Drew. They were clapping their hands and chuckling and croaking with macabre delight.

"If ye are that man's enemy, then ye are a friend of ours!" cried Drew. "We rejoice to see him beaten so handily. Why, God's death, sir! He has been tormenting us ever since the claim for Morgan's gold was first made through his office twenty years ago. He has used a thousand tricks to force us to turn it over to him. A damned rascal, I say, who has got his deserts at last!"

"I see. Well, he'll likely not trouble you again."

O'Mara dragged Willoughby to the front door of the house and threw him out upon the dew-soaked grass. His Negro retainers took possession of the Englishman. O'Mara returned to the dining room.

"I still think Dennis O'Malley was your ancestor," Drew greeted him with a touch of truculence. "But he has been dead a long time, and ye have done us a service."

"Does that mean that the Mexican O'Malleys and I can take the treasure and go?"

"Aye," said Drew. "We tried to destroy ye awhile back, and could not do it. Then ye spared our lives. That makes ye the winner, any way one looks at it."

Aided by Wat Judkins and another of the old men, Drew raked at a plank in the flooring by the west wall, lifted it, and revealed a rotting canvas bag.

"This never was lost pirates' gold," said the captain simply. "Morgan himself put it here, and we have held it in trust. Now it is yours."

O'Mara carried the bag to the table and opened it. Pieces of eight—pieces of eight, golden moidores, doubloons, cross money, jewels, and again pieces of eight. Under three thousand dollars, he thought, for the coins were not museum rarities and the gems were small. But the getting of his hands upon loot from the sacking of Panama in 1671 was an unparalleled thrill.

He breakfasted with his hosts, and an hour later bade them a grave farewell. Mounted on the mules, he and the two O'Malleys—the blind relic and the red-haired girl—journeyed seaward down the valley. O'Mara reflected:

"The girl and I can find a priest in Kingston. No doubt she is my destiny. She is beautiful and will teach me to prefer love to war."

He rode close to Pat and, bending, caught her close to him, kissing her lips.

THE END

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

HONEST PEOPLE AREN'T SAFE..

BY EDWARD STEVENSON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

"YOU, Peter Carney," the judge had said sternly, "are an enemy of society. Honest people aren't safe with men like you at large. I therefore sentence you to serve from two to five years in the state penitentiary."

Honest people still weren't safe, Pete Carney reflected as he cowered in the shadow of the chimney of the six-story Dorchester Arms Apartments. Out of prison for less than a week, he was already doing business at the old stand.

He had sneaked into the Dorchester Arms early in the evening while the tradesmen's entrance and the roof door were still unlocked. It seemed by now that he had been huddled behind the chimney for days, and he was certain that the cloudy night (so well suited to his profession) was well advanced, though he had no means of being certain of the exact time.

At last, when his body had become unbearably stiff and cramped, he decided that the time was ripe for his depredations. He made his way across the roof toward one of the fire escapes. Stealthily he crept down the open iron stairs toward the next floor.

He paused at the sixth-floor landing, found the window unlocked, and began slowly to push it up. He had raised it but a few inches when the lights in the dark room were suddenly switched on. Pete cowered back.

A woman in a nightgown and curl-apers had come into the room. She as carrying a pair of trousers and, s Pete watched, she proceeded to go hrough the pockets of the pants with kill and dispatch. A roll of bills came ut in her hand. She looked about her varily; then with a businesslike lourish she peeled off a number of he more substantial bills, dropped hem into a dark vase on top of a bookase, deposited the depleted roll in he trousers, and, on tiptoes, went ack into the bedroom, carrying the ooted trousers with her.

"Well, whadda ya know!" Pete aid to himself.

He crawled down the fire escape to he fifth floor, but there, too, the enants were still awake. Damn it, e thought, he hadn't waited long nough. He peered through the winow. A bridge game was in progress.

"One spade," the lady in green, ho was the dealer, said. Under the ble Pete could see that she was tapng out some message on her partner's shoe. The information conveyed was apparently of great value, for when it came her partner's turn to bid he announced, "Four spades!" without a moment's hesitation.

"Tsk! tsk!" Pete clucked as he slid toward the fourth floor; but before he had reached the landing a high-pitched feminine voice warned him that no success awaited him on that floor either.

"My *dear!*" the voice was shrilling. "I had a *simply* marvelous trip; simply *MARvelous!* Paris! The Riviera! The Italian Alps! And in Antwerp I met the *nicest* man; and—*guess* what!—he asked me to bring some diamonds in for him—you know, *smuggle* them through the Customs. It was *thrilling!* I carried them in a little bag inside my dress, and I was *SIMply* scared *stiff*. And—you'd never guess in a million years!—when I delivered them to his office he gave me a check that *practically* paid for the *whole* trip. Imagine! Of course I don't want you to *breathe* it to a soul!"

"*Naturally*, my dear!" the second woman said. "I won't say a *word*. And—er—would you give me the man's address? Perhaps he'd like *me* to bring something in for him on my next trip abroad."

"Can you imagine!" Pete said to himself as he slid farther down the fire escape to the third-floor landing.

Crouching against the side of the building, Pete peered into the room. Two men were sitting at a table, drinking highballs.

"The car was shot," the first man said. "I figured I'd be a sucker to put Blake wise. So I went to this guy who specializes in doctoring up secondhand cars, and he said for thirty-five bucks he'd fix it up so it would run like a new car—for about a hundred miles. 'After that,' he said, 'it will probably fall apart.' 'That's O. K.,' I said. 'I just want it to keep running long enough for me to close a deal and cash a check.' Blake, the sap, fell like a ton o' bricks. Paid me spot cash. Four hundred."

The two men laughed heartily.

"Why, the dirty gyp!" Pete said to himself with virtuous outrage.

There was a shock in store for him at the second floor. Once again, to his disgust, he found a lighted apartment and, as he peered through the window, he found himself looking at the red visage of a uniformed policeman. Fortunately, however, the officer was not pursuing his duties. He was seated on the sofa, and on his lap was a pretty servant girl of some amplitude.

"And that's what we pay taxes for!" Pete grumbled. "To support a bunch o' two-timin' cops! A fine lot o' protection we get from them!"

He was still glowing with civic indignation as he crept toward the first floor. There at last it seemed that his persistence was to be rewarded. The apartment was dark, the windows were open a few inches from the bottom. He was about to push up the window when the sound of low voices arrested him.

"Oh, my darling!" a man's voice whispered.

"Oh, my sweet!" a woman's voice cooed.

A sibilant sound of a long-drawn kiss reached Pete's ears; then ecstatic sighs. Pete drew back respectfully. He had always been a sucker for romance.

"Oh, my darling, how can I ever leave you?" the man's voice said.

"But you must, my love," the woman's voice said. "My husband will be home any minute!"

PETE dropped to the ground and walked slowly down the dark street. He walked until he came to a familiar building with green lights. He entered and walked up to the desk where the sergeant was sitting.

"I want to give myself up," Pete said.

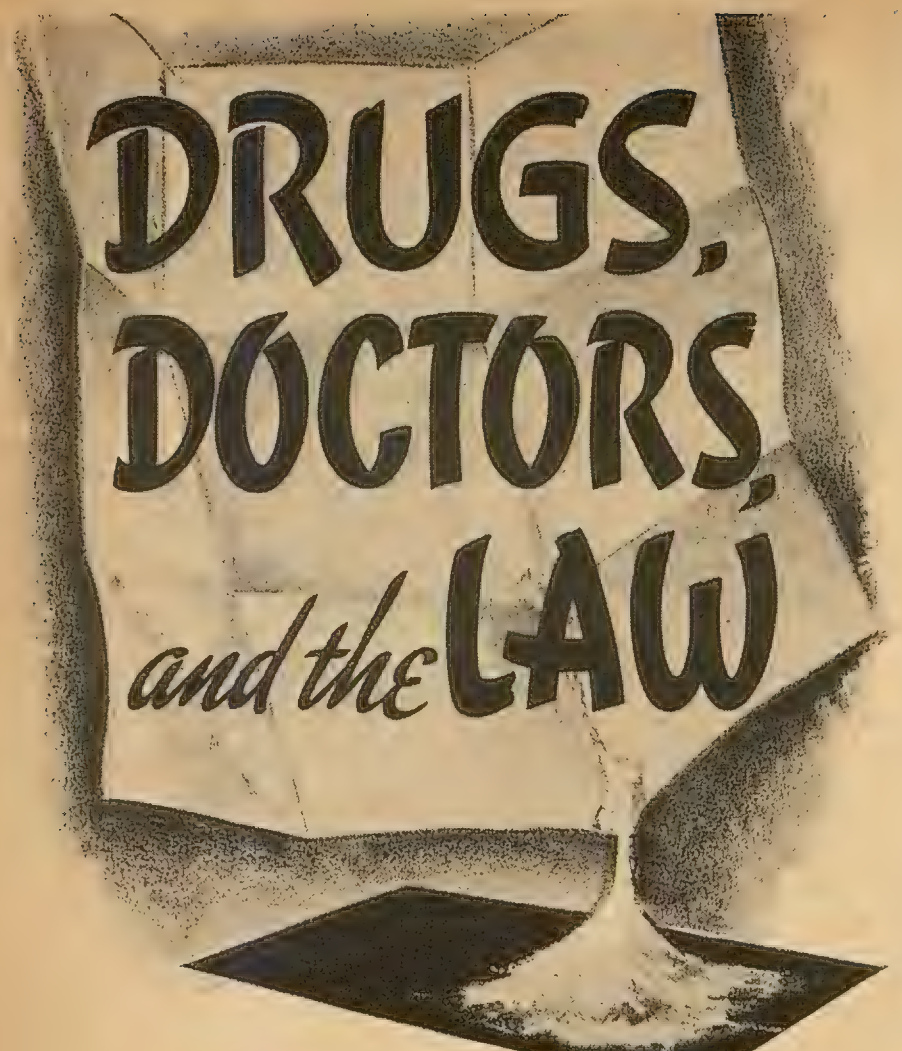
"Yeah?" the sergeant said, bored. "What's the charges?"

Pete sighed. "Violation of parole. Attempted burglary. Peepin' Tom. And," placing an automatic on the desk, "carryin' concealed weapons."

"Holy smoke!" gasped the sergeant. "Public Enemy Number One!"

"C'm'on!" Pete said impatiently. "Lock me up. I don't feel safe with so many honest people runnin' around loose!"

THE END



DRUGS, DOCTORS and the LAW

BY WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN the doctor had told the police that he would stand the expense of a decent funeral for Eddie the Dip, he hung up the telephone with a sigh. A pickpocket and minor thief by occupation, an incurable addict to heroin—good judgment ruled that Eddie was better dead. But the doctor had known Eddie for a long time. In spite of his picture in the gallery of small-time rogues, he was not bad at heart. He had been calling on the doctor intermittently for ten years—and in all that time he had never asked for dope. He quite understood that it would not only be unprofessional but criminal of the doctor to give him any, and he refrained, even when his jerky movements and irresponsible talk proved that above all things in the world he wanted the nepenthe of the little needle.

And once when the doctor had had him in hospital, trying vainly to cure him, Eddie had told his story. He was the only son of an immigrant who had prospered. By the time he was twelve years old his father owned two hotels. Eddie passed as a good son and a model boy. Then in their tenement district appeared an attractive woman who paid special attention to the boys and girls. One day she invited them all to a party—ice cream, cake, lemonade. While the fun was at its height, she called Eddie into an inner room.

"If you don't mind a little prick in the arm," she said, "I'll give you something that will make you feel fine. But you must promise not to tell any one."

Feel fine? He floated on rosy clouds. He was to remember afterward that every boy and girl at the party had retired with the hostess, just as he had done.

As he was leaving she whispered to him, "Come here at three o'clock tomorrow and I'll give you some more."

Next day he was feeling rotten. Another prick of the woman's needle and he floated back into the heavenly mood. This went on for three or four days. Then:

"I can't afford to give you any more of this stuff," she said. "It costs a dollar and a half a dose."

But he had no dollar and a half. She hinted subtly at ways of getting the money. He took the hint. But robbery of his mother's purse served for only two or three days; she locked it up. But now an odd thing began to happen: the heavenly mood was growing each time dimmer and duller. On the other hand, when the effect was wearing away he sank to agony of body and mind. For a day or so the lady dosed him free; and always he returned to normal. Then she could get no more of the stuff, she said. But by mentioning her name he himself could buy it at a certain candy store. There it would cost him three dollars a dose.

Only one thing to do now. He began robbing the cash register at one of the family hotels. After two or three days his father missed the money and set a watch. In a panic, Eddie ran away, snatched her bag from a woman in a subway station, and definitely entered the underworld. He wanted only money for morphine and heroin, grown as necessary to him as water to you and me. So he lived a miserable life of small crime until he made a slip, went to jail, was deprived for four days of his dope. The police call this the "cold turkey" cure. Most patients live through it. Eddie had a weak heart. He died.

How shall we classify Eddie—as a criminal or a chronic invalid? His fairly typical case illustrates the quandary of both medicine and government. By and large, opium is the most useful tool in the physician's black bag—a prime necessity to modern medicine. But take care! Give it every day for about three weeks, and something mysterious happens to the patient. It no longer gives him pleasure; it becomes a necessity. When it is in him, he is to all intents and purposes his normal self. Take it away from him, even for a day, and he becomes a very sick man, with violent cramps, rasping nerves, and a curious abstract and abject fear.

And his is the one illness which, under our present federal regulations, no physician can alleviate without breaking the law. Physicians and druggists are strictly rationed. On every prescription containing opium they must enter the reason for its use. A physician is allowed to attempt the cure of an addict through diminishing doses. But that is only an academic exception.

In ordinary circumstances the doctor can give one dose —just one—to an addict who has no other disease. There are two reasons for this odd exception. The opium taker in jail is a horror to the police. Then, too, addicts deprived of their dope for the day sometimes burst into the office of a physician; by giving just one dose, he may avert an embarrassing scene. Of late a special exception permits the doctor to give regular doses to an "aged or infirm addict." But if it appears that he is giving regular doses to a patient who is under sixty and who has no incurable disease apart from drug addiction, he becomes at once a criminal.

YET the opium addict must have his dope, as you and I must have water. Hence our drug rings, our opium smugglers, our crooked peddlers of heroin and morphine. A good dose of an opium product bought legally at th drugstore costs from three to five cents wholesale an perhaps twenty-five cents retail. Buy it from an illici peddler, and it costs from two to five dollars. The experienced addict takes two such shots a day.

Even the well-to-do addict finds that his habit bores a big hole in his pocketbook. Among the poor, women addicts usually take to prostitution or shoplifting, men to pocket picking, dope peddling, burglary, or robbery.

The public has always assumed that dope makes a man want to commit crime. The few physicians who specialize on this disease of body and soul could name thousands of successful business and professional men who ar addicts and who, having the income to satisfy this unnatural craving, carry on as esteemed citizens. Th "cocaine fiend," the marijuana smoker, and the drunkar are abnormal and dangerous when their drug is in them With the opium addict, abnormality begins when it i withdrawn; he will do anything to get it.

What makes a man or woman an opium addict? A larg class among them begin to take it for the thrill. Other seize upon it to numb fatigue or to inhibit despair. few, like Eddie the Dip, owe their slavery to drug peddlers. This class is probably on the increase.

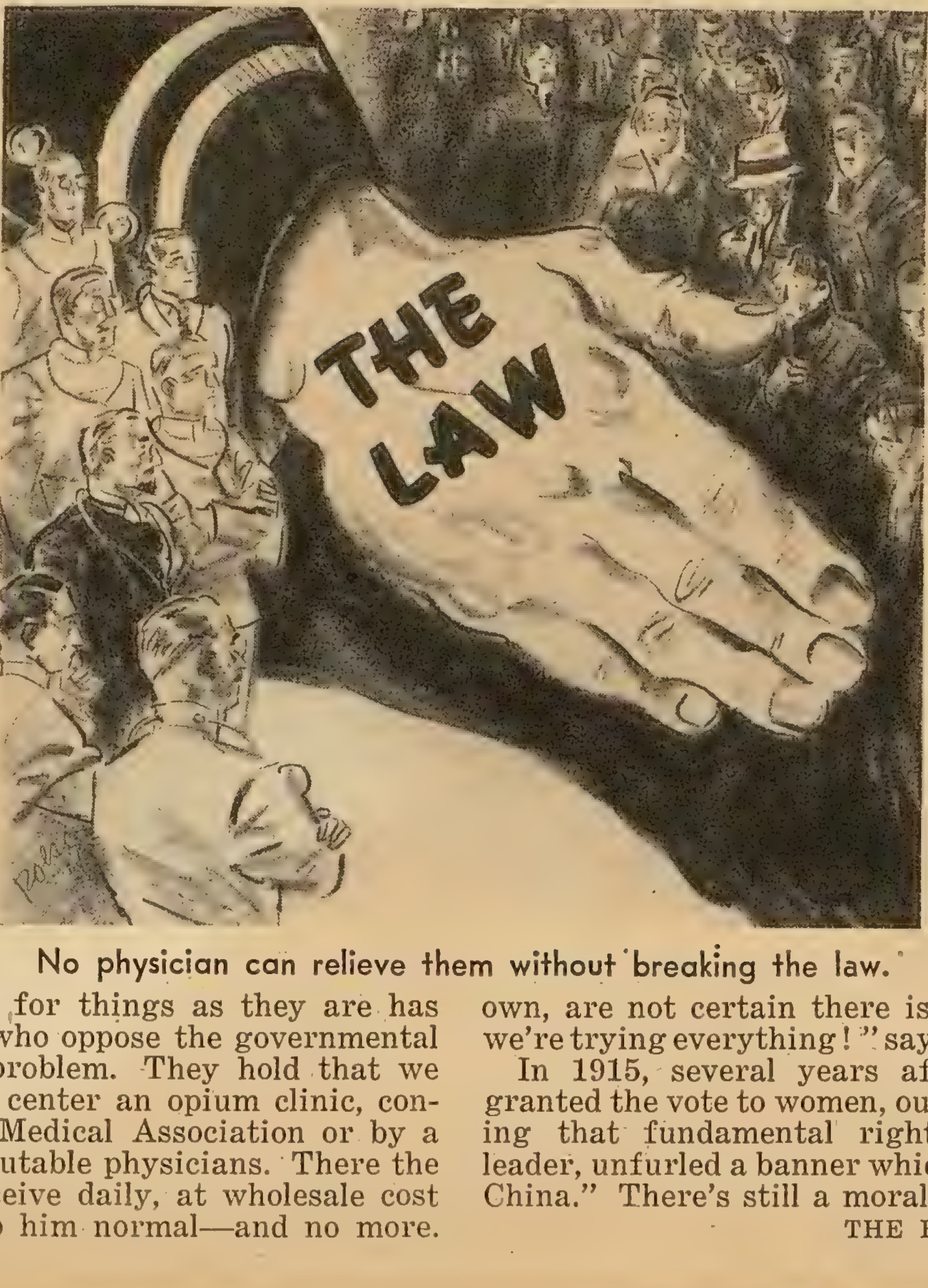
Last come the wholly innocent addicts, who owe the plight to ignorant or careless medical treatment. Twent or thirty years ago surgeons often gave morphine too long after an operation; and the patient, cured of one affliction, took on another. Surgeons are much better educated today. It is doubtful, on the other hand, if physicians are quite so careful. One nest of victims in a rural county of the East owe their misfortune to an old-fashioned doctor who prescribed paregoric—an opium derivative—for almost every ill.

On the subject of cure for the opium habit, the layman finds that the few experts on the subject disagree—fundamentally and hopelessly. One school believes that the mysterious substance which opium is presumed to generate in the human body, and which is presumed to be responsible for addiction, can be eliminated, and in a comparatively short time. Some hold that even the " cold turkey " cure turns the trick. After three or four days of intolerable agony, the victim finds that his suffering is over. However, that is not the whole story. Released after such a cure, many addicts have gone back to dope as soon as they could connect with a drug peddler. For in this stage, when opium and nearly everything else are out of them, they live in a state of black depression. They want opium above all things—but for a new reason. Further, the addict's whole physiology is working badly. He needs prolonged medical treatment.

THE more approved hospitals for the cure of this affliction practice " gradual withdrawal." That is misery, but not agony. Following it, the institution keeps the patient for weeks or months and discharges him, seemingly healthy and normal. Experts of this school explain the high percentage of relapses by saying that no physician can cure the inherent flaws of character which make a man or woman an addict in the beginning.

" That so? " inquires the other school sarcastically. " Then what about the innocent addicts? " These men believe that treatment merely chains the mysterious devil which opium sets into the human body; it does not kill him. An individual thus cured lives the rest of his life in a state of intermittent inner struggle, they say.

And the opposing schools differ just as widely in their attitude toward the policy of the federal, state, and municipal governments. One faction favors the present method, prohibition. The dope addict should try to get himself cured, they say. If he does not, he deserves to be an outcast. The layman perceives one flaw in this reasoning: the poor cannot afford special hospital treatments. A few of ese hospitals admit a mited number of charity atients. The federal overnment has recently et up near Lexington, entucky, a " narcotic rm " where it is at- empting cure of addicts ound guilty of light of- enses, together with bout 250 men who are aking the treatment ore or less voluntarily. alifornia has just unched a similar ex- eriment. These, how- ver, are two little drops a very big bucket.



No physician can relieve them without breaking the law.

Against these apologists for things as they are has isen a group of radicals who oppose the governmental an of dealing with the problem. They hold that we ould have in every large center an opium clinic, con- olled and staffed by the Medical Association or by a mmission of eminent, reputable physicians. There the nfirmed addict might receive daily, at wholesale cost ice, enough drug to keep him normal—and no more.

A vivid look at a vital human problem: the puzzling, tragic case of an invalid our government says mustn't be cured!

Further, he would be encouraged or even compelled to submit to curative treatment. This implies the establishment of those " poor men's hospitals " which we lack at present. In them we could determine whether the habit can now be cured in practical effect. Out of them might come the lucky discovery that would lead to an unquestionable cure. Under such a system the drug peddler would disappear; he could not meet a price of from three to five cents a dose. Under this policy, as under the existing one, heroin would be barred from all use, even medical. This drug is a mild exception to the rule that opium addiction has no direct relation to crime.

The late and esteemed Dr. Ernest Bishop favored publicly some such plan as this; so today does Dr. Henry Smith Williams, medical writer and biographer of Luther Burbank. The opposition retorts that this plan, by making access to opium legal and cheap, would result only in educating new addicts. And some, like the late Admiral Richmond P. Hobson, call it a compromise with sin.

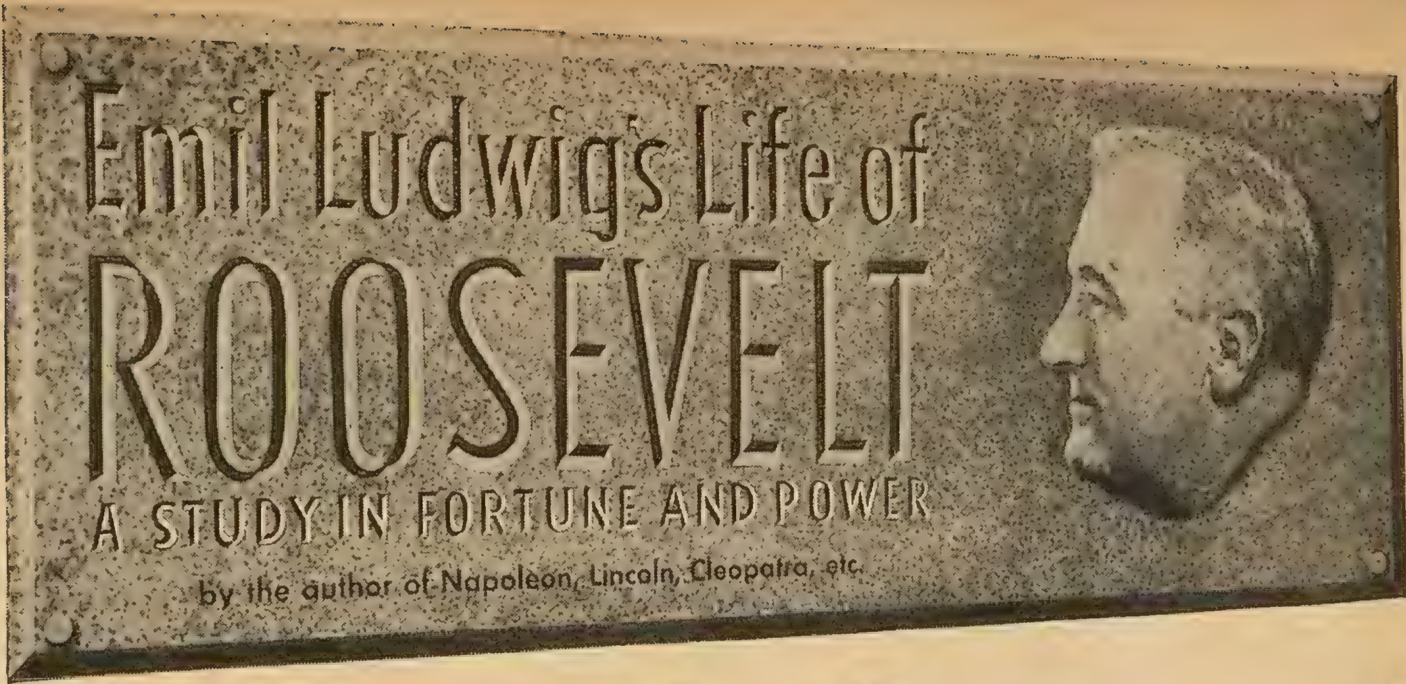
One thing is certain: We have here a major disease and we have gone at it, generally, hit-or-miss. No one knows exactly how many opium addicts we have in the United States. Apologists for the existing system of handling the problem say 100,000. Advocates of reform say 500,000; that appears to be nearer the truth. If this were any " regular " disease, like typhoid fever, federal authorities, local boards of health, medical institutes, and research foundations would be working furiously toward prevention and cure. But there are fewer specialists on opium addiction than on any other important disease.

The ordinary practitioner shies away from any process which might involve him with a " dope fiend." Medical research seems equally frightened or indifferent—with at least one honorable exception. The University of Virginia, in collaboration with the University of Michigan, is working to manufacture a synthetic morphine which, while assuaging physical pain, will be free from the mysterious addiction-forming component. I hear, unofficially, that they have attained some promising results. If they really succeed, we can prohibit importation, sale, or medical use of natural opium.

China has an opium problem that is a major political question. Japan has been trying to conquer the Chinese with opium. The Chinese are shooting drug peddlers mercilessly, and all over the republic they have established free hospitals to which addicts must report for cure. Many Chinese experts, like our own, are not certain there is any practical cure. " But we're trying everything! " says a great Chinese physician.

In 1915, several years after the Chinese Republic granted the vote to women, our women were still demanding that fundamental right. Anna Shaw, venerable leader, unfurled a banner which read, " Catching Up with China." There's still a moral for us in that motto.

THE END



Emil Ludwig's Life of ROOSEVELT

A STUDY IN FORTUNE AND POWER

by the author of Napoleon, Lincoln, Cleopatra, etc.

How Roosevelt Learned to be a Politician

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE young Franklin Roosevelt's first experience in public office occupied the third installment of this biography. He ran for the New York State Senate, beginning his campaigning in unconscious imitation of "T. R." Elected, he led a revolt that prevented the Democratic bosses from sending "Billy" Sheehan to the Senate in Washington. He met Wilson, the scholar in politics, a type new to him, and in 1912 he helped to bring about Wilson's nomination for President. One result was that Roosevelt was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

PART FOUR— THE NAVY. . AND WOODROW WILSON

FRANKLIN was the fifth Roosevelt to occupy this position but with his thirty-one years he was younger than his predecessors. For not only do the gods fulfill the secret wishes of their favorites, but the fulfillment is granted in those youthful years when honor and action are dearest, and the applause of the world is still a thing to be snatched at as though it were a veritable good. To be sure, the official expression he wears in some of the photographs of that time does not suit him at all; it makes him look like a German attaché who has read Rousseau. Haughty rather than democratic, it seems to bespeak a temporary misgiving that since he is now a high official at a United States government desk, he must put on a solemn face.

The truth is that he had a marvelous time in Washington in those days, played lots of golf and tennis, attended numerous dinners and parties, and troubled certain of the envious with the significant question how he was managing with a wife, five children, and four colored servants. The fact was that until then he had never earned five thousand dollars a year; now he had fifteen thousand to spend. But for a man in his exacting position he was considered poor, and again it was only the inherited farm which made him independent and permitted him to live comfortably.

To have a superior over him for the first time—it also happened to be the last—to be at all responsible to any one, must for this young man, pampered by destiny, have been like a wild horse's first experience of the bit. The proverb that only he who has learned to obey knows how to command is reduced to absurdity by Roosevelt's case. Among the great historical figures who have known how to command, the majority have obeyed little and not for long, while some have never obeyed at all.

There could not have been a more amusing contrast than the one between the Secretary of the Navy and his assistant. The admirable Daniels, who went around most of the time in a black tie, looking like a Methodist preacher, had until his assumption of this office seldom been on the water, and was a stranger to the forms of sea life; Roosevelt knew the language and the habits of naval officers, had studied Europe, had some knowledge of the principles of ship construction, and found it easy to bridge the gap of difference between his own yacht and a cruiser.

"Let's wait till Daniels is gone," the officers would say from time to time, "we'll settle the business quickly with Roosevelt." The natural antagonism which exists between every admiralty and its never sufficiently generous civil administration was thus mitigated. Yet never during an association of seven years did the relationship between the chief and his assistant suffer thereby; even today Roosevelt speaks highly of his old superior.

BATTLESHIPS AND BLUEJACKETS AND HIS BOYHOOD'S PLAYTHINGS

What he himself learned during that period was of decisive importance for him. He was in his element among ships, and the natural flair which carried him straight from the perception of a reality to the relevant decision, without bogging him in theory or dogm
enabled him to sum up men and things in swift dir
contact, and to influence them by his power of acti
The international background of all naval business fit
in with that of his personal experience.

For instance, he inveighed against the "idiocy"
school textbooks which "try to make the Ameri
boy believe he can lick ten Englishmen or ten Germa
and that the United States has been gloriously victori
in every war it has waged."

But at the same time he tried to raise the reputati
of the American sailor. At the beginning of his politi
career he had declared that the word "politician" h
to stop being a term of abuse; now, in the same way,
fought against the practice of some police-court jud
in certain states of sentencing boys convicted of mi
crimes to the navy, as if it were a penal institution.

It was his knowledge of foreign countries and

Chaos abroad—and new wisdom
the ways of men . . . A brilliant, epoc
biography reveals a wartime sec

ILLUSTRATED BY PIERRE BRISSAUD

views in regard to them which awoke in him the definite will to strengthen the navy of his own country. He demanded an increase in the navy publicity. In a series of articles and speeches he proved that of the country's 2,000 miles of coast line only 200 were adequately protected. He pointed out that even so peaceful a power as America had to protect her commerce, and while so doing she could, in the navy, be providing a good education for thousands of her citizens.

Roosevelt is by nature and upbringing the very opposite of a militarist. Perhaps he saw it all as his boyhood game with boats and yachts, only tremendously magnified.

THE world is suddenly darkened, and not the Old World alone. The war was the second opportunity which destiny offered Roosevelt to load his lightly sailing bark with a heavier cargo, and thus make it more stable. For to him, as to every one else of the inner circle, the entry of his own nation into the war had by 1915 become a possibility, and by 1916 very much of a probability.

Now we see this playful nature, faced by the prospect of a grim necessity, pulling itself together into a mood of determination; we see him use the unexpected opportunity in order to prove himself the man of action carrying a high responsibility. The time had come to act, to make daily decisions, to carry out the smallest things with the greatest exactitude, for now every little mistake will at once be projected like a vast blur on to the screen of history.

Since the politicians were in command, the technicians had to obey; between the two stood a Secretary of the Navy, and that was just the spot for Roosevelt.

"I need a battleship at once in Haiti," Secretary of State Bryan had said to him one day, before the war.

"Our battleships are all a long way off," answered Roosevelt. "But I happen to have a gunboat near by; it could appear off Haiti in eight hours."

"Very good," said Bryan. "After this, when I talk about battleships don't think I mean ything technical."

hat was typical of the versations which for r years took place be- een the diplomats and experts of frantic vernments. It was up Roosevelt to know rything that the navy ds knew, so that as liaison between the y and the administra- n he could give the ximum aid to the mer; for his heart was the commander's bridge, and not in the White House. had to have all his country's resources at his finger- s, all the rivers and mountains which could supply n with the raw material for the expansion of the fleet. traveled over every section of the country, and his roughly American hunger for fresh human contacts s at last satisfied. But when American prices were too h he bought turbines in England, to the horror of the alled patriots.

f course his sympathies were with the Allies, for he always been a liberal; moreover, he was by education language more English than German. His one contact h the Kaiser lay in a pencil which he had stolen from absent owner's desk when visiting the imperial yacht, the Hohenzollern, during a vacation in his student days. This pencil, all bitten up, Roosevelt would display to his friends from time to time as a curiosity. Thus he carried about with him, as it were, the mark of the Kaiser's teeth—those same teeth which were now bared at the Old World and would soon be bared at America too.

With all this, Roosevelt, the world citizen, refused to be stampeded into talking of "Huns." All he did was to sequester the twenty big ships which the Germans had lying in American ports; some of the engines, which the Germans themselves had disabled, he replaced with improved types.

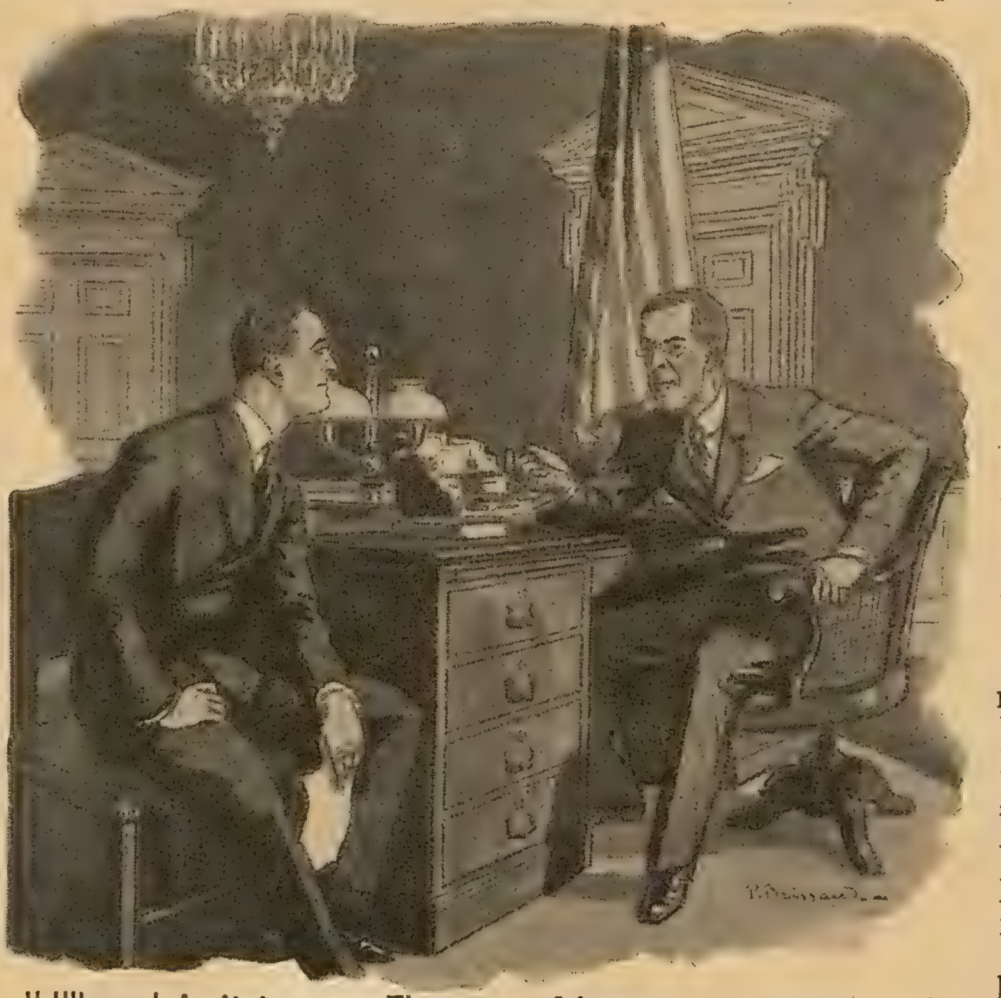
The speed which was now called for suited his temperament, and turned the war into his finishing school. And yet his preparations for a possible entry into the war ran up against an astounding obstacle. When Roosevelt, in the absence of his chief, went to Wilson in the fall of 1916 to press for mobilization of the navy, Wilson replied that this was impossible.

WHY WILSON, ON THE BRINK OF WAR, WOULD NOT LET HIM PREPARE

"I repeated"—thus he told me the astounding story—"that we were on the brink of war, and therefore had to be prepared. He shook his head. I turned to leave, for what could I do but obey the commander in chief?

"At the door he called me back and said:

"'Come here, Roosevelt, and sit down. I'll explain it to you. The eyes of history are fixed on us. Yes, it is true that we shall probably enter the war. But look you: in the year 1980 some historian will be writing the history of this war—a German, or perhaps a Russian. This man must say, "America did nothing to be prepared before it was compelled to go to war."' I was astounded by the degree to which Wilson's thoughts and acts were determined by his historic consciousness; but I had to be silent and obey."



"I'll explain it to you. The eyes of history are fixed on us."

"But is it possible at all," I asked President Roosevelt, "to carry out any action without historic consciousness?"

"Of course not," he said. "But Wilson had more of it than I have."

No made-up anecdote could have brought out more sharply the contrast between the two men. Here likewise we may glimpse the reasons why Wilson's ideas crashed. When I therefore asked Roosevelt whether the idea of the League o Nations had come to gri because of America or be cause of Wilson's in capacity, he answered:

"That needs a politician like me."

He made the remark in his country house, as he sat in his shirt sleeves at his desk on Independence Day. He uttered the words loudly and firmly; did not look at me but, at the word "politician," snapped to a sheaf of documents with a swift, aggressive gesture, as if he did not want to go over that history again, with its bad start and its worse end. It wounded him, I thought, that so lofty a spirit as Wilson should have been so impractical and obstinate, and that he himself should, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, have been compelled by his commander in chief to commit this incredible blunder on the very eve of war.

After the war a senatorial committee was able to report, in perfect keeping with Wilson's intention, that on the outbreak of the war only one third of the ships were decently prepared and only one tenth fully manned, and that it needed up to nine months to get properly ready. For years Roosevelt had to hear, during election campaigns, the accusation that as Assistant Secretary he had failed to keep the navy decently prepared; but he never once unburdened himself publicly of the story.

Then from April, 1917, on he threw himself passionately into the task which had until then been forbidden him. He ordered guns and ammunition in such quantities that the military command began to complain; and he himself broke so many orders that, as he said afterward, he could have been sent to prison for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. Not being in uniform, he wanted at least to show the officers of the navy that he was not afraid; immediately after an American submarine sank he boarded another and went under with it.

Then, from afar, the shadow of Theodore Roosevelt fell once more across his path. Must not his activity have reminded him, time and again, of his exemplar of old, who had once sat in this selfsame chair? Looking through old documents he would come across Theodore's signature, and when he reflected on the road to power which his predecessor had followed, he perceived that it was marked off by deeds of war which had made his name a household word. Indeed, so strong was that magnetism that one evening Franklin Roosevelt, for no reason whatsoever, and merely for his own amusement, drew up a design of a flag and designated it as the flag of the Vice-President of the United States: the next step in Theodore's career.

And yet it was the World War which brought out the difference between the two men. There was a meeting between them, one which might well have been for Franklin a profound lesson in the vicissitudes of fortune. Theodore, the famous ex-President, sixty years of age, knocked at the door of the White House, which he had left a decade before, and the relatively obscure Franklin, thirty-five, opened the way to his great exemplar.

WHEN HE USHERED IN A SIZZLING "T. R." TO AN ICY WILSON

When Theodore demanded that he be permitted to create a division and conquer or die on the battlefields of France, Wilson, whom he had, to be sure, reviled abominably in public, remained rocklike in his refusal. Not even Clemenceau's letter, which stressed the moral effect that would be produced by the appearance of Theodore Roosevelt in the trenches, could persuade the now almighty Wilson to let up on his ancient enmity. But Franklin did everything that he could to bring about an understanding between Theodore, Secretary of War Baker, and the President.

Franklin's naval achievements in the war were of a sporting character throughout. With the help of an invention which had been offered to the Naval Department it became possible in 1918 so to lay a chain of mines, between Norway and the northernmost point of Scotland, that the Germans could never get out of the North Sea. The passion which Roosevelt brought to this game was in keeping with his nature.

Meanwhile he had to make a personal sacrifice. There was the Half Moon, his little yacht. As a boy, he had sailed on it with his father; he had spent more than one summer night at the helm, and more than once he had clambered up the mast. Now in the crisis of the sea war it was unfitting that he should possess a boat of his own. And when he sold it, Roosevelt gave up, perhaps for the first time, a part of his pleasures. It was a sacrifice such as fate had spared him till now.

His excursion into the war, which took place on a destroyer in July, 1918, was more a practical reconnoitering journey than the mere official gesture of a Secretary of the Navy. Of course he carried out his instructions, and that at top speed, inspecting fifty-odd stations between the Azores, Corfu, and the Orkney Isles. During this journey he did not, it appears, pass two successive nights in the same place. He sped on, so that he might get in as much as possible, including the front, with which he had no official connection, and the military leaders in whose personalities he was eagerly interested.

In this journey across seas which he himself had closed but not by any means hermetically sealed, Roosevelt's nature sought adventure. When he writes from his cabin one would imagine him to be a regular old salt, for they used to write to their wives just as he wrote to his: "I do wish you would write me if you can think of any small thing which Mama or the children would like me to get. I would ask you to do the same in regard to yourself, but I fear you would suggest tablecloths or feather dusters. If you *could* by way of chance think of yourself, I *would* perhaps find it in London or Paris! . . . . We must come over when the world is safe again, but I won't ask you to try a destroyer, though I have loved every minute of it."

HOW HE BREEZED IN ON GEORGE V AND A COUPLE OF PREMIERS

It is thus, eager-minded and in high good humor, that he enters shuddering Europe. Going to visit King George, he regrets that he has not time enough to study all the fine seapieces in the antechambers. With the King, who is also a seaman, "one got going so well that part of the time we were both talking at the same time"; and when he comes out at the end of three quarters of an hour he finds his colleagues and a gentleman of the chamber "looking at each other helplessly."

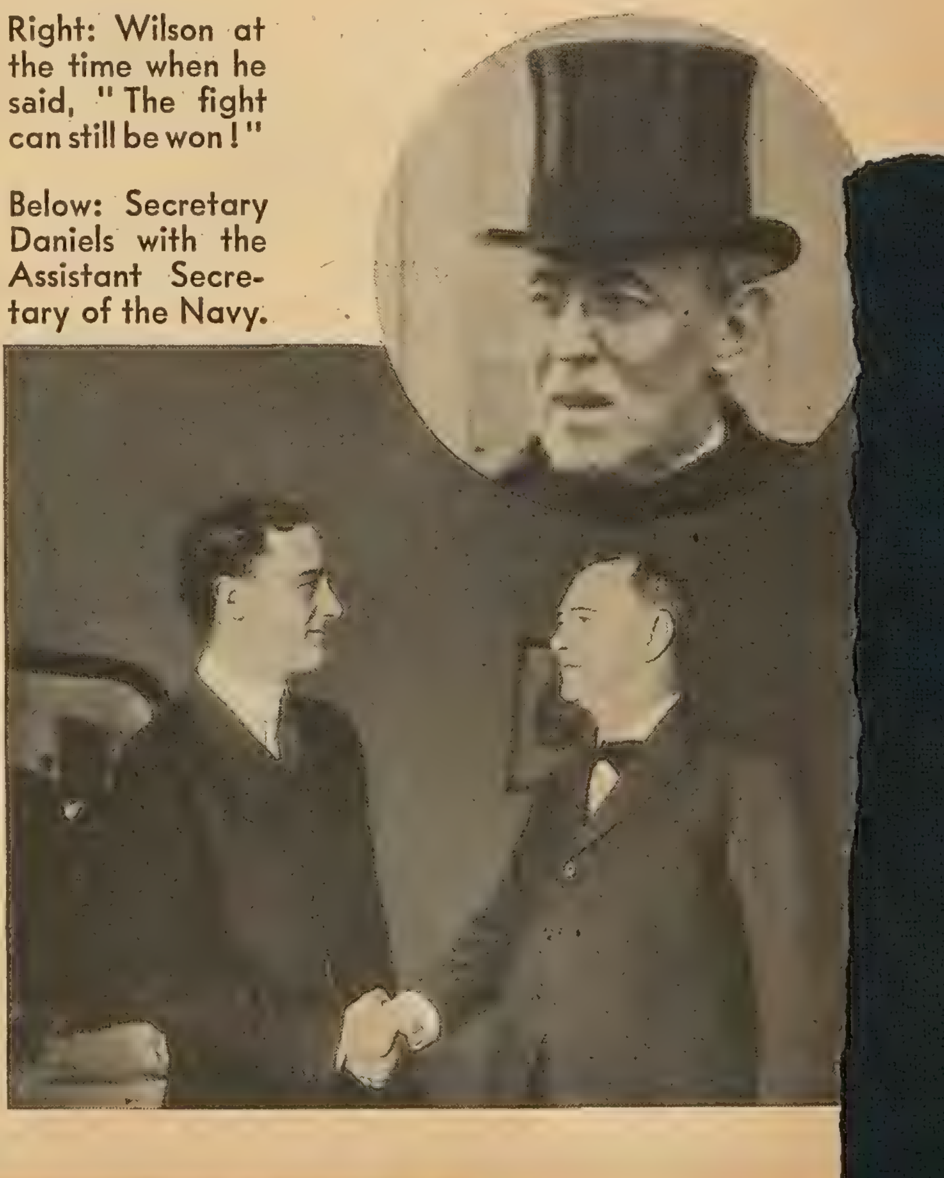
As the Italians were at that time holding themselves back more than was desirable, he was sent to Rome. At the cabinet session—so he told me—he said:

"Gentlemen, your fleet has not left the harbor of Taranto for a whole year."

"What of it, your Excellency?" replied Orlando. "The Austrians too haven't budged during all that time."

In Paris too he seems to have played the *enfant terrible*, for one day Clemenceau received him with the reproach that he, Roosevelt, had almost overthrown the French cabinet and lost the war. "Exactly that!" the Tiger flung at him, in grimly ironic tones. "You told the journalists that in America it is your habit to hold press conferences twice daily, and now our writers here are demanding two interviews a day from me!"

The President Wilson whom he so admired Roosevelt described to me as a sick man, no longer strong enough to put through the idea of the League of Nations. "He had high blood pressure, and though his hands didn't tremble he had to press them against each other."



Right: Wilson at the time when he said, "The fight can still be won!"

Below: Secretary Daniels with the Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

When Roosevelt returned with the President in March, 1919, on the George Washington, he had made a long excursion into European conditions and personalities. He had known how to make use of the peace conference in Paris to get a lively glimpse of the day's problems and their protagonists. The advantage of such studies at a political world's fair is very great, and its effects are still evident in his work. Such first-hand experience is, for an American President tied within the confines of his country, of inestimable worth. In this respect there is hardly a single predecessor of Roosevelt's who can be compared with him.

He learned then what was true and what was false with regard to Germany too. Among the false things I include the idea of Clemenceau, who told him that Germany had to be split up again, as in the time of the Zollverein and the Rhine Confederacy. As against this, another remark of the Tiger's must have shattered this thoroughly pacifistic man: "You wonder why we want to end this war with such a hard peace? Don't forget: for the last century and a half every Frenchman who ever reached the age of seventy was compelled to take part in a struggle against Germany."

"The expression he wears in some photographs makes him look like a German Attaché."

On the homeward journey Roosevelt received from Wilson all the details concerning the League that was to be founded. The impression was profound, and he offered to go on a crusade through the country, championing the idea. He grasped the totality so historically that he has kept in his own house, as memento, the desk of the George Washington. The desk on which Roosevelt works today in Hyde Park is Wilson's, but the man is quite another.

HIS DESK AT WHICH WILSON PREPARED FOR HIS LAST BATTLE

Immediately after his return he threw himself into the campaign for the League and went on a speaking tour throughout the country. But here too he avoided
logical prophecies. He knew what the most impor-
thing was, to wit, America's participation; at the
e time he recognized the conditional character of
League's success, for he said in his speeches:

If the United States does not participate, then the
gue will represent a sort of European confederacy.
ve do enter, then I am certain that the League will
nand nothing which the United States does not want.
s League is not a self-sufficient thing, it depends on
spirit in which it is accepted by the United States;
ill be a success or a failure entirely in accordance
h our attitude toward it."

Ieanwhile America's disillusionment with the manner
he peace, with the Allies, with the victors and the
quished, was as sudden and as extreme as the enthusi-
had been two years before. This disillusionment
erroneously extended to Europe as a whole, though
nonpayment of debts had not even been mentioned as
It was a natural fallacy. America had gone into the
without necessity of her own; America had decided
war and had derived no advantage from it; all that re-
ned was the list of the two hundred thousand dead and
mber of doubtful debts running into billions. And if
nterprise was a failure, it seemed to the undertakers
the cleverest course was to admit it and to cut the
s, instead of throwing good ideals after bad.

top of this Wilson had followed an unwise course,
been obstinate instead of accommodating, and so his
nents did not find it difficult to checkmate his plan.
Roosevelt would have had no reason to try to resuscitate a dead movement; but here a personal impression intervened.

When the new elections approached, and the Democratic Convention in San Francisco nominated Senator Cox as Wilson's successor, the leaders themselves became doubtful of victory, for Cox was not nationally popular and Wilson himself had become extremely unpopular. When at the convention the picture of the sick President was being carried among the flags of the states, and the New Yorkers alone remained seated, Roosevelt, acting against the wishes of his friends, snatched up the flag of the State of New York and joined the symbolic procession. When, at a late hour, the nomination for the Vice-President came up, the convention found itself unprepared.

"Suddenly"—so the President recounted to me—"I heard my name being called. I did not believe it at first. Then my friends called me over. The whole thing lasted ten minutes. They chose me because my name had become known during the war. It was also intended that as an official I should be the connecting link between Wilson and Cox, who had not been a member of the Federal Administration, especially the war part of it. Of course I was delighted; I was only thirty-eight, and only one Vice-President had been younger. Theodore Roosevelt had been forty-two."

HOW HE FOUND HIMSELF GOVERNOR COX'S RUNNING MATE

Once again he was being led by the shadow. Now it was literally a shadow, for Theodore had died early in January, 1919. The news had reached Franklin when he was on the high sea, and the genuine shock may well have been followed by that mood of reflection into which we are cast by the death of a disturbing predecessor.

Franklin's term in the Navy Department was coming to an end. The new election would probably put the other party in power, and the American political roundabout, which changes all the higher officials every four or eight years, would soon take him and most of the others out of the limelight. He was not afraid of private life; he wanted it, at least with that one half of his being which was the farmer, the householder, and the father. His cheerful character, never unbalanced by passion, made the return to private business, to cattle breeding, tree planting, and water sports seem all the more desirable because the labors of the war had strained even his robust constitution.

And yet he had experienced too much of the prodigal breadth of state affairs, of its gigantic field of operation, for his will to action to be able to relinquish it without regret. Hence his joy when, a year after Theodore's death, he was nominated as the Vice-Presidential candidate. He had done nothing to further the nomination; there was even a question whether it would not do him more harm than good. Was the goal at all possible of attainment? Was not the country rather in the mood to take revenge for the Democratic war and the Democratic League of Nations, and to return a Republican to office, even if it were the completely unknown Mr. Harding?

And yet—ten years before Roosevelt had accepted a seemingly hopeless nomination, and had been elected.

Suppose, then, that despite all prediction his party were to win this time too. An American Vice-President's only hope is to succeed a President who dies in office, so that every Vice-President must at some time or other be beset by certain emotions peculiar to a Crown Prince, who wavers between filial love and impatience.

Here was the shadow once again! Theodore too had been persuaded to leave a vast field of activity—that of the Governorship of the State of New York—for that corner of political life; but destiny had brought him out from it through the murder of McKinley, and had focused upon him the brilliant light of fame. What was Franklin to hope for when he accepted the nomination? One thing is certain: a few years before he had designed a Vice-Presidential flag.

Now, instead of going into a deep self-searching, he plunged after his fashion into the thick of things. That was agreed at once between the two candidates who were now to tour the country. Roosevelt freely confessed afterward that it was his intention to put the question of the League in the second rank. But tact demanded that Cox, who had never met Wilson, meet him now, and so the two men came to him in the White House.

WHY ROOSEVELT AND COX MADE THE FIGHT ON THE LEAGUE ISSUE

They found him in a large armchair, a warm shawl about his shoulders, and Cox, small, cheerful, said, "Mr. President, I have always admired your fight for the League of Nations."

Thereupon the sick man leaned forward and said with feverish intensity:

"Mr. Cox, the fight can still be won!"

Outside, Cox burst into tears; the sharply observant Roosevelt saw his eyeglasses flood. Then Cox said:

"Roosevelt, we'll make the fight on the League!"

I add here, out of Wilson's last sickness, a never publicized phrase of his, which illumines him like the setting sun shining on the face of a sage. Toward the end, when one arm was paralyzed, he was being visited by Baruch, who gave me this story.

Baruch sat with him at his writing desk, and saw how Mrs. Wilson tended her husband, wiping from his cheek the traces of some rice. Wilson understood the silent horror of his friend, and said:

"See how great is God's wisdom! He let me become sick, lest the League should become a reality. For that it is still too early in history."

Roosevelt agreed with that deeply felt decision of Cox's, but from that moment on he considered the prospect hopeless. That he should nevertheless have flung himself into the vain adventure is explained by his character. To fall in defense of the League of Nations, in which he, with his international schooling, believed, was to go down fighting a good fight. And since all his friends argued with him to the contrary, he, with his inborn obstinacy, now flung himself into the task with all the fervor at his command. Possibly he was egged on, too, by the thought of Theodore's son, in the opposing camp, fighting for Harding.

In this duel between these two Roosevelts, conducted now without any sparing of the name on either side, Franklin combated in a high spirit the shadow of that shadow which he had always admired only from afar.

"He's a maverick," exclaimed Theodore's son once in a speech against his cousin Franklin. "He doesn't have the brand of our family."

The confusion of names turned the fight into a comedy, for there were old men who came to Franklin and said, "I voted for your father. You're just like the old man!"

The reproaches thrown up to him in the campaign did him honor: He had done too much for the labor unions whose members had worked at preparing and equipping the navy; the expenditures for the navy, during these four years, had been higher than for all the preceding years; the personnel had risen, under him and Wilson, from 43,000 to 500,000.

He denied none of these accusations, but eulogized the international character of his policy and said to the voters: "In our world problem we must either shut our eyes, sell our newly built merchant marine to more farseeing foreign powers, crush utterly by embargo and harassing legislation our foreign trade, close our ports and build an impregnable wall of costly armaments and live, as the Orient used to live, a hermit nation, dreaming of the past, or we must open our eyes and see that modern civilization has become so complex and the lives of civilized men so interwoven with the lives of other men in other countries as to make it impossible to be in this world and not of it. We must see that it is impossible to avoid, except by monastic seclusion, those honorable and intimate foreign relations which the fearful-hearted shudderingly miscall by that devil's catchword 'international complications.'"

With such arguments he sought—entirely in vain—to fight down the general antipathy of the America of that time against Europe. He did it between six and twenty times a day, delivering about a thousand speeches throughout the country in the course of three months. The only ones who listened to him, and who voted for him in large numbers, were the women, for whom he had fought to get the vote under Wilson's regime. Mrs. Roosevelt helped him by addressing the women on the tour.

The defeat was complete. Harding was elected President, and the cool Coolidge took the office Roosevelt had run for. Three years later Roosevelt saw repeated that turn of events which had once lifted Theodore out of his obscure corner. Once again a President died in office. Coolidge succeeded him, and shortly thereafter, again like Theodore Roosevelt, was himself elected President. Franklin's thoughts on the capriciousness of fate, stirred by the news of this event, must have deepened.

But first he returned, in excellent humor, to the land, and told one of his boyhood friends that he was grateful for this singular opportunity of getting to know the whole country. When he was asked what he thoug of the victory of his opponents, he gave the fine ans "While I waited for the returns I felt that if we beaten on that issue, if we could be beaten on suc issue, there was something rotten about the world."

BACK TO CAREFREE PRIVATE LIFE AND GOLDEN DAYS—AND THEN—

These words again reveal the optimist, who attrib his own bad luck to something out of gear in the orde the world, and who, moreover, is quite right!

After ten years of public service Roosevelt went to private affairs and as director in a big insu company earned more money than ever before in life.

Quite definitely this well paying and pleasant job more to do with his connections and his name, like with his social and athletic gifts, than with his tal as either business man or lawyer, roles in which he never sought or achieved distinction. With his affi tive outlook, this change from high office could not have his approval. Life seemed bent on being as ki to him in the future as it had been in the past.

But here, as so often happens to us, destiny put smiling instead of a warning front.

Heretofore, the subject of Roosevelt's experien infantile paralysis, his long struggle to overcom effects, and the consequences to his career has been publicly discussed with the unreserve that its importance demands. It will be so discussed by Ludwig in Liberty next week.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

WHAT will probably turn out to be the toilsomest hostess job of all time is being undertaken now by Mrs. Vincent Astor as chairman of the Women's National Advisory Committee for the New York World's Fair of 1939. . . . Hers is the ultimate responsibility for planning to entertain and make comfortable the millions who will visit the New York exposition from near and far.

Because of her important work on behalf of this coming national event—since she will be housewife in chief, as you might say, at the greatest house party ever held by the biggest city on earth—I thought it would be interesting to talk with Mrs. Astor and find out how she runs her *own* house. So I went to see her, and she told me about it.

I found that being hostess for people from all places all over the world will not be a new experience for Mrs. Astor. She has long entertained them in her own home—a home which she finds time to manage personally, along with farm and garden, despite her many other activities.

Before guests arrive she personally inspects each guest room. It is her belief that the congenial spirit of any visit largely depends upon the happy impression produced by the guest's first glimpse of his room . . . . an idea that promises well, I think, for Mrs. Astor's success as chief hostess at the New York fair.

Special attractions to be offered to women at the fair, Mrs. Astor thinks, should feature plenty of the best music—music indoors and out of doors—and plenty of quiet places where tired ladies can rest. . . . Sounds good and practical, doesn't it?

☆ Asked an eye specialist how far our current craze for black attire has gone toward ruining the eyes of the garmentworkers who do our sewing. He said, "Your black clothes stitched with black thread cause the worst kind of eyestrain. But, for that matter, any sewing done with thread the same color as the material is injurious to the eyes. And since nearly all your clothes are put together with thread that matches the color of the cloth, nearly all your garmentworkers suffer from eye trouble."

Asked him how we might remedy this. "By having your black dresses stitched with green thread," he said, "and your blue dresses with red thread, and your white dresses with colored thread, and so on." . . . Afraid we are not yet sufficiently humanitarian.

☆ Witness the following story, which, I am sorry to say, derives from real life: I know an unmarried girl with a child to support, who earns a meager living making exquisitely embroidered lingerie. Her customers are rich women, subject to whims. The girl received an order from a splendidly wealthy woman: three complete sets of black undies trimmed with black lace—deep mourning.

Sorry for her customer's bereavement—yet glad indeed to have the work, since her child was ill and needed medical attention—the girl kept her needle busy day and night. Phoned the rich woman that the things were done ahead of time. Whereupon the rich woman canceled the order. It seems she had wanted those black embroidered undies to wear for mourning at the death of her dog. But her dog had fooled her. Instead of dying, it had recovered.

Of such appalling stuff are revolutionists made—and who can blame them?

☆ With women quaffing cocktails at bars nowadays almost as normally as men, it may seem old-fashioned for me to write about soda-fountain drinks. But there is something distinctly new going on at the drugstore. I mean the habit so many fashionable women have of skipping in and briskly tossing off a short Coca-Cola with a dash of this or that in it. (No ice, please.) . . . Favorite dashes, I observe, are of cherry, of lime or lemon, or plain phosphate, or aromatic spirits of ammonia. . . . The last is supposed to be a great pick-me-up for that tired feeling. Girls wh smoke a lot are the steadiest Coke-with-a-dash drinkers. Try it with a dash of mint.

Mrs. Vincent Astor

☆ Interesting etiquette query from a girl who lives in Lansing, Michigan. "How late at night," she wants to know, "should I accept an invitation to go out with a boy? Is ten o'clock too late, or eleven o'clock? Say he calls me up on the phone and asks me to come out dancing."

Time is entirely relative, my dear, as Dr. Einstein has taught us. I can only suggest that ten o'clock ought to be late enough for any reasonable young man. You cannot have any realization of how your parents worry about you until you become a parent yourself.

Answering the etiquette question I suggest that no young man is tru polite if he causes your parents worry.

☆ More fun than a barrel keys (which it somehow sugge the new book of gay social me Turn of the World, by Lady D the former Elizabeth Drexel (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

☆ Thrifty people in the north o Italy make a chicken go a long wa They do it with rice and cheese. Here how: Cut a fricassee chicken in neat pieces; parboil 7 minutes; drain well. In 2 tablespoons hot butter stir 2 chopped onions and 1 tablespoon flour. Cook until onions are pale yellow, then add the pieces of chicken, the chicken giblets finely chopped, ½ teaspoon minced garlic, 2 cups meat stock or consommé, salt and pepper. Simmer very gently for 30 minutes. Hav ready 2 cups plain boiled rice. To th rice add 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cu Parmesan cheese, pinch of nutmeg Lay pieces of chicken in buttere ovenproof dish; cover each piece wit rice; strain the gravy and pour on Sprinkle well with grated cheese. Bake slowly for 30 minutes. Serv straight from the baking dish, wit a green salad on the side.

IT'S FUNNY ABOUT CHRISTMAS

by SIBYL SPANDE BOWEN

A sprightly and heart-warmi

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

OUTSIDE, the landscape was appropriately powdered with a fresh foot of snow that topped fence rails and clung to trees with quite the best picture-book effect. Inside, the chair coach was crowded with home-going students shrieking oliday greetings and good-bys at the p of their young lungs.

he mustn't appear too thrilled, nor o cool, Jinny Jarvis thought when her brother Bob ded a guest in the chair beside with a "Look what I brought ”

Yes indeed,” she murmured. Nice Christmas out.”

Carl Wentworth, poised and geous in English tweeds, smiled down t her. Jinny's heart did a turn or two. If Judy Merrill could only cast her green eyes on her now!

"It does look a bit like my kid days in Switzerland," he agreed.

He had gone to school there, Jinny remembered. What on earth did you talk about to a man who had been everywhere, done everything, who could look as sophisticated as Adolphe Menjou, and was not yet twenty-one! Jinny racked her brain. "I'm glad you're coming down with us," was all that came of her effort.

"Got to get me a magazine," Bob mumbled, "and some marshmallows. I can't feel like I'm traveling without 'em."

Jinny gave him a wrathful glance. He'd sit and inhale marshmallows and read movie trash. How he had ever snared Carl Wentworth was a mystery, but it would plainly be up to her, Jinny, to keep the wonder man of the campus in the home nest.

"So am I," Carl admitted pleasantly.

"And surprised," Bob paused to remark. "He thought he was on his way to Judy Merrill's, but I crooked my finger and here he is." He ambled on to the club car.

"Isn't he a trial!" Jinny burst out. So Carl *had* been going to Judy's. "And just why aren't you on your way with Judy now? They give wonderful house parties."

Carl turned his wide gray eyes on her. "That's just the trouble. They're too wonderful, I hear. Noise, crowds, and a painful amount of Christmas in the raw." He grinned intimately, as one sophisticate to another.

Too much Christmas at the Merrills', huh? And what about the Jarvis family fireside? She had to do something about this, and now.

She gulped. Bob sat down beside her, laden to the chin with marshmallows and magazines. She turned accusing eyes on him.

"A fine friend you are, not to give Carl the dirt about our Christmas. Did you know he loathed Christmasy Christmases?"

"Nobody likes 'em," Bob blurbed through a white foam of marshmallows, "but they all take 'em. You know, there's something funny about Christmas. Guys who are sane the year round suddenly go off their nut and throw money around like giving corn to little chickens. They wouldn't dream of losing their minds like that at Easter, or New Year's. Just Christmas." Having delivered himself of which, he dived into his purplest magazine.

"So you've noticed that, bright boy," Carl jeered lightly. "I can take my Christmas or leave it. I usually leave it. I'm never home, for one thing, and that is the place where the idea runs its wildest."

Jinny's heart sank. But now, if ever, was the time to tell it. "Well, Carl, my lad, Bob didn't tell you, but I will. I'm going to confess everything—all the horrors of our Christmas. If you can't bear it—well, there's always Judy."

"As bad as all that?" Carl lifted a skeptical eyebrow.

Jinny drooped her soft little mouth. "Worse. We haven't changed the ritual since grandpa hung up his homemade sock. There's a holly wreath in every window—the fat kind. Then there's a huge tree, with cotton angels and tinsel all over it, in the living room. Dad gets everybody up at dawn to get their presents handed out. We are almost drowned in a sea of tissue paper and red ribbon. We stagger out from under and gather round the piano and sing a few numbers of this carol stuff, and we're off for the day. It's ghastly!"

Bob emerged from his magazine. " Say, what are you trying to do? Blacken the family name? I'll tell you dad is the champion Christmas celebrator of his generation, and I won't stand for belittlin'. He gets around to a layer of everybody's box of candy and has to dose with soda bicarb before he can tackle the real riot of the day, dinner. But he's game to the last pang of gastritis. Always swears he's going on a diet the day after Christmas. Never does. Weighs thirty pounds too much."

" All real Christmas addicts do," Carl assured them solemnly. " I know the kind of dinner you mean. I ate one at my grandmother's once "—with the amused air of one recalling a custom outmoded by civilization. " They say we used to have them, too, before the mater went modern on us. I was too young to remember. We go to a hotel now, and don't eat any more than usual."

Jinny grinned inwardly. She'd rather he'd be bored than amused with them. " You'll curl up at the sight of our feed, then," she hurried on. " Oyster cream soup, turkey and everything anybody ever thought of with it. Pickles and jelly, hot rolls—and when you'd think the cook was in a swoon from it all, in comes blazing plum pudding and mince pie. Imagine, in this day! Then dad toys with a pound of fruitcake and a peck basket of nuts just to round off with. It's unbelievable! "

" But the real test of your manhood is coming back for more at night," Bob chimed in. " All those who haven't passed out gather round and hold a wake over the turkey's remains."

" My gosh! " breathed Carl, impressed past the point of levity.

" I could take it all and like it," Bob observed, sighing, " if they'd only give me my presents in cash. They still think I'm going on twelve and hang up my stocking."

" Yes," Jinny burst out, " that's the real anguish of it. I'll get six pairs of service-weight hose and some lady jewelry. Dad dotes on jewelry for females." The Jarvises groaned together.

" Well, why don't you do something about it? " C wanted to know. " It's hard to imagine two bright you minds like yours taking all that complication and fl mery without a struggle."

" Without a struggle! " Jinny bristled, her brown e flashing. " Have you ever tried to fight a real home-gro Christmas mania? "

" Say, what's this all about? " Bob demanded. " I'v heard it and I've helped say it, but why let Carl in on it all? He isn't going to spend Christmas at our house."

" Isn't! " Jinny gasped.

" Naw. He's just stopping with us a day to gathe strength for the fray at Judy's," Bob informed he callously, kicking an empty marshmallow box under th seat.

" There was nothing definite about it," Carl haste to say, " but I'm expected there, of course."

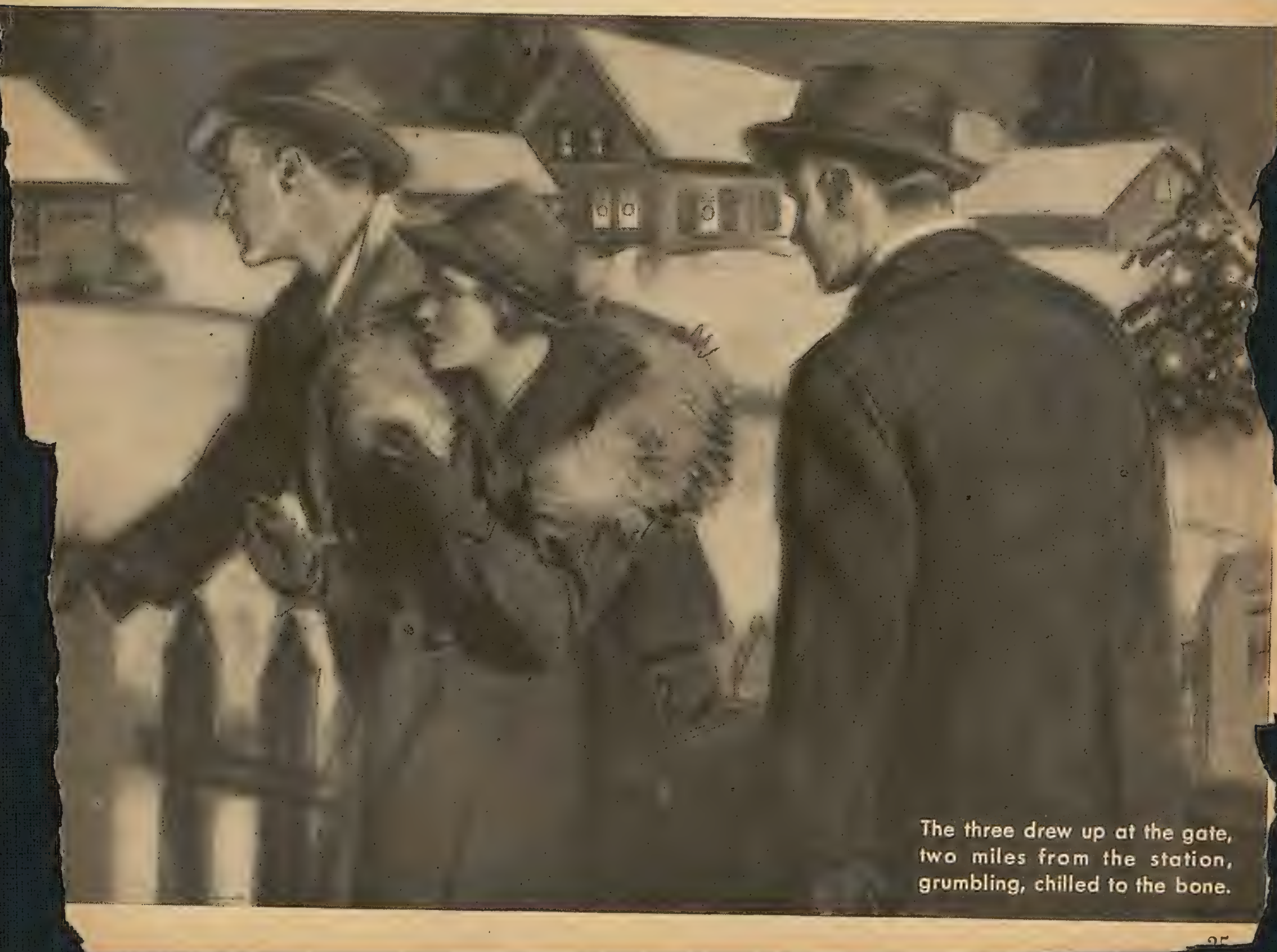
" Oh, of course," Jinny said weakly. If she hadn't herself go on about that Christmas agony, she thoug furiously, he'd have stayed on with them. Well, him go.

" Ardmore! Ardmore! " warbled the conductor, swinging through the train.

" The hearselike 1930 sedan will be ours," panted Jinny as the three scrambled to the platform, " so sharpen your eye for it."

But there was no sedan, either of 1930 or later design The Jarvises and their guest lingered on the cold plat form, stamping their icy feet. The afternoon was drif ing on to evening.

" There's old Joe and his taxi," Jinny cried, returnin to the leeward side of the station after another glance



The three drew up at the gate, two miles from the station, grumbling, chilled to the bone.

n the street. "We'll not wait for dad, and see how ikes to pay our taxi bill." They signaled with wild s; but Joe, half a block away, turned a corner ously.

The old soak," chattered Bob. "We better start to lk. Likely we'll meet the family stalled in a snowift down the street a bit. Some Christmas welcome, say!" he growled bitterly. They picked up their bags d started.

The family car did not come to light during the trip. The three drew up at the Jarvis gate, some two miles m the station, in the cold twilight, grumbling might-, chilled to the bone. Jinny dropped her bag into the snow to flex her numb fingers, while Bob fumbled with the latch.

She stared at the large front window, from which no welcoming light shone.

"Looks sort of funny, doesn't it?" he puzzled. "It's no lights, I guess, r something— Oh, I know! There n't any wreath in it." She gave a dden anguished moan. "They've ft the tree for me to trim, and the corating to do. That's what it eans! And me half dead from luging my bags through this snow."

"That's sisterly thanks for you. Here, Carl, you can carry these up to the house. I'm through," Bob announced, dropping Jinny's larger and heavier bags.

Cora, the lantern-jawed maid, let them in. The hall was dark and old, the living room chill. No locust g crackled in the red-tile fireplace. o Norway spruce, cut down in the rst flush of its youth, spiced the ir. No swinging red-paper bells tickled the scalp as you went through the archway. No evergreen ropes entwined the staircase. Jinny shivered a little and hurried out to the dining room. It was ungarnished completely, even to the notable absence of the wicker basket of nuts hat had always started off the hristmas feasting. Bob turned to ra with the forlorn, bewildered are of a homeless puppy.

"Somebody sick?" he asked fearlly.

Cora, the word saver, shrugged d handed Jinny an envelope. Then retreated to her kitchen.

Jinny tore open the note. The two in pink paternal checks she drew t were familiar, but that was all. She shook her head as he read.

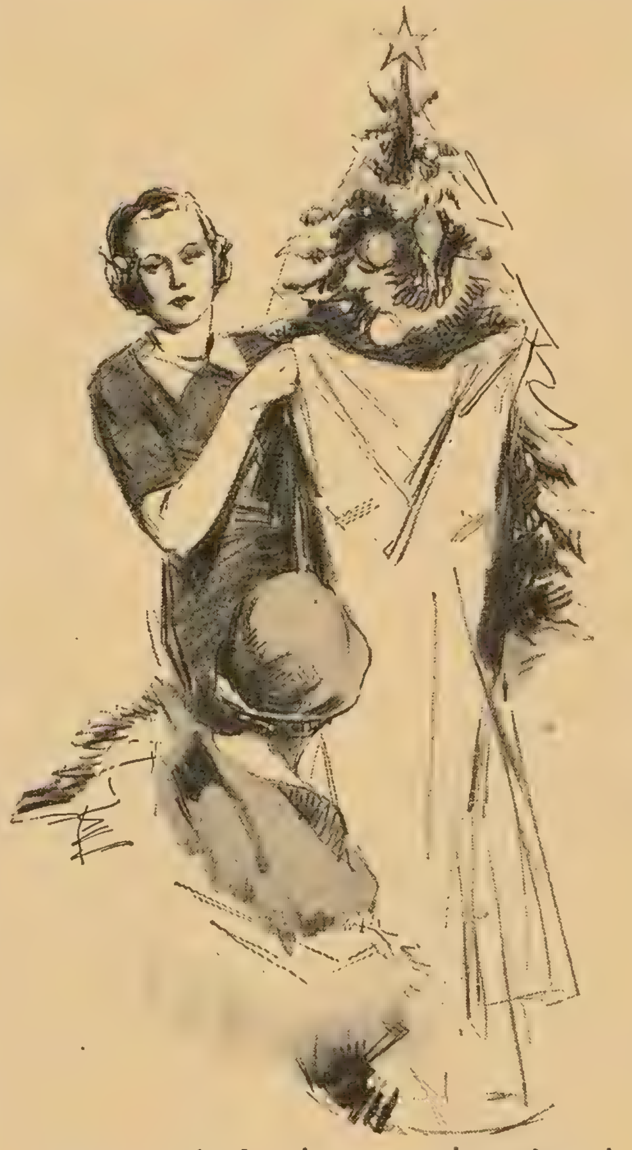
"Hey!" shouted Bob. "For Pete's sake, what does it say?"

Jinny sighed. "Just doesn't sound like mother. Listen: 'Your father and I have decided not to distress you with another of our kind of Christmas, so we're spending the day with Aunt Maud. Since we've celebrated Christmas our way all our lives, we feel we are too old to change, as you so often insisted upon. We are leaving you each a check, as you seldom like what we choose for you, and are taking the twins with us. They are still young enough to be taken in by the commercialized hocus-pocus and rather enjoy it. You can eat at the hotel and give Cora the day off, so you won't be obliged to overeat and ruin your figures.'"

"Commercialized hocus-pocus," pondered Bob. "That would be one of your cracks, Jinny." He was dashed, and no mistake. Then he tossed back his longest lock and demanded, "Where's that check? There's a silver lining to this cloud, and it's in the shape of a new pair of skis."

Jinny handed it to him absently. She was winking hard and her mouth was crumpled like a hurt baby's. Just in time, she glanced up and saw Carl Wentworth looking down at her curiously.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN POLGREN



Jinny made for the gown department.

"This is a break," Carl was saying easily, "just when you want a rest from the old hokum."

"Sure is." Bob laughed hollowly. "Tickled pink and all that. Bit of a shock, of course. Sudden-like."

Jinny checked the tears and drew a gallant breath. "Isn't it great! I'll get a new evening gown that will make mother moan. What shall we do Christmas, Bob? Sleep till noon, eat a little, read a little, dance a little, and so on far into the night, wherever the hunting looks good. Sorry you won't be with us, Carl."

Carl jumped up. "Don't be sorry so soon. Mind if I use your phone? I'll wire Judy I can't make it." He retreated eagerly to the hall and closed the door.

Jinny looked triumphantly at Bob, and then crumpled suddenly. "They might at least have warned us!" she burst out. "To drop out like this—"

Carl was back. "Line's busy," he said. "Remind me to call later, Jinny, will you? You'll never know how much I'll love you—if you save me from a Merrill powwow."

Cora appeared in the doorway. "I'm a-serving dinner in the nook, and it don't stay warm in this weather, once it's set on."

Bob caught up with Jinny just as she was leaving the house next morning. "I'll walk with you, if it isn't asking too much of a favor."

Jinny neither slowed nor turned. She mumbled, "—and a little candy wouldn't hurt—"

"Besides being as glum as a peddler with a full stock left, aren't you just a bit on the barmy side?" Bob inquired, striding beside her in the deeper snow.

"Hush up—I'm thinking over my shopping list." Jinny continued mumbling.

"Nice Christmas, isn't it? Here I bring home the prize campus pet for you to look over, and what do I get but a big grouch out of you!"

Jinny brightened. "He's wonderful," she admitted a little uneasily. After all, Carl hadn't called Judy last night. "But the house—no fire in the grate, nothing to nibble on—it's just not my idea of a cozy time at Christmas."

"Yeah, me too," Bob agreed. "I found out what's the matter with the heat. It was just turned off. Faithful Cora didn't see any use having it warm just for us. I rustled up a stack of yule logs, too, my gal. What with the heat, and the candy you are mumbling about, it'll be almost a normal Christmas—"

"Who wants a normal Christmas?" snapped Jinny. "You don't have to go ga-ga and plunge into the racket up to your neck just to be a little comfortable, do you?"

"No, of course not. And the big moment wants it casual, too. It can be just like any other day this way. Spending our checks on ourselves, and all."

"Are you being sarcastic?" Jinny demanded edgily.

"Oh, be yourself. Am I ever sarcastic? Look; Haskins have got those big trees outside their porch decorated with colored lights. They aren't as pretty as ours were last year, but they look swell, don't they?"

"Messy," Jinny decreed promptly. "I shudder to think what Carl would have thought if ours had been out this year. You order dinner for us at the hotel, Bob. We don't want to take a chance on their regular fare if Carl is going to be here."

She turned into the town's one department store an made straight for the gown department, or as straigh as one could go, with Christmas shoppers milling abou excitedly through the evergreen and tinsel. She examine the various creations the saleswoman brought out, an eventually wavered between two.

"This chiffon is darling on a little girl like you," the woman offered hopefully. But Jinny saw with the eyes of Carl Wentworth today. Definitely not rose-pink chiffon.

"Now, that silver lamé—chic, but too old for you, perhaps—"

Something too old was just what she wanted. Jinny gazed intently at the gowns and tried to think, but her attention was distracted, for behind the saleswoman towered a Christmas tree. It was in the newer tradition, its branches sprayed with silver paint to produce a platinum effect that looked frostily unreal, a fairy tree. It was hung with glittering glass balls and nothing else. Jinny was fascinated. The saleswoman frowned tiredly and repeated her remark about the silver lamé.

"Silver's all right, but I really prefer the old-fashioned green ones," Jinny murmured. "I guess it's the piny odor."

"Beg pardon?" gasped the astonished saleswoman.

Jinny started. "Oh, dear, I must have been thinking of Christmas trees," she stammered—and knew at that appalling moment that she really had thought of nothing else since she came home. She was overwhelmed with a terrible nostalgic loneliness, a longing for all the dear rites, the odors, and yes, the noises, of Christmas. She felt a horrid lump rise to choke her—as if she were going to cry.

"I'll be back to decide after a little," she mumbled, and fled. That silly Christmas tree!

Jinny was rummaging in the hall closet when Bob arrived. "Where did mother store that box of tree trimmings?" she demanded.

"Trimmings! I thought you were all through with that—"

"Never mind what you thought. It seems the family had ordered a Christmas tree from a little urchin and then ran off and left it on his hands. I did the benevolent and paid for it myself. Might as well use it, now we've got it," Jinny explained brightly. "Now be a sport and clear out. I've got some presents to wrap."

Bob opened his mouth for speech, then closed it again, shaking a puzzled head.

He turned as he caught sight of Carl swaying in the door under the weight of a good-sized spruce tree.

"Greener's Department Store just delivered this to Jinny. Where do I put it?"

Bob didn't spare the guffaw. "Some urchin!" he howled, when he was able to articulate, and told the story to Carl.

"Believe it or not, Carl, it's fun trimming 'em. I kinda missed it. As long as Jinny had to revert to type—Say, I forgot. We'd rather led you to believe you'd be spared this sort of thing if you threw in with us. Lucky for you you haven't declined Judy yet."

Jinny glanced swiftly at Carl, but his face was carefully blank.

He followed Bob into the living room with the tree with almost too much speed—and silence.

"Well, let him go," she thought grimly, her face flaming. "I guess—I'm just—not silver-lamé type."

Head up, she marched into the living room with her arms full of trinkets for the tree. She would show Carl that what he thought meant nothing to her.

The decorating progressed with periodic bursts from Bob, and "Where do I put this? I'm new to this game, you know," from Carl. Cora appeared in the door and viewed the proceedings with an impassive eye. She turned her putty-blank face to Bob.

"Yer turkey's come. What do you want I shou with it and the other things?"

Then Carl laughed, and Jinny joined him, uncon lably. Bob made clucking noises with his tongue v his face darkened to dangerous purple. He opened mouth and yelled:

"Darn it, Cora, why did you have to come in? I m why—"

Jinny waved him down. "Sure, I know. Dad ord it from some broken-down butcher and you galla agreed to sacrifice your new skis to pay for it. We hearted Jarvises!"

Bob stopped her coolly:

"No, that was your story. Here's my dope: Comi back from viewing that discouraged menu at the hotel, passed Sperry's. I knew what Cora could do to that lin up of turkey, cranberries, and stuff the window—so I just went in a ordered a set. Anybody that does want to eat it needn't."

Nobody spoke until Carl slap Bob on the back with apparent hu admiration. "There, my friends, proclaimed feelingly, "is a man is a man! What's in the age of rea to compare with a turkey dinner?"

He needn't be so sarcastic about i Jinny thought angrily.

"If you mean I should cook it, I' going to my sister's," Cora put i stolidly from the doorway.

"Oh, Cora, you couldn't le down!" Jinny urged. It was su important that the impending Ch mas should be a heavy one just as had told Carl.

"I'm not promising," Cora sta stonily.

"There's a bonus in it, Cora," Bo offered hopefully. "A dollar. Tw dollars!"

Jinny had an idea. "Just star for us, Cora, and tell us what to d finish it. I've never cooked a meal, it's not so terribly hard to d guess."

Scorn blazed in the dead wood Cora's face. "And let you ruin th makings of a swell Christmas dinne in my own kitchen! No, sir. I start I finish it, from stuffing to cra ries, I guess." And then, startling suddenness, Cora, who had an emotion, giggled. "N phone your mother. She said, you got things going like usual, to them so they could come home. T didn't want to get caught down to your Aunt Maud's

"So they could come home?" shouted Bob.

"Home!" echoed Jinny, to Cora's retreating bac This was the crowning blow. To be shown up before Ca like a spanked kindergartner after pretending to be a worldling with him. Then she drew a breath of relief At least nothing else could happen and she could be her self. She turned resolutely to the tree and began to t a bell upon it with hands that, strangely, would not pe form. Carl, at her elbow, took the bell gently from h fumbling fingers and tied it neatly. Jinny faced him.

"Tell Judy hello for me," she said.

"Here, you can't turn me out on Christmas Eve that," Carl protested, close to her ear, "because definitely not going to let you."

"Not going? Must be you don't understand. This show is on again—at top speed," Jinny told him.

"I know, and I wouldn't miss it—or you—for anything on earth," Carl insisted seriously. "Real traditions, and real people—I've never known very many. Here, Bob, hand me some of those candy dinguses."

Bob brought them. "You know," he began happily, "it's funny about Christmas—"

THE END

THE
UNBREAKABLE
MRS. DOLL

☆

The thrilling story of a beautiful and dynamic child of nature who was loved by all men—and hated by all women!

A story that will grip your heart in the opening installment and hold it fast to the final word!

It starts in Liberty for January 15 and is by one of the most popular authors whose stories have ever appeared in these pages.

☆

BE SURE TO READ

THE UNBREAKABLE
MRS. DOLL

LISTEN, YOUTH !

BY ELSIE ROBINSON

iberty and a distinguished lady join in presenting a ew open forum for your intimate, everyday problems

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

SO THEY GET YOUR GOAT!

S-W-I-S-H! Rocketing in a rose-gold arrow, a girl's body vaults from a springboard . . . jackknifes against blazing blue . . . streaks headlong into the tank's translucent jade, and comes up, its naked loveliness filigreed with foam. . . .

S-w-o-o-s-h!

Swooping on screeching tires, a boy rounds a corner . . . clears the night express—and death—by an inch . . . hurtles down the highway at eighty per, his hands spasmed around the wheel. . . .

Swish . . . swoosh . . . zoom . . . boom . . . hippety-hi-de-ho!

The tempo of modern youth. . . . From every side ey come, these amazing youngsters—whooping, racing, shing aside sedate elders, pouring over established ventions. . . .

ining morning tides of girls swamping the streets, rging into shops and offices—that incredible pageant of young-women workers which the world has never before seen. Cool-eyed, confident, high-tensioned, exuisitely groomed. Intimately aware of problems and tations which their mothers never knew . . . nt as their mothers never were. Financially indeent at sixteen or eighteen—demanding rights and gnition which their dismayed parents dare not grant. nd shoulder by shoulder with them, swapping wisecks, competing for pay checks, sharing the same emature sophistication — America's daredevil young anhood . . . speed-spawned product of the Machine ge . . . demanding and frequently getting more rom life at twenty than their fathers do at fifty.

YOUNG AMERICA IN ACTION!

The most colorful, trigger-quick crop the race has ever produced . . . the most healthy and hilarious, independent and ingratiating mess of young mobsters that ver gave a devoted and bedeviled parent a nightmare!

THE GO-GETTING, GOAT-GETTING GENERAON!

Love them? Of course you do! Proud of them? And w! But understand them? Not once in a million times! d small wonder that you can't. Counting by calendar e, they are separated from us by thirty years—

BUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS APART, IF ONE RATES BY VIEWPOINT AND ENVIRONMENT, HUMAN RIGHT AND CUSTOM!

"*When I was young,*" you say. But it won't work. A wrecked world lies between your youth and theirs! The Neanderthal man is hardly farther away than your slow-gaited youth is from their sixteen-cylinder hoop-la.

So right, so sweet, those lost young days seem to us now. So slow and easy—as life, you're sure, was meant to be. No pressure or standardization. Time enough for everything . . . to love and laugh and dream!

And something even better than leisure—PRIDE. A man could be proud of his record when he made that record, bit by bit, with his own hands. Jim Smith boasting that he had the best vegetable patch on the block. Sally Jones beaming because her cake took first prize at the church fair. Mom making the family clothes, dad building the family woodshed. Leisure, pride . . . folks rounding out, and taking their time about it—

That was in 1887 . . . 1897 . . . 1907 . . .

But now it's 1937—

WITH THREE HUNDRED WORLDS IN BETWEEN—

The old handmade ways and ideals gone forever—

And it's hurry . . . hurry . . . worry . . . worry . . . faster . . . faster . . . GO . . . G-O . . . G-O-O . . . G-O-O-O!!!

So you blame the youngsters. Blame them because they look at life, and their jobs, and themselves, and YOU—differently. But why should you blame them? *How on earth can they help themselves?*

Here's thirteen-year-old Patsy—with infant innocence still beaming under her thatch of cropped curls. Your baby! But Patsy discusses Birth Control! Debates the relative merits of A. F. of L. and C. I. O.! Demands three formals and her own speedster! And wants to work next summer . . . or go into a Little Theater! Is she out of her head !!#&*%!!@¢?!? Not in the least. Stop raving—think back—

Why were you kitten innocent at thirteen? Not because you *chose* to be, but simply because the world then permitted you to be. An established, unshaken world—essentially the same as the world of your father's youth, and his before him. Life for you at thirteen was simple, safe, and sure. No need to doubt or experiment. Plain, clear-cut rules about morality, duty to parents, thrift and fair play. Rules that had always worked . . . that had always been the same and always would be—

Only suddenly they weren't!

SUDDENLY EVERYTHING WAS CHANGED. ALL THE OLD ORDER GONE . . . THE OLD RULES DEMOLISHED . . . THE OLD SIMPLICITY AND SERENITY SHATTERED TO SMITHEREENS!

One day you were sure—the next you weren't. Everything meant something different. What was right . . . what was wrong? Those questions came as a thunder-

FOLLOW OUR TRAIL!
ELSIE ROBINSON

bolt to you. But there was still a memory in your heart of the old days, old ways . . . a stabilizing memory. So, even though you were shocked, you weren't left sprawling.

BUT YOUR CHILD OR GRANDCHILD HAS NO SUCH ESTABLISHED MEMORIES. THEY WOULDN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD IF HE HAD. HE WAS BORN ASKING QUESTIONS . . . INTO A WORLD WHERE HE MUST ASK QUESTIONS, MAKE EXPERIMENTS, IF HE HOPES TO LIVE.

Youth in 1907 . . . Youth in 1937. Thirty years . . . but no other thirty years in all our human history have seen such change and evolution—such a desperate need for one generation to understand the other.

FOR—PERHAPS IT HASN'T OCCURRED TO YOU —YOU'RE AS BIG A PROBLEM TO YOUR YOUNGSTER AS HE IS TO YOU!

Take this seemingly small matter of clothes—exercise —health. The diving Diana with whom we started this article—her frank loveliness stark naked save for a scrap of rubber. She horrifies you. *But the thought of YOUR youthful wardrobe completely panics her!*

Remember, Mom or Grandmom, those days when you and I were Gibson Girls? Those three-inch choker collars . . . those beruffled corset covers . . . those laced-in nineteen-inch waists?

"No wonder you were sick half the time—and died when your babies came!" snorts thirteen-year-old Patsy.

What's your answer? Patsy flaunts hers in a body which has never known a sick day and a mind equally open and clean. What if she does discuss Birth Control?

"But I want to keep you a little girl!" you wail.

Patsy grins. So does Life. For they both know that you can't keep any thirteen-year-old a "little girl" in 1937. Already Patsy is two years farther advanced in school than you were at her age . . . knows more about Life As Is than you knew at twice her age.

Even so, you feel — and rightly — that something's wrong with the picture. Industry and education may be speeded up . . . but balanced judgment and spiritual ripening must still come slowly. Despite their superior brilliance and beauty, these youngsters *aren't* ready for life at eighteen. And, in the meantime, what's all this premature experimenting going to do to them?

On every side you see Awful Examples . . . brazen, burnt-out girls . . . vicious, ruthless boys. But how are you going to persuade the youngster that this is the price of premature freedom? The "implicit obedience" of your youth, which you delight in quoting, will hardly impress them. It was founded on a financial dependence which no longer exists. It wasn't half as "implicit" as you like to pretend it was—and the youngster knows it.

No—the Divine Right of Parents has gone and it will never return. Parents, today, are People—not Privileged Potentates. And they must win their way, prove their point, by square dealing and sound argument—or else! So how can you bridge the gap which lies between you and your rebellious child?

"*Follow my trail!*" you plead.

"But can't you see?" cries the youngster. "There is no trail! If I want a trail I must make it for myself!"

That's both a true and reasonable answer. But how do you receive it? In rare cases, with tolerance and respect. But, usually, with anger, scorn, and self-pity.

"Children stayed at home, where they belonged, when I was young!" you rave.

But would YOU have stayed at home if that home had been a cramped two- or three-room apartment where privacy was impossible . . . if a movie house or dance hall or night tennis ground had called from every corner?

"I never skidded around corners at eighty miles per . . . I never went steady with a boy at fifteen . . . talked about shameful things . . . made up my face—"

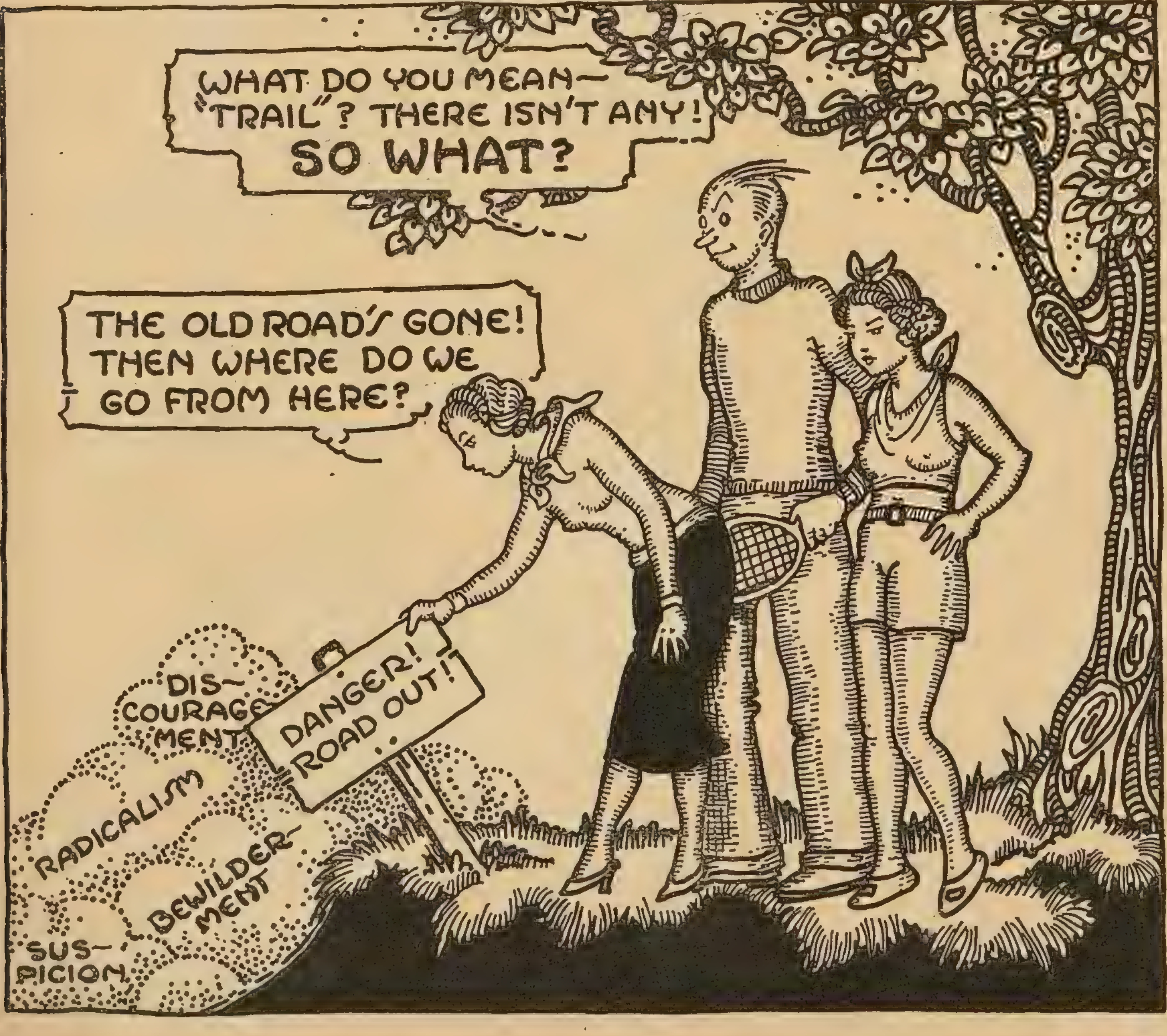
It is true you didn't do some of these things. For the best of all reasons—they weren't there to be done. As for the rest . . . these amazing relationships and freedom between the sexes—THEY ARE THE INEVITABLE OUTGROWTH OF COMPLETELY CHANGED INDUSTRIAL PROGRAMS. If *you* had worked with boys, competed in sports with boys, from the time you could toddle, you too might have been discussing with them facts vital to your existence.

AND YOU WILL NEVER BRIDGE THE GAP BETWEEN YOURSELF AND YOUR YOUNGSTER UNTIL YOU ACCEPT THESE CONDITIONS.

Two tools only do you possess which can bring you together — AFFECTION AND FAITH. These alone can bridge the gap, bind the heart. They are more potent than all the beatings and bullyings, sobbings and sermonizings of the Old Days . . . Old Days that, in reality, were never half as sweet or sane as we like to think they were.

Dare to face the frankness of 1937 . . . dare to try it on yourself.

So that's that—as far as this article can go. Has it gone too far, in your opinion —or not far enough? Is it unfair to Dad and Mom . . . partial to the Youngsters? Or do you think it's completely cockeyed? Yes—we want to know. We're waiting for your letters. So's the World. There MAY be more important problems than this — but if so, we don't know them. Then grab the mike and—shoot! Tell us what YOU think about YOUNG AMERICA in this and the following articles. All you think. The sky's the limit. And we can take it.


WHAT DO YOU MEAN— "TRAIL"? THERE ISN'T ANY! SO WHAT?
THE OLD ROAD'S GONE! THEN WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
DANGER! ROAD OUT!
DIS-COURAGE-MENT
RADICALISM
BEWILDER-MENT
SUS-PICION

Letters to Miss Robinson should be addressed to:
Elsie Robinson, care of Liberty,
P. O. Box 540,
Grand Central Annex,
New York, N. Y.

HOLLYWOOD Woman

Now comes a chapter of swift surprise in this colorful novel of young hearts adrift and a fallen star's redemption

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HEFFRON

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

GRIEF for Ian Hall, the man she loved and lived with for fifteen years, sends Hera Lavelle, once a famous screen star, to Pasadena Bridge to commit suicide. After Ian's death a few years before, Hera walked out on a half-finished picture, left Hollywood, and spent her money on drink, trying to forget. But she couldn't. Now, ill, haggard, and broke, she is determined to end a life that has no meaning.

She is saved by a strange young girl, Sharon Halliday, who comes up to her on the bridge and leads her to a car. In the car is Solano, a famous clown, now half blind, who has always been in love with Hera. They take her to Sharon's tiny bungalow in Hollywood where the girl lives with her small niece, Holly Fane, who suffers from asthma.

There Hera's past catches up with her. Sharon, she discovers, is in love. And the young man is Donald Lent, the son Hera deserted when she left her husband, Sam Lent, to go on the screen. Donald hates his mother and tells Sharon she must choose between Hera and him. The girl sends him away, much to Hera's bewilderment. Why, she asks herself, should Sharon bother about a broken-down old woman?

She gets a second shock when Sharon explains. The girl is the daughter of Ian Hall! Brought up by her mother to hate the woman who took her father away, she realized after her mother's death that this fostered hate was ruining her own happiness. She felt she must seek out Hera and atone. That is why she came to Hollywood to live precariously on occasional jobs as a movie extra.

Hera, touched and strengthened by the girl's sincerity and devotion, is determined not to let her down. She starts looking for a job. But the studio receptionists fail to recognize her and she can't get past them. Finally she goes to Sam Lent, now a producer. She gets inside his office by announcing that she is Mrs. Sam Lent. But she gets nowhere with Sam, who refuses her a job. Spent, discouraged, she returns to the bungalow.

PART FOUR—SHARON GETS HER CHANCE

JUST when I was feeling sorriest for myself I began to laugh. "Hera," I said, "you're a fool. You're all washed up and you know it. But while there's life there's soap, and while there's soap you're going to get washed up some more."

I went to all the quickie studios I could find, then peddled my carcass to all the agencies I knew. I began to wonder if there ever was a Hera Lavelle or whether I'd just dreamed there was.

I was starved. I was dead tired. My head ached. My back ached. My feet ached. My voice ached from saying over and over again, "I'm Hera Lavelle; I want to see whoever is in charge." My arms ached from shoving that tremendous car all over Hollywood. But I stuck to it—because I was afraid to go home and tell a girl of nine I'd laid an egg. The only reason I did go home, finally, was because I was running low on gas.

It was dark enough to switch on the lights when I got to the top of the hill, but there were so many gadgets on the dash I couldn't find the lights. When I did find them I was rolling down the driveway into the court. And as they flashed on I saw a man duck behind a tree.

Sharon was home and getting dinner. I never smelled anything so good. I never heard sweeter music—meat frying; coffee boiling; dishes rattling.

Holly came running out to meet me.

"Hera Lavelle," she cried, "we were so worried about you! Did you get a job?"

"Not exactly," I stalled. "But I got a flock of offers."

She ran and threw herself into my arms. And, frail as she was, she nearly knocked me over.

"I knew it," she said, and hooked her thin little arms around my neck. "I'm so glad."

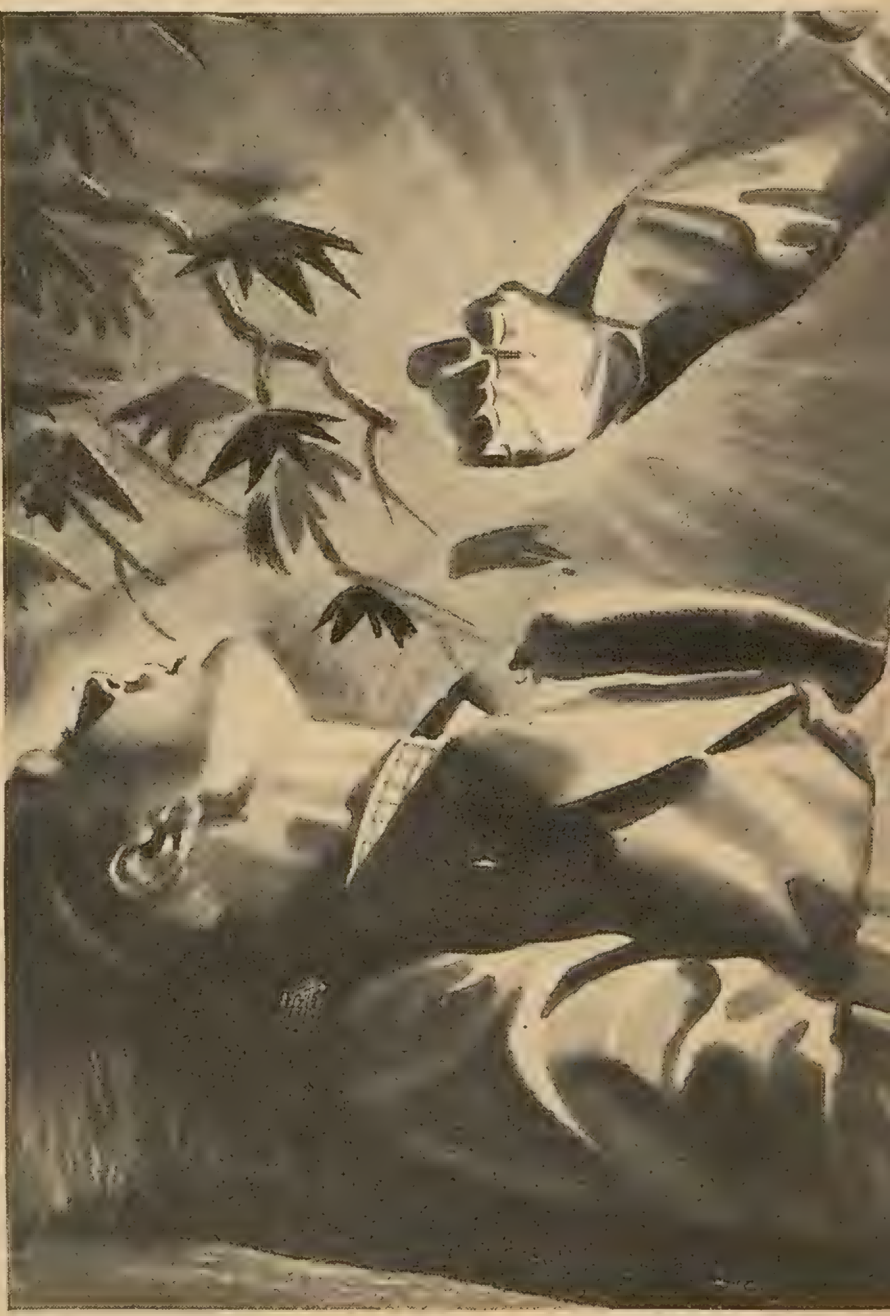
Say, it was worth it all.

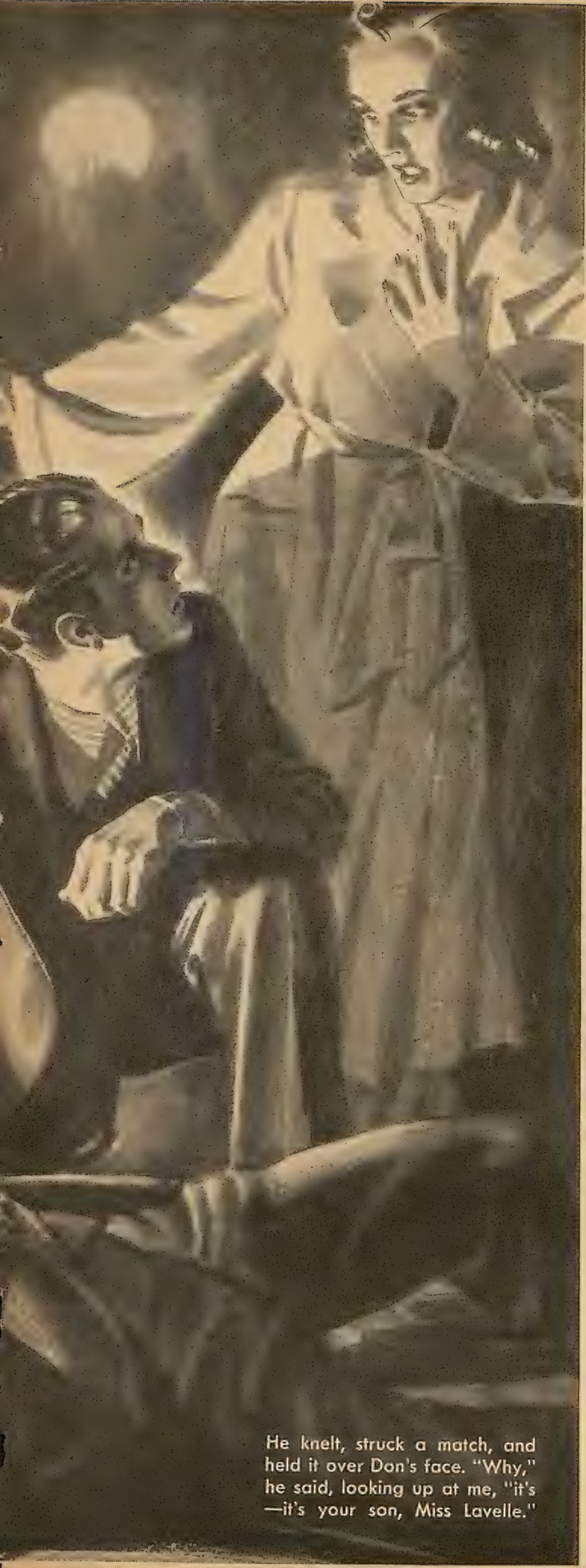
"And I'm glad too," said Sharon, standing in the doorway, coffeepot in one hand, and a long-handled fork in the other.

"Meat for dinner," Holly said. "And for tomorrow too. A steak! Sharon got a job today too."

I staggered in, Holly in my arms, and made a beeline for the nearest chair.

"Hera's tired, darling," Sharon said. "She can't hold





He knelt, struck a match, and held it over Don's face. "Why," he said, looking up at me, "it's —it's your son, Miss Lavelle."

a big girl like you. I'm afraid you did too much, Hera, your first day up."

"It was nothing," I lied. "I just sat around and gassed with old friends most of the day. But I am tired just the same."

"Did you eat?" Sharon asked, her face suddenly stricken by the knowledge that I'd had no money.

"Oh," I said, "I had lunch with Samuel Lent."

Sharon turned her face quickly when I mentioned Don's father.

"Then maybe you won't mind such a sketchy dinner," she said. "I hurried home from the studio and got some chops and things. They're shooting retakes tonight and I've got to hurry back. We have just an hour for dinner."

She ate scarcely anything. I couldn't help noticing that. And I noticed, too, that every once in a while she looked out through the window into the courtyard.

"Leave the dishes for me," she said. "I'll do them when I come home."

"All right," I said. And Holly winked at me solemnly through her bang.

Sharon hurried out the back door, and Holly and I looked at each other.

"It's Don," Holly said.

"Drunk?"

Holly shrugged her shoulders, for all the world like a bird about to fly away.

"Sharon caught a glimpse of him in the court," Holly whispered. "And she turned the car immediately, scooted out of the court, and parked out there on Primavera Drive. She was positively white, Hera Lavelle, when she came tiptoeing in the back way."

"Don wouldn't harm her," I said, "even if he were drunk."

"Oh, it isn't that," Holly said. "But it would be positively distressing for Holly to see him that way. It would be exquisitive torture for her."

Talking to her I almost forgot how tired I was.

After I'd eaten all I could hold I kicked off Sharon's

shoes, lit a cigarette Holly gave me, sat back in my chair, and purred.

"Oh!" Holly cried. "Your feet are swollen horrible, Hera Lavelle. Do let me bathe them for you."

"Not now," I said. "Maybe before I go to bed. We've got to do the dishes first."

Holly went tearing through all the rooms of the house, one hand holding her bang out of her eyes, and returned in triumph carrying two enormous red slippers.

"They're Mrs. Snepp's," she said. "The woman who comes in to take care of me sometimes when Sharon has to go to the studio."

They were big enough to fit two policemen, but they felt good on me. I got up and put a kettle of water on the stove, something I hadn't done in more than thirty years. Holly took the dishes from the table, scraped them and piled them. After a while I washed them.

Holly, in an apron that covered everything but her face and arms, steamed as excitedly as the kettle.

"To think of having Hera Lavelle in my own kitchen," she said, "actually helping with the dishes. Hera Lavelle herself! I never dreamed of such a thing. Only God could make that come true."

Somebody hammered on the door. I jumped and a plate slipped out of my hands and nearly broke.

It was only Fidelio delivering the ice Sharon had ordered. After he'd gone Holly said:

"I thought it was Don."

"It's nonsense for him to be hanging around like that," I said. "Why doesn't he come in like a man and ask to see her?"

"He did. Last night. Long after you went to sleep. It was awful, Hera Lavelle. I mean his voice was awful. Like he wanted to cry and couldn't. He was pleading with her to forgive him. And Sharon said she forgave him but she wouldn't marry him. Not until he loved you. Why doesn't he love you, Hera Lavelle? Everybody in the world ought to love you."

I didn't answer her. How could I?

"So he just hangs around the place," I said.

"It's love," Holly confided. "Of course God wants us all to love each other. But not that way. Love ought to be happy, Hera Lavelle, don't you think? Those two are wildly in love but it's like they were awful sick."

I was too tired to talk. It was all I could do to truck into the bedroom and put on a nightgown and a kimono. I almost went to sleep creaming my face.

"Now," I said, "if I can still lift my arms, Holly, I'll undress you and put you to bed."

"And hear my prayers."

At that minute Solano's dog began to bark outside the front door and Solano's cane came tapping up the walk.

"I'll never forgive him for this," I said. But I wiped off the cream and walked to the door and said, "Come in."

"Ach, Hera," he said. "You never used to go to bed so early. I have brought you an apple."

He produced one for me, held it out in his hand. Then I saw there were two apples there. I snatched them before they grew into an apple tree.

"Peel one," Solano said, collapsing into a soft chair. "Any one." The dog did a cart wheel and landed on his lap. Holly went flying into the kitchen for a knife. I was afraid she'd cut herself. I took it from her. I peeled her apple. As soon as the skin was off it fell apart into eight even pieces.

Holly jumped up and down in her excitement.

"Solano, it's the most wonderful trick I ever saw. How do you do it, Solano? It's positively magical!"

While Solano was explaining the front-door bell rang. There was more magic in that ring than in Solano's entire repertoire. It changed an old woman and a little girl into a couple of wooden Indians. Neither of us moved until the second ring. Then Holly shoved the hair out of her eyes and framed the name "Don."

"We'll have no more nonsense out of him," I said. I went to the door and yanked it open. But it wasn't Don. It was a young man I'd never seen before.

"Miss Sharon Halliday live here?" he asked.

I looked at him a long time. He was slight, not very tall, bright-eyed, about thirty. He carried himself well. I liked his looks. He might have been an English lord or something. I mean he could have played that type. And he had nice eyes.

So I said yes.

"I'm Drake Pemberton of Classic studios," he said. "May I see her?"

"Sam Lent send you?"

He smiled, bowed, handed me his card.

"He did, Miss Lavelle," he said.

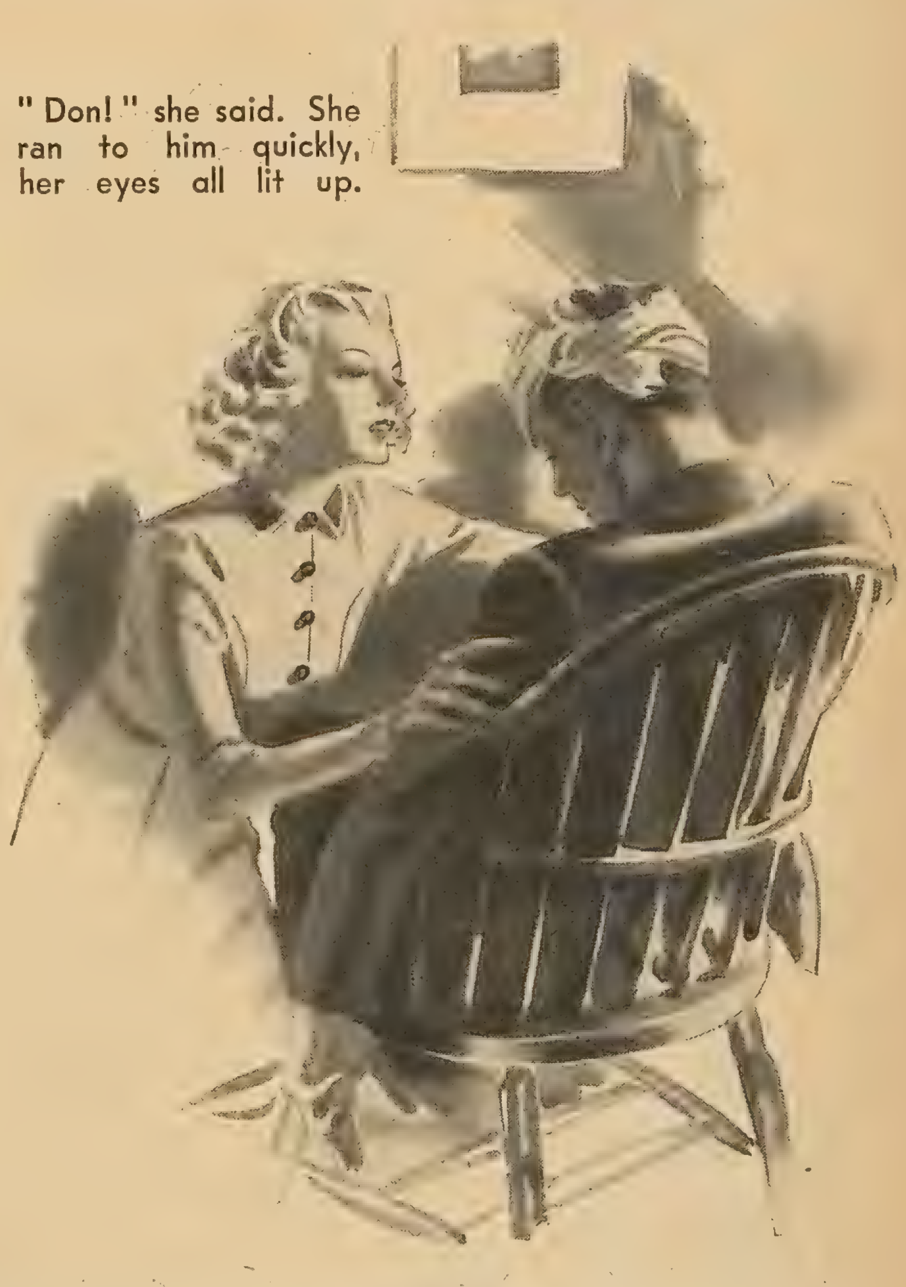
"She's working at Warners," I said. "But she may be home any minute. Won't you come in and wait?"

"Gladly," he said.

I introduced Holly and Solano.

"Mr. Pemberton has come," I said, "to speak to Sharon about a screen test and a contract with Classic Pictures."

Say, that started things. Before I knew it, Solano and his dog both were turning cart wheels all over the room, and Holly was running around like a frightened squirrel, trying to find pictures of Sharon.



"Don!" she said. She ran to him quickly, her eyes all lit up.

Well, I thought, for once in my life I've done something for somebody else. I've given Sharon a start. And if she has anything at all I'll make her the biggest thing in pictures.

I thought it was like Sam to do this—to call me a dirty fighter and then let me see how generous he was.

And I felt jealous and hurt and out of it. I supposed that was how Sam expected I'd feel.

I wondered if he would make an actor out of Don too. I hoped so. They'd play in the same pictures, Sharon and Don. They'd see a lot of each other in the studios. They'd forget their foolishness. They'd marry.

And then I'd go some place and curl up and die. I hoped I could sleep myself to death.

Pemberton sat quietly all through the uproar, thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Did Sam say anything about his son?" I asked.

"Yes. He's to be enrolled in the school on Monday."

I wanted to ask if Sam had mentioned my name but I didn't have the nerve.

"Tell me something about Miss Halliday," he said. He had six different photos of her which Holly had thrust into his hands, but he hadn't looked at them.

"I don't know much about her," I confessed, "but I think she has talent."

"You ought to know," he said. He glanced at each of the photos and tossed them on to a table.

"Lovely girl," he said. "Delicate as china. Good lines. Character. But if she hasn't ability—"

Holly came in from Sharon's bedroom with another picture. She came in slowly, quietly, and gravely handed the photo to the talent scout.

I took her on my lap, pushed the hair out of her eyes, and studied her face. I was afraid the excitement had hurt her, but her smile reassured me.

"I'm just tired, Hera Lavelle," she said. "Put me to bed. But please wake me when Sharon comes. I do so want to see the joy on her face when she knows."

Pemberton shot out of his chair as I got up, and as he said good night to Holly he bowed deeply to her.

"Hera Lavelle," she said as I undressed her, "you did this. You didn't try to get a job for yourself. Just for Sharon. You're so wonderful, Hera Lavelle!"

I put her to bed, tucked the covers about her, turned out the light, said good night, and started back toward the living room. But I had to stop midway and get hold of myself. It came to me that some day I must leave that kid—or she must leave me. Some day soon!

I was all right after a minute or two.

"Ach, Hera," Solano welcomed me back, "we were just talking how nice you look with the little girl in your arms."

"And what a personality she has," Pemberton added. "Has she ever thought of pictures?"

"Let her alone," I said. "You're not going to make a baby star of her—except over my old carcass."

"But we should celebrate," Solano suddenly decided. "Listen. In my pantry is an old bottle of wine. From the Moselle. With dust on it that thick!"

"I'll get it for you," Pemberton volunteered. "Where is your house? My car is just outside."

"Ach, I only live next door. I'll get it."

"I'm a swell burglar," Pemberton said. "Especially if your doors are not locked."

Solano gladly gave in and sank back into his chair.

"Would you show him some tricks, Hera, if you were me?" he asked when Pemberton had left.

"No," I said. "I'll speak to Sam about you. It's better that way."

Solano sighed. "Yes, I guess so. Now you don't find yourself any more. You don't go to a producer and say, 'I can do thus and so.' You wait until a talent scout discovers you. Hera, we were born too soon."

"But it's grand for Sharon," I said.

"Wonderful," he said. "Simply wonderful."

WE had no chance to say more, for out in the court two men were speaking in angry voices.

"Don!" I said. "He's drunk. He's been hanging around outside and he's seen Pemberton calling."

My old legs managed to take me to the door, and I saw Don and Pemberton fighting. I got to them just in time to see Don fall. He fell hard.

"He slipped," Pemberton said. "I scarcely touched him."

He was breathing easily. He hadn't even disturbed the part in his hair. He knelt down, struck a match, and held it over Don's face.

"Why," he said, looking up at me, "it's—it's your son, Miss Lavelle."

"Is he hurt?"

"He's out. Must have hit his head on something hard."

"Take him into the house," I said.

That slight young man picked up my son and carried him without much effort into the living room, placed him on a sofa, smoothed out his clothes.

"I'm so sorry," he said to me. "But I didn't know who he was. He came running up out of the dark. Gave me quite a turn."

"I know," I said. "He thought you were calling on Miss Halliday. Will you see if he needs a doctor?"

I was so frightened I couldn't move.

"I'm all right," Don said, unexpectedly sitting up. He put his right hand to his right eye, and I saw the eye was shut. Through his good eye he glared at Pemberton.

That young man turned to me, his face contrite.

"I'm afraid I cannot wait any longer," he said. "And I'm sure I've made a jolly mess of things. Mind if I toddle off?"

"No," I said. "It might be the thing to do."

He bowed stiffly to Don, stooped to pet the dog, bowed deeply to Solano and to me, and let himself out.

"Who is that limey?" Don asked.

"One of your father's talent scouts," I said.

"Oh," Don said, and abruptly he grinned at me. "I have a talent for doing the wrong thing at the right time. He discovered that. I must have led with my left. What a shiner that little guy gave me!"

"Will you let me tend to it?" I said.

"Sure."

I went into the kitchen and put on the kettle again. Then I remembered that raw beefsteak was good for black eyes. I went to the icebox and cut a huge chunk off Sharon's Sunday dinner.

"Hold that to your eye," I said, "while the water's heating."

"Thanks, Mrs. Snepp."

"I'm your mother," I said. I don't know which of us felt the bigger fool.

ALL that night we never said another word to each other. Yet he came closer and closer to me all the time, especially when I was bathing his eye. His flesh was clean and firm, and it made me tingle a little to touch it. I tried to feel like an honest-to-God mother, but I couldn't. And yet, I wondered, why did I love to touch him? Why did the sight of him, the nearness of him, his dependence on me—his momentary dependence—make me so damn mushy, so infernally shy?

"You're going maternal, you fool," I said to myself. "If this keeps on you'll be breaking into a lullaby."

I heard a door open and close, and looked around. Solano and his dog had gone. Then I saw Sharon standing framed in the doorway. She was paler than ever.

"Don!" she said. "Oh, Don!"

She ran to him quickly, her eyes all lit up.

"This is no place for me," I thought. I beat it. I fell on to my bed and died. And you know what time they resurrected me? One o'clock the next afternoon!

I woke and saw Holly there in her usual place. I think I'd have been disappointed if she'd been any place else. She squirmed over the bedclothes and whispered in my ear, "I haven't told her yet, Hera Lavelle. I've been waiting for you. Aren't you positively thrilled?"

"You tell her," I said.

"You really want me to? I was hoping you would. She'll be so happy. And she hasn't been happy in days! Do hurry and dress, Hera Lavelle. I can hardly wait."

I hurried, but not fast enough to keep pace with Holly's racing excitement. She threw herself on the bed and waved her legs and arms.

"Sharon's just come from church," she said, "and she doesn't know a thing. She has that lovely soft look in her eyes that comes when she thinks of Don."

"Can you wait until we sit down to breakfast?" I asked her.

"But, Hera Lavelle! We had breakfast hours ago. This is dinner. And there's a real steak!"

Sharon greeted me as though nothing had happened last night to cause her anxiety or pain.

"I'm sorry there isn't so much steak as I should have," she said.

"Maybe it shrunk in the icebox," I said. "It'll do that unless you keep an eye on it."

Holly startled us with her twinkling laugh.

"Or you keep it on somebody's eye," she said. "Oh, Sharon, he was wonderful. It's wicked to fight—but not when you love somebody and you fight for her."

Sharon and I looked at each other.

"Let's not wait, Holly," I said. "Tell her now."

Holly told her, in words that stumbled and tripped over each other in their swiftness. I don't know which was the more fascinating to watch, the calm loveliness in Sharon's face or the glorious drama in Holly's.

When Holly had finished, Sharon picked her up and held her tightly for a moment and kissed her hard.

"You'd love to see me a big star, darling?" she asked her.

"Yes, Sharon. Oh, yes. Oh, excruciatingly yes!"

"But you wouldn't be disappointed if I said no?"

Holly looked at her a long time, then shook her head from side to side, and smiled, and ran her fingers through the curls in back of Sharon's neck.

"No, dearest," she said.

It was settled as simply as that. I couldn't believe it.

"You mean you're going to turn the job down?" I asked.

"Of course," she said. "It was wonderful of you to get this offer for me, Hera. I hope I'm not hurting you by refusing it."

All I could do was shake my head.

"I'm not an actress," she explained. "I never wanted to be. I went into moving pictures only to find you and to make a little money. I've played extra parts on most every lot in Hollywood. But those were times when we were hard up—and when I felt I could leave Holly here alone or with Mrs. Snepp. But I can't go to the studio every day. I can't afford a regular job."

"But how are we going to live?" The moment that the words were out I could have bitten off my tongue.

SECRET SORROWS OF THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

Is she happy, now that she's with the man she loves? Does she hide a feeling of bitterness against fate, bitterness against those who have made her path—hers and David's—so hard to tread?

Adela Rogers St. Johns starts soon in Liberty a revealing series of articles on this world-famous couple, a series that will tell you things you've never even dreamed of.

DON'T MISS IT!

"Don't worry about that," Sharon said gently. "I'll find some kind of job I can do at home—like addressing envelopes. Maybe even writing songs."

"You're not turning down the job because of Don?" I said. "You and he haven't quarreled again?"

She turned from me quickly and busied herself at the oven.

"Don has nothing to do with it," she said.

And in a different voice she added, "I'll never see him again."

I looked from Sharon to Holly. What was to become of her, with no one to care for her but an impractical girl and a useless old fool like me?

I ARGUED all afternoon. I argued till I got sick of hearing my own voice. "Take the job, Sharon, and I'll stay here and take care of Holly. Or you can get a nurse. You can get a nurse and a governess for the money the studio will pay you. I'll teach you, too. I'll make a real actress of you. You'll be drawing thousands of dollars a week in no time. You can buy the best doctors in the world for Holly then. You can take her anywhere in the world. You can cure her."

"I'll cure her," Sharon said. "She'll outgrow asthma. Children often do."

Solano refused to argue with her.

"Ach, Hera," he said. "With Sharon it is impossible to argue. She hears voices."

It must have been the look I gave him. Anyway he suddenly laughed at me.

"No, no. Nothings like that. She hears voices. Like the maid."

"We haven't any maid," I said, wondering what had come over him.

"The maid of do re mi," he said.

I gave up.

"Oh, well," I said, "if you're going to bring singing into it, I quit."

Drake Pemberton came in, and the arguments began all over again.

Suddenly I got what Solano had tried to say in his funny English.

You saw me in Joan of Arc. You must have. It was one of the biggest box-office attractions ever made. You remember the look on my face, there at the end, when the English soldiers were going to burn me at the stake? I wasn't frightened. I wasn't even worried. My face was lifted, shining with unearthly light. I didn't even know what was going on. I was listening to my beloved voices.

That look came into Sharon's eyes as we deviled her. The real look, not the one I'd worked so hard to achieve. I nudged Solano.

"Oh," I said, "you meant the Maid of Domremy. Why didn't you say so?"

Even Pemberton gave up after an hour or so.

"Well," he said, "let it go. Now, won't you all come with me to a picture show? Any show you want to see."

Sharon shook her head.

"I'd adore it," Holly cried. "I'd positively love it! Only I can't go to a theater. Doctor's orders."

"Ach," Solano said, "me and my little dog would love to go, too. But me, I could see nothings. And the little dog would never understand."

"I'll go," I said. I hadn't seen a movie in years.

We started rolling down the hill.

"What about Sharon?" I said. "What do you think of her?"

"Sharon!" he said. "She's lovely, isn't she?"

"I want your professional opinion as a talent scout, not your impressions as a susceptible male."

He gave me a funny little wink.

"Ouch," he said. "Grandma, what great big eyes you have! But, seriously, she's the type we want nowadays. The clinging vine is out. We want the young business woman, smart, chic, eager, capable, independent. Sharon's not quite that, but she could impersonate that type easily enough. She has character, poise, charm, and passion. She's a blonde, but twice as passionate as any brunette I ever saw."

"Passionate my eye!" I said. "Tender, yes; but passion?"

"Oh, intensely passionate," he insisted. "But she restrains it. She has to. She's afraid of it. She knows it might some day destroy her."

I thought that over, thought maybe he was right.

"Grandpa, what big sharp eyes you have!" I said.

"If she could harness some of that passion to any dramatic ability," he said seriously, "it would carry her far in pictures. She'd be another Hera Lavelle."

Did I feel grand!

After the show we went to one of those drive-in places on Sunset Boulevard; and Pemberton ordered a load of hamburgers and half a gallon of orange juice.

"We'll have a little party in your house," he said.

On the way home I got an inspiration.

"Listen," I said. "Why don't you get Sharon a small part in some picture—not in Classic studios, because she might catch on, but on some other lot? She'd take a small part, because she needs the money badly and because it wouldn't keep her too long from Holly. Then, if she's good, you might—"

"Expand the bit into a real role? Splendid! It might work. I know somebody at Warners I could talk to."

I darn near hugged him. We drove back to the bungalow court laughing like a couple of kids. But at the last minute he decided not to get out of the car.

"No," he said. "She might resent it. It's too soon to see her again."

I got it right away.

"So," I said. "You too. I'm sorry."

"Forget it," he said. "And if any one calls her tomorrow and offers her a part, don't let her know I had anything to do with it."

I hurried in with the hamburgers while they were still warm. The phone rang before we'd finished them. Holly ran to it. Sharon sat frozen in her chair.

Can Hera make a star of Ian Hall's daughter? Can she give the girl the dazzling career she once had herself? And what of Don Lent and Pemberton, the men who love Sharon? Next week's Liberty brings you this amazing novel's startling climax—a finish that will surprise you. Don't miss it!

Small-Town Girl Makes Good

A rustic Miss Lombard rings the bell in a macabre and giddy farce — Mr. Astaire (sans Ginger) dances again

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ NOTHING SACRED

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Charles Winninger, Walter Connolly, Sig Rumann, Frank Fay, Maxie Rosenbloom, Alex Schoenberg, Monty Woolley, Alex Novinsky, Aileen Pringle. Screen play by Ben Hecht based on James H. Street's short story. Directed by William A. Wellman. Produced by Selznick International-United Artists. Running time, 74 minutes.

ANOTHER mad fantastic comedy —and a cynical slant on modern high-pressure journalism. A little New England village girl, reputed to be dying of radium poisoning, is picked up and exploited by a great metropolitan daily. Hazel Flagg is sympathetic and pretty, and the ghouls of the press find it easy to sell her last dying adventures to the waiting world in front-page stories. Star Reporter Wally Cook, carried away by his own adjectives, falls in love with her.

There you have the macabre skeleton of a giddy farce. Need we say that Hazel really hasn't radium poisoning? The girl just wants one good time—at any price. The big scene? When Scribe Cook socks Hazel to sleep with a right wallop after he learns the truth.

Carole Lombard, now accepted as No. 1 Queen of Cockeyed Clowning, is the young woman who fibs her way into the headlines, and Fredric March is the star reporter. For some reason or other, the comedy is filmed in Technicolor.

VITAL STATISTICS: This contains that famous kick in the pants March delivers to Miss Lombard. March needed quite a bit of urging before he let fly at her pretty patio with his No. 9. Reason: Every actor is afraid of the fan kickback on such things. Biggest urger was Miss Lombard herself, but she was carefully padded before taking it. Lombard and March also met in a hand-to-hand knock-down drag-out fight. Lombard weighed 112; March, 170. They also had 315-lb. wrestler Bad Ben Morgan, 240-lb. the Terrible Steinke, and 145-lb. referee Masters fall in their laps during that wrestling ringside scene. . . . March admits knocking out Lombard was the hardest thing he's ever done on the screen, and that his nerves couldn't stand the strain of ever doing it again. Had to graze Carole's chin by a quarter of an inch. Slightest mistake would have K.O.'d her. . . . Sammy Stoller debuts in this. Is a recent graduate from Michigan. Big Ten 100-yard champ (which he's dashed off in 9.4), he shares the 60-yard world mark of 6.1 with Jesse Owens, whom he's raced 25 times. . . . That's a city room, 1940 style, Hecht conjured up for this script. So don't write in to correct us.

George Burns and Gracie Allen with Fred Astaire in his latest musical.

★ ★ ★ A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

THE PLAYERS: Fred Astaire, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Fontaine, Reginald Gardiner, Ray Noble, Constance Collier, Montagu Love, Harry Watson, Jan Duggan. Screen play by P. G. Wodehouse, Ernest Pagano, and S. K. Lauren from a story by Mr. Wodehouse. Directed by George Stevens. Produced by RKO Radio Pictures. Running time, 98 minutes.*

HERE is an attempt to get a new formula and a new background for fast-stepping Fred Astaire. This time he is a brash young American actor, current idol of London, who falls in love with lovely Lady Alyce, follows her to historic Totleigh Castle, and tries to win her. In brief, a P. G. Wodehouse yarn of fresh Yankeeism before a background of stolid Britain.

Astaire is as neat an entertainer as ever, but Ginger Rogers surely is missed. The new find, Joan Fontaine, as Lady Alyce is a weak spot in the picture. Present, too, are George Burns and Gracie Allen of the kilocycles as Astaire's press agent and a dumb stenog.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is the first solo starring vehicle for Fred Astaire and only the second time in his picture career he's been away from Ginger Rogers. Shy and modest, tons have been written about him, but he remains a Hollywood unsolvable. In private life he puts comfort above style, likes sweaters, slacks, and old shoes, but few dress better than he when he puts his back into style. He makes friends easily, likes corned beef and cabbage, is fond of horses, dogs, golf. Is married veddy socially, has a son. . . . Born in Tokyo in the Int'l Settlement, Joan Fontaine's a British subject, has never been to England, commuted between the Orient and Occident first years of her life. Is a water colorist, a first-class historian, and sister to Olivia de Havilland. . . . George Burns and Gracie Allen are Mr. & Mrs. Burns in private life, but George Burns if you call him Mr. Allen. They clean up about $10,000 a week on their radio program; split $100,000 for a picture. Neither goes in for sports aside from George's golf, and so you'll never see them yotting, horsing around, tennising, or at the polo.

★ ★ ½ BOY OF THE STREETS

THE PLAYERS: Jackie Cooper, Maureen O'Connor, Kathleen Burke, Gordon Elliot, Marjorie Main, Guy Usher, Robert Emmett O'Connor, Don Latorre, Matty Fain, Paul White. Screen play by Gilson Brown and Scott Darling from a story by Rowland Brown. Directed by William Nigh. Produced by Monogram. Running time, 76 minutes.*

ONE of those little surprise pictures, a Dead End with a rain-

---

* Recommended for children.

* Recommended for children.

SOME LIKE IT SWEET...
SOME LIKE IT DRY...

All LIKE IT... WHEN IT'S GARRETT WINE

• Enjoyment begins the moment you lift a glass of Garrett Wine to admire its brilliant color. . . Slowly—bring the wine toward you and appraise its delicate bouquet. Leisurely—sip by sip, enjoy its delicious flavor. The excellent quality of any Garrett Wine is sure to please. . . Let the Garrett label guide you to America's finest wines—sold at leading wine dealers in round bottles or flasks. Garrett & Company, Incorporated, Brooklyn, N.Y.

A FEW OF THE POPULAR 27 GARRETT AMERICAN WINES

Old North State brand Blackberry. . . American Sauternes, Claret . . . American Port, Sherry (alcohol 19-21% by volume) . . Paul Garrett American Champagne

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS VIRGINIA DARE LIGHT WINE

FINEST AMERICAN WINES SINCE 1835

***Know* ROCHESTER?**

There's probably a camera made in Rochester in your house. And a thermometer. Maybe binoculars or a magnifying glass.

Rochester is another great American community soon to be found in these pages.

Women Feel Old when Germs Attack Kidneys

There is nothing that can make women or men feel and look old and worn out more quickly than irritating Germs in the Kidneys or Bladder developed during colds or from bad teeth or tonsils that need removing. These Germs may also cause Nervousness, frequent Headaches, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Backache, Puffy Eyelids, Burning Passages, Loss of Appetite and Energy.

Ordinary medicines can't help because they don't fight the Germs. Fortunately all druggists now have the Doctor's formula **Cystex** (pronounced Siss-tex) that starts fighting Kidney Germs in 3 hours, checks pain, and stimulates and tones the Kidneys so that most users feel younger, stronger and far better in a day or so. **Cystex** must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for **Cystex** today. The guarantee protects you. Copyright 1937 by The Knox Co.

bow end. The story of a tough tenement lad, boss of his street gang, who gets mixed up with gangsters, and but for an understanding copper would go to prison. The boy is Jackie Cooper, and Director William Nigh has created around him all the sordid, squalid details of crowded tenements teeming with tragedy, thwarted hopes, battered dreams.

Cooper's performance is an excellent one, and it is aided by Marjorie Main, who did the vivid bit of the gangster's mama in Dead End, as his slattern mother, and Matty Fain as a steely bad boy of the gats.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jackie Cooper, who became famous for portrayal of Skippy, plays his first grown-up role in this. He has been on the screen for nine years and has made at least one starring picture for the past seven years. Is now six feet tall. . . . Maureen O'Connor has been a radio singer for years, although she is only fourteen years old. Wore her first pair of high-heeled shoes and silk stockings in this film. . . . Robert Emmett O'Connor ran away from his Milwaukee home when twelve years old; has been in entertainment world ever since. . . . Paul White, colored member of gang of which Cooper is leader, made his first public appearance at age of six, when friends and relatives encouraged him to enter Lindy Hop contest in New York. Turned professional since winning contest, and has played in all important cities of country in Ted Lewis' troupe. . . . Kathleen Burke was first discovered when she won the Panther Woman talent hunt in 1932 out of 60,000 contestants.

★ ★ ½ NAVY BLUE AND GOLD

THE PLAYERS: Robert Young, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, Florence Rice, Billie Burke, Tom Brown, Samuel J. Hinds, Paul Kelly, Barnett Parker, Frank Albertson, Minor Watson, Robert Middlemass, Phillip Terry, Charles Waldron, Pat Flaherty, Stanley Morner, Matt McHugh. Screen play by George Bruce from a novel by Mr. Bruce. Directed by Sam Wood. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 100 minutes.*

A SERVICE school yarn in the usual formula—yet entertaining for all that. Three boys become pals as they enter the academy. One is a rich lad won by the school's traditions. One is an opportunist who hopes to wed a fortune with the aid of a snappy uniform and brass buttons. The third is the son of a discharged, discredited officer who hopes to vindicate his dad. The academy brings out the best in all three. The boys are pleasantly done by James Stewart, Robert Young, and Tom Brown.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story contains two of the most popular screen ingredients: football and a service academy. . . . Despite great frequency with which movie companies visit Annapolis, few middies ever go Gable and desert the colors for Hollywood. Annapolis, b. t. way, is filmed more often than West Pernt. Navy officers who O.K.'d. the script, technical directed and cut this picture (as they cut all the others); claim it is the most authentic yet to be filmed. . . . Former U. S. C. football star Gil Kuhn advised on the football which was played by U. S. C. and U. C. L. A. teams made up as Army and Navyers. . . . Robert Young became a pappy during this—a bouncing baby gal arrived while dad was on location. . . . James Stewart is master of the accordion, which he has just finished paying for on the installment plan.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola.

★★★½—Conquest, Heidi, Mayerling, Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget.

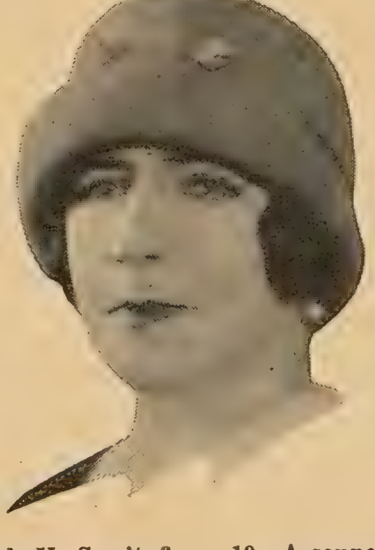
★★★—True Confession, The Hurricane, The Awful Truth, Ebb Tide, First Lady, Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris.

---

* Recommended for children.

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆

Edited by Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth



1—Madame won renown for novels most daring, with titles having to do with the passage of time. Whose features appear in this week's early photo?

2—If company drops in for Christmas dinner, how many will the average turkey serve in a pinch?

3—How do collateral heirs differ from lineal heirs?

4—What may be preserved in a Leyden jar?

5—Which reform organization is largely responsible for the study of physiology and hygiene in the public schools?

6—If you haven't any liquid nail polish handy, what's good for stopping stocking runs?

7—What old-time ring kings were famous as the Three American Jacks?

8—The New Year's Day Mummers' Parade is held in which U. S. city?

9—King's College, founded in 1754, is what New York institution today?

10—Which branch of surgery strives to correct congenital and acquired deformities?

11—Where was Patrick Henry born?

12—Is Virginia, Mississippi, or Louisiana the leading state in the production of rice?

13—What was Margaret Mitchell's title for her best seller?

14—Are there more left-handed boys than girls?

15—Frank B. Kellogg held the job 1925-29; Henry L. Stimson, 1929-33. Who has it now?

16—Who recently said, "At the present educational level, world peace is an impossibility"?

17—When, in the U. S. navy, is a flag flown above the national flag?

18—Is football played in the Orange Bowl, the Rose Bowl, and the Sugar Bowl?

19—A sonnet has how many lines?

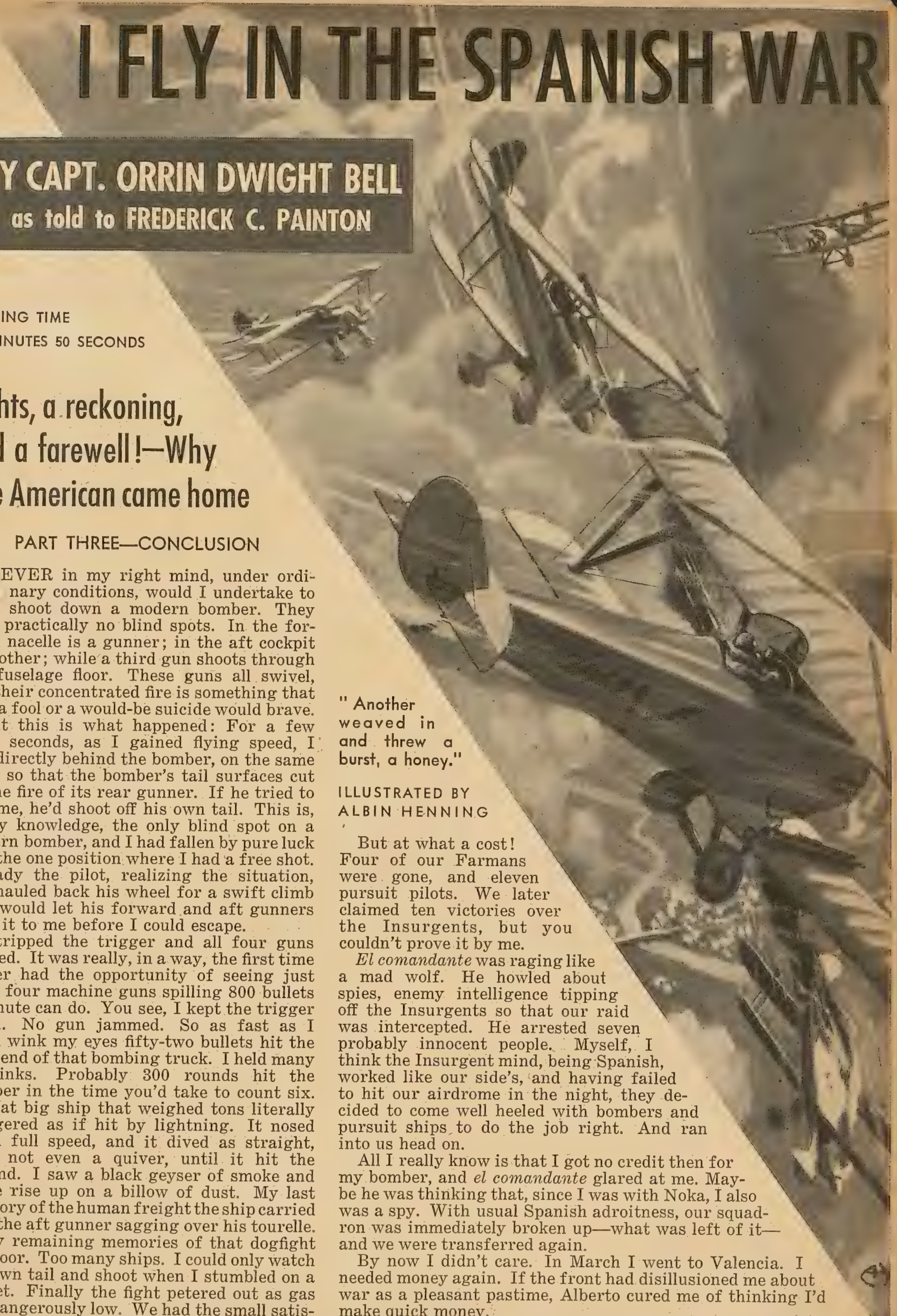
20—Who is the present National Open Golf champ?

(Answers will be found on page 39)

LIKE TWENTY QUESTIONS? Then listen to Parks Johnson and Wallace Butterworth, who edit Liberty's Twenty Questions and ask questions on the Vox Pop program every Tuesday over the NBC Red Network at 9 P. M. Also 9.30 P. M., Pacific Standard Time, on Monday evenings.

I FLY IN THE SPANISH WAR

BY CAPT. ORRIN DWIGHT BELL
as told to FREDERICK C. PAINTON



" Another weaved in and threw a burst, a honey."

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Fights, a reckoning, and a farewell!—Why one American came home

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

NEVER in my right mind, under ordinary conditions, would I undertake to shoot down a modern bomber. They have practically no blind spots. In the forward nacelle is a gunner; in the aft cockpit is another; while a third gun shoots through the fuselage floor. These guns all swivel, and their concentrated fire is something that only a fool or a would-be suicide would brave.

But this is what happened: For a few brief seconds, as I gained flying speed, I was directly behind the bomber, on the same level, so that the bomber's tail surfaces cut off the fire of its rear gunner. If he tried to lace me, he'd shoot off his own tail. This is, to my knowledge, the only blind spot on a modern bomber, and I had fallen by pure luck into the one position where I had a free shot. Already the pilot, realizing the situation, had hauled back his wheel for a swift climb that would let his forward and aft gunners pour it to me before I could escape.

I tripped the trigger and all four guns blasted. It was really, in a way, the first time I ever had the opportunity of seeing just what four machine guns spilling 800 bullets a minute can do. You see, I kept the trigger down. No gun jammed. So as fast as I could wink my eyes fifty-two bullets hit the back end of that bombing truck. I held many eyewinks. Probably 300 rounds hit the bomber in the time you'd take to count six.

That big ship that weighed tons literally staggered as if hit by lightning. It nosed down full speed, and it dived as straight, with not even a quiver, until it hit the ground. I saw a black geyser of smoke and flame rise up on a billow of dust. My last memory of the human freight the ship carried was the aft gunner sagging over his tourelle.

My remaining memories of that dogfight are poor. Too many ships. I could only watch my own tail and shoot when I stumbled on a target. Finally the fight petered out as gas got dangerously low. We had the small satisfaction of preventing the Insurgents' bombers from raiding Madrid.

But at what a cost! Four of our Farmans were gone, and eleven pursuit pilots. We later claimed ten victories over the Insurgents, but you couldn't prove it by me.

El comandante was raging like a mad wolf. He howled about spies, enemy intelligence tipping off the Insurgents so that our raid was intercepted. He arrested seven probably innocent people. Myself, I think the Insurgent mind, being Spanish, worked like our side's, and having failed to hit our airdrome in the night, they decided to come well heeled with bombers and pursuit ships to do the job right. And ran into us head on.

All I really know is that I got no credit then for my bomber, and *el comandante* glared at me. Maybe he was thinking that, since I was with Noka, I also was a spy. With usual Spanish adroitness, our squadron was immediately broken up—what was left of it—and we were transferred again.

By now I didn't care. In March I went to Valencia. I needed money again. If the front had disillusioned me about war as a pleasant pastime, Alberto cured me of thinking I'd make quick money.

True, he declared I had been promoted from *teniente* to *capitan*, but I had no paper to prove it. True, they placed $1,500, less pesetas advanced, to my account in Paris. But for this I had to sign a paper in Spanish which I could not read.

"This is the old run-around," I said to Alberto. "I was promised fifteen hundred dollars a month and a thousand dollars bonus for planes shot down. I've officially got five and I've been here over three months—which adds up to ninety-five hundred dollars on my abacus. And that was promised in New York."

"Thees," said Alberto with a gentle smile, "ees not New York. You sign thees contrac' an' we put thees money to your credit in the Paris bank. No sign, we geeve you not'ing."

I knew I was stymied. I could quit and get nothing; or sign and have at least $1,300 and the privilege of arguing for the rest. I signed. Only after I had signed did I get a copy of the contract. Later, in the Inglése Hotel, I found a Russian who could translate it.

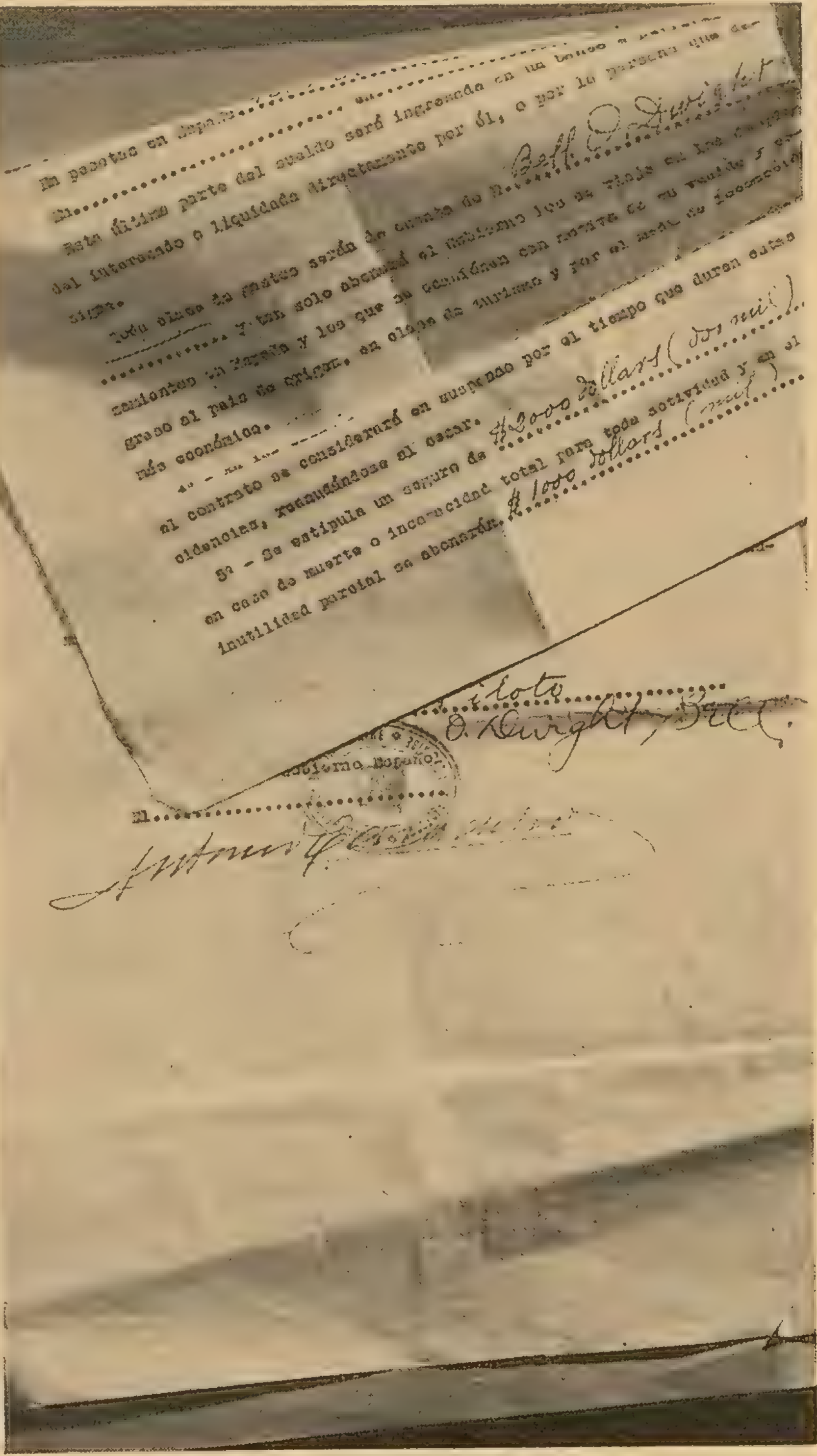
Here is the gist of it: Though a captain, I was to receive a lieutenant's pay, to wit, 1,331 pesetas a month (the peseta is worthless outside of Spain and worth about six cents inside, so I was working for about eighty dollars a month). If I was wounded, my pay went on; if I was ordinarily ill, my pay ceased until I reported for duty. My expenses were paid when militarily moving around Spain, and I would be sent home Tourist Third when I quit. If I was killed, my father would get $2,000; if I was only disabled permanently, I received $1,000. The contract could be canceled by the Sub-Secretary of Aviation at any moment. It ran from month to month, and I could terminate it myself at the end of any month. This put the end to my soldier-of-fortune dream.

BY this time, however, I was at an airdrome outside Valencia called Campo Ecces. So help me heaven, I was one of three pursuit pilots entrusted with half the air defense of Valencia, the capital of the Loyalist section of the country. The other two were a Frenchman, Marcel Cheveneau, and the flight leader, Juan Barega.

We were flying Nieuports. We kept them under the stunted gnarled trees at the end of the runway, and commuted from Valencia by bus. I had lots of time to think, and plenty to think about, but I did nothing save the military patrols. I was sore, discouraged, but I stayed for two reasons: I could think of nothing else to do, and I honestly hoped the Air Ministerio would relent and pay the money owed me. Time passed.

Up until now, the forepart of May, I had spent 250 hours on active combat patrol and engaged in twenty-five air battles. Disgustedly I kept pressing for money.

This was the state of mind I was in on a morning at 5.30 when we caught the bus for Campo Ecces. All the Clergets were warm; the orders of the day posted us to escort three Farman bombers from Manisses Field, north of Valencia, to the enemy front, which dug a deep salient between Guadalajara and Zaragoza. Slow as our Nieuports were, we had to stall to stay behind them.



En pesetas en España……

Esta última parte del sueldo será ingresada en un banco a
del interesado o liquidada directamente por él, o por la persona que de-
signe.

Toda clase de gastos serán de cuenta de
…… y tan solo abonará el Gobierno los de viaje en los
zamientos en España y los que se ocasionen con motivo de su vuelta y re-
greso al país de origen, en clase de turismo y por el medio de locomoción
más económico.

4º -
el contrato se considerará en suspenso por el tiempo que duren estas
cidencias, reanudándose al cesar.

5º - Se estipula un seguro de $2000 dollars (dos mil)……
en caso de muerte o incapacidad total para toda actividad y en el
inutilidad parcial se abonarán $1000 dollars (mil)……

Piloto……
O. Dwight Bell

Captain Bell's copy of the contract in Spanish.

I should say here that having but little fighting so far on this assignment, Marcel and Juan and I had rehearsed a tight formation in which we actually flew wing-tip to wing tip, as if welded together. Three times we had scattered some Heinkel reconnaissance formations, and they had learned to leave us alone unless we were badly outnumbered.

After picking up our convoy at Manisses we headed for the lines east and south of Sariñena, and halfway there we met nine Heinkels quite obviously looking for us. Juan turned to run, and then he remembered the slower Farmans. So we wheeled and dived in ahead of the bombers, hoping to distract the Heinkels from them.

I forgo the details of this razoo. It was just another madhouse of zooming up and looking back to see behind you flashing guns through a propeller whorl, and diving down to find tracer fire spurting up at you. I believe none of us three would have survived if the Farman pilots, despite their slowness, hadn't come into the fracas with all guns blazing. One of them crashed because of this gallant action.

WE downed four of the enemy, Marcel getting two, Juan and I one each. My victim was important to me.

As I was following him down, still shooting, another Heinkel weaved in on my tail and threw a burst into the cockpit that was a honey. One slug bit into my right leg almost at the knee and tore it open to the ankle. The shock and dizziness from stunting sent me down, and so I followed down the Heinkel I had shot up. The crate piled into the ground and shattered into fragments through which a fierce fire instantly blazed. The pilot was thrown clear, and I saw him as plainly as I shall ever see anything. He lay on his back, a big dark pool forming under his head where my slugs had chewed the back of his skull out. He was looking up, eyes open, as I passed over him to go back to where I belonged.

There was a sad hurt expression on the face, as if he were saying, "I don't know you. Why did you have to kill me?" This was my imagination, of course, but I kept saying to myself, I don't know the man; I didn't hate him. How do I know the Loyalist government has the right of this? How do I know fighting for money isn't murder?

I thrust aside the thoughts because, after all, Juan and Marcel were friends of mine; they needed me; and I owed them a duty. I climbed back up to the milling planes. If I have any justification for that day it is that I saved Juan's life. He was hit—and badly—so that his plane reeled and he with it, and as he started for home a Heinkel tried to jump him. Marcel and I fought it off, and then we climbed in behind and above Juan's tail. I took one more dose of slugs to which I couldn't reply. And so we escorted Juan home. I was getting weaker from loss of blood—the damned cockpit was slippery with it—but by leaning back I could fly. Poor Juan was all over the sky, trying to reach the tarmac. He nearly ground-looped coming in, and when I hobbled to his cockpit I thought he was gone. His whole shoulder had been smashed by bullets, one of them a tracer.

I spent the night on the cot next to him while my leg was patched, and I learned that he would never fly again or use that arm in any labor. Myself—well, the bullet had injured the tendons and the knee socket. I walk with a cane now; I hope not permanently.

I made up my mind then that I was through. While convalescing, I went to the Air Ministerio and made a last attempt to get enough money to keep me at home until I could get a job.

" You have your contract. We pay by it," said Alberto.

" It's not enough. Unless you pay, I quit."

He looked at my leg. " You have the privilege of quitting," he said coldly.

So in May I took the train from Barcelona to Paris, traveling the same route over which I had brought my foolish notions the previous December. Those dreams of romance and glamour and adventure. To what had they led? I had shot down seven enemy planes, killed—or murdered—seven men. I was not pleasant company for myself. A man hates to find himself a fool.

However, to drop that for the moment, what are some conclusions to be drawn from these experiences of mine?

First, though fighting aircraft are highly superior in performance and gun power to those obtaining during the World War, the fighting in Spain was not as severe nor the tactics as clever as we had in 1918. The average Spanish pilot flies one patrol a day, and thinks first of getting himself and his plane back home. He doesn't take a chance. This makes for caution and lethargy. The Americans, being more aggressive, had better scores, and none was shot down and killed during my five months in the Spanish Air Force—this although the foreign pilots flew two to three patrols a day.

The Heinkel and Fiat proved inferior to the Russian P model of our Boeing pursuit planes. The German and Italian bombers, however, were steady, fast, and well armed and gave a much better account of themselves.

Finally, despite all you hear to the contrary, the day of the soldier of fortune is done. You hear of the International Brigade that saved Madrid, but these men are not truly soldiers of fortune; they are like poor Manuel Gomez: they believe with all the fury of their souls that they are fighting for the brotherhood of mankind.

A soldier of fortune has to be a cold-blooded killer, with no sensitive points; a man who has no conscience.

And finally, if I had a son, he would not be permitted to read stories that make of war a glamorous romantic thing; that make of a soldier of fortune a reckless heroic daredevil. I am enough of a realist to believe war is inevitable as long as man is what he is. But fighting when spiritually justified by the protection of home and kinfolk, and fighting for money are not the same. The latter is murder. I know. I killed seven.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Elinor Glyn's.

2—Twenty—or ten persons, with second helpings for each—according to an estimate of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

3—Collateral heirs are brothers, cousins, nieces, aunts, and so on—those descended from a common ancestor. Lineal heirs are direct descendants, such as son, granddaughter, etc.

4—Electricity.

5—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union (W. C. T. U.).

6—Moistened soap.

7—Heavyweight Champion John L. Sullivan, Middleweight Champion Jack Dempsey, and Lightweight Champion Jack McAuliffe.

8—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

9—Columbia University.

10—Orthopedic.

11—Virginia.

12—Louisiana.

13—Tomorrow Is Another Day; her publishers renamed it Gone with the Wind.

14—Yes; 50 per cent more.

15—Cordell Hull. The job: Secretary of State.

16—H. G. Wells.

17—When the crew is attending divine service on shipboard; at that time the church pennant appears above the U. S. flag.

18—Yes, football is played at all three.

19—Fourteen.

20—

Ralph Guldahl

WHY START THE NEW YEAR
BIG-HEADED?
EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
"Reg U S Pat Off."
A Relief for
and Neuralgia

Recipe for a happier New Year

After the party is over, take Bromo-Seltzer BEFORE you go to bed! You'll wake up with fewer regrets! Then take another Bromo-Seltzer to relieve the effects of that 3 a. m. bedtime and leave you peppier! At drugstores, soda fountains everywhere!

BROMO-SELTZER

Alkalizes—Makes you feel fit FASTER!

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Frantic Young Mother Expresses Her Fear

PEORIA HEIGHTS, ILL.—Our nine-months-old baby girl is asleep in her white crib, her chubby fists above her dear blonde head, a picture of baby loveliness and innocence. It is time I too was sleeping; I have worked eleven hours this day. But before going to bed I relaxed for a look at November 6 Liberty and a cigarette.

I read Eugene D. Williams' article, Men Who Kill Little Children, and now sleep is far from me.

Often I have wished to express myself regarding the horrible crimes against children and found no outlet. Now I know Liberty will listen and heed. And I know that no arm of justice is as far-flung as Liberty's. Thus I write with hope in my heart that through your channels you may bring to the public mind the horrible fear that haunts many parents' minds. You will do something about it, too, I know. And with this ray of hope in my heart I beg of you to start a nation-wide crusade this coming year of 1938 against the ravishers of our children.

Why, in this God's world, do little children have to be tormented by men who are at first warned, then perhaps sent up for a year or two, freed and allowed to begin again their ruthless marauding of babies?

Night after night I have stolen in countless times to gaze upon my baby girl, to steal out again and pace the floor and cry—cry with a fearful heart of what may await her within a few years' time. Fear that, if her life is spared, her beautiful little soul may be destroyed in a fiendish way beyond description. That her whole outlook on life may be blighted, her mind perhaps marred by the satyrical passions of a man or woman who looks upon baby flesh as desirable for unwholesome practices.

Why, in this man's civilized country, are men hung for killing in self-defense, given long sentences for bigamy, etc., when men who are corrupting merry children's worlds are merely sentenced to a few months in prison, then allowed to again go forth and repeat their dark deeds?

The blight of a child's mind is, to me, worse than death. I become nearly hysterical when I think that in this glorious United States there is the chance that my dearly beloved baby may sometime be the prey of a perverted lustful criminal.

How can our government rest in their mighty seats when the world is darkened by such evil-minded spirits?

Can't you do something? Won't you do something? You have the power, the money, the influence. I want my girl to grow up in a normal happy way, to learn each sexual question in a clean wholesome manner, to face marriage with no fear, to face life with no fear of the werewolves that lurk all about.

My child is more precious to me than anything in this world, and what does the future hold for us? Constant fear that she may be found ravished, may be murdered by a slobbering fiend who calls upon God to bless her poor little soul and forgive him? No long trials are needed in such instances, no long months of waiting for justice. The deed should be paid for at once.

I am afraid—almost insanely afraid!—*A Young Mother.*

YOU'RE RIGHT—AMBUSH IS TO BE FILMED

NEEDLES, CALIF.—Note that you ask that Liberty readers write and tell you how we like Robert Ray's Ambush.

After reading the first installment of the story, will state that it is very interesting and well written. It should be known that ever since I read, some weeks ago that a new author was to make his debut in Liberty soon, I have been almost hoping that I would find the story somewhat "amachoorish," in order to boost my ego.

You see, the high spot in my literary career (?) to date was the acceptance of a 500-word short, published in Major Bowes' Amateur Page in a June, 1936, issue of Liberty, which took second prize in the ensuing voting.

I would like to wager that some of Ray's future copy will doubtless be made into a movie—pardon me—talkie. The first installment of Ambush (November 6 Liberty) sounds like it would be a honey on the screen.—*Steve Brown.*

FIGHT PROMOTER JACOBS CONGRATULATES US

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Permit me to congratulate you on Gene Kessler's article in Liberty (November 13) anent Joe Louis. It was a cleverly written story, explanatory in every detail in the quotation of Joe, and answered fully the assertions regarding Joe's prowess by Jim Tully and Jack Dempsey.

It was interesting in every detail, particularly that part which referred to the Farr fight, and gave the public a new inside story of just what happened in that fight this fall.

I think it is such articles which add to the interest in any sport, and again I want to congratulate you on the way you presented it to the public.—*Michael S. Jacobs.*

NO FIRE DRILL—NO LIFE BELTS TRIED ON

BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—After reading your article Women and Children First I want to tell you I heartily agree. We went to the Philippines in 1932, and never once had a decent fire drill or tried our life belts on.

I often thought that if a bad storm or fire came up we were just lost. We had no ash trays on deck either, and I saw a good many flick cigarettes on the deck, not bothering to ever step on them.—*Mrs. M. J. Osborn.*

ONLY RETIRED DENTISTS SMILE

CANTON, OHIO—The only dentists who have a sense of humor (October 16 Vox Pop) are those who have retired from practice.

The others are always looking down in the mouth.—*"Diz" Graham.*

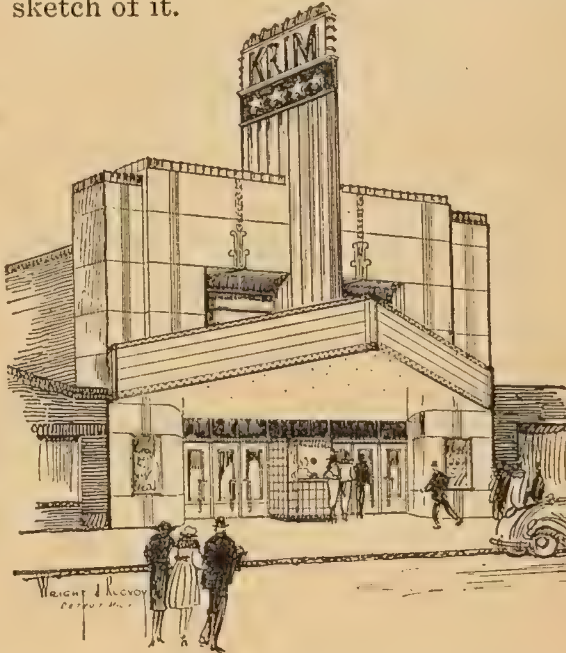
GETS A KICK OUT OF V. P.s

NORFOLK, VA.—I read my Liberty from cover to cover, and enjoy all of it, and would not miss the Vox Pop pages for anything. I always get a kick out of reading the humorous, witty, and would-be witty letters you print. As for the knockers, nuts to them!

Liberty stories are good—in my opinion they are tops. Bernarr Macfadden's editorials have a punch that other editorials lack. I would swear by what he tells us.—*V. Clegg.*

KRIM THEATER PUTS UP LIBERTY STARS

DETROIT, MICH.—We are building a theater in Birmingham, Michigan, with a unique policy which we think will interest you. We enclose herewith a pen sketch of it.



This theater will have four huge stars on top of the marquee signs, and those stars will indicate the rating of that picture. If it be a three-star picture three stars will flash on and off, if it be a two-star picture two stars will flash, etc.

We believe this to be the first theater with this policy.—*Sol Krim of the Krim Theatrical Enterprises.*

LET US HAVE A TAX WAILING WEEK!

GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Why not a national Tax Wailing Week for the reduction of taxes and prevention of increased taxes? There is Fire Prevention Week, Safety Week, Sauerkraut Eating Week, Life-Insurance Week, this prevention week and that prevention week, this promotion week and that promotion week, but no promotion for less taxes and no further increase of taxes week. People will have to get taxless-minded. This champagne spree and a beer price will have to be cut out.

Let's go to work and wail, or the tax bogeyman will get us like the packer of pork gets the whole carcass, including the wail of the poor little piggy.—*Robert A. Nathan.*

IS SHE A SLAVE OR A WISE WOMAN?

KERMAN, CALIF.—Liberty is *great*—Liberty is *grand!* Thank something or other that I am not a slave. Never did realize the value of the word, I guess, until I read that sappy, mushy, imbecilic article, No One Can Take My Husband! splashed out by Ethelda Bedford in the November 13 issue of my favorite magazine.

What a world! alas, what a world! where a woman of that age (twenty-nine admitted) will sit down and write for publication an article fit only for a diary.

And what a stuffy old egotist the husband must be to want it!

Of course there is a possibility that her "king" can't help himself.

In that case, who could blame him if he had a cute little harem some place where he could go and get some of the "goo" out of his hair?

What is the object of the article, anyway? Another fur coat, maybe. Boy, they come high!

In the first place, "kings" don't live with their slaves, so E. B. better look out.—*Dumb But Free.*

AN ARTIST'S NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

To live a clean, wholesome, and very simple life, and above all constructive in every way. To have a few real friends who are genuine and worth while. To have sufficient money to live above the thought of money. To paint what I please and paint what I know will please. To owe no man anything except love and service. To neither lend nor borrow. To save as I live and pay as I go, and to go wherever I please and please where I go. This is the order of my life in order to keep my life in order.—*Warde Traver, New York Portrait Painter.*

DYERSBURG, TENN.—Always a Liberty fan, I have found your November 13 issue an edition de luxe. From cover to cover it is filled with vivid stories, most of them unusually well written and thrillingly interesting.

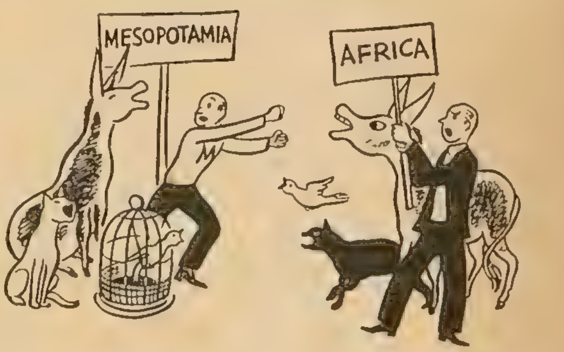
It has given me several hours of unalloyed pleasure, and I want to especially compliment the article, No One Can Take My Husband! by Ethelda Bedford. It is interesting both to men and women, a bit of wisdom from a wise woman who knows how to hold her own husband. The writer of this little article does not know the meaning of selfishness and what she gives is better than gold.—*Mrs. L. L. Finney.*

QUESTIONS ORIGIN OF ASS, CAT, AND CANARY

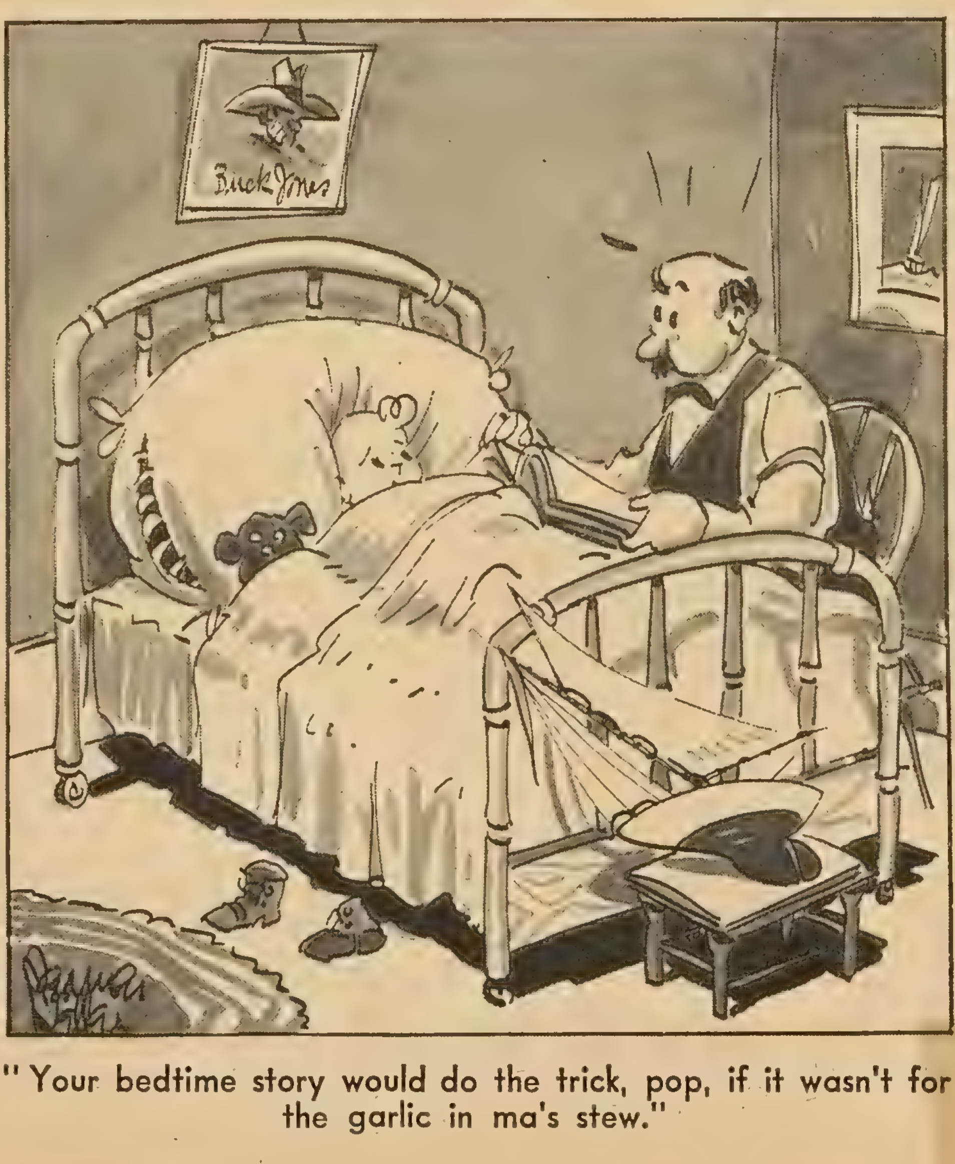
LOUISVILLE, KY.—It is without bitterness but with a sense of outraged intelligence that I inquire more accurately concerning the origin of the ass, cat, and canary as so smugly "taught" in October 23 Twenty Questions.

So the original home of these worthy beasts was Africa, was it? Pardon my ignorance, but I supposed that the original home of *all* animals was in the Mesopotamian regions and Asia Minor, this being the view not only of *all* creationists but of a large section who hold the evolutionary hypothesis.

We Americans have the lamentable habit of accepting wholesale the speculative "conclusions" of every Tom, Dick, and Harry merely because they are in print. But, oh, what's the use!—*Hendon Harris, Jr.*



"HARDTACK"



"Your bedtime story would do the trick, pop, if it wasn't for the garlic in ma's stew."

HOW TO LOOK PROSPEROUS

VANDALIA, ILL.—How to look prosperous: if you owe $1,600 borrow $2,100, buy a new car, some new clothes, and have cash in your pockets.

In other words, pattern after your government.—*Orel T. Davis.*

DR. POTTER AND A GIRL'S COUGH

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—"She coughed. I recognized the tubercular sound of it." So wrote the Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Potter in his article, Petting in the Dark (November 20 Liberty).

The most competent practicing physicians are unable to diagnose tuberculosis of the lungs in this fashion.

The sentences quoted above, as well as the entire article, indicated a tendency to jump at unwarranted conclusions from individual cases.

May we suggest that the editors of your magazine require scientific method hereafter in its sociological articles?—*Edwin Halsten.*

STICKS TO THE LAST, EH?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A few days ago I observed on the front window of a suburban shoe-repair shop an advertisement which may be of interest to the Vox Pop readers.

Here it is:

"We doctor shoes, heel them, attend their dyeing, and save their soles."—*Charles M. Earhart.*

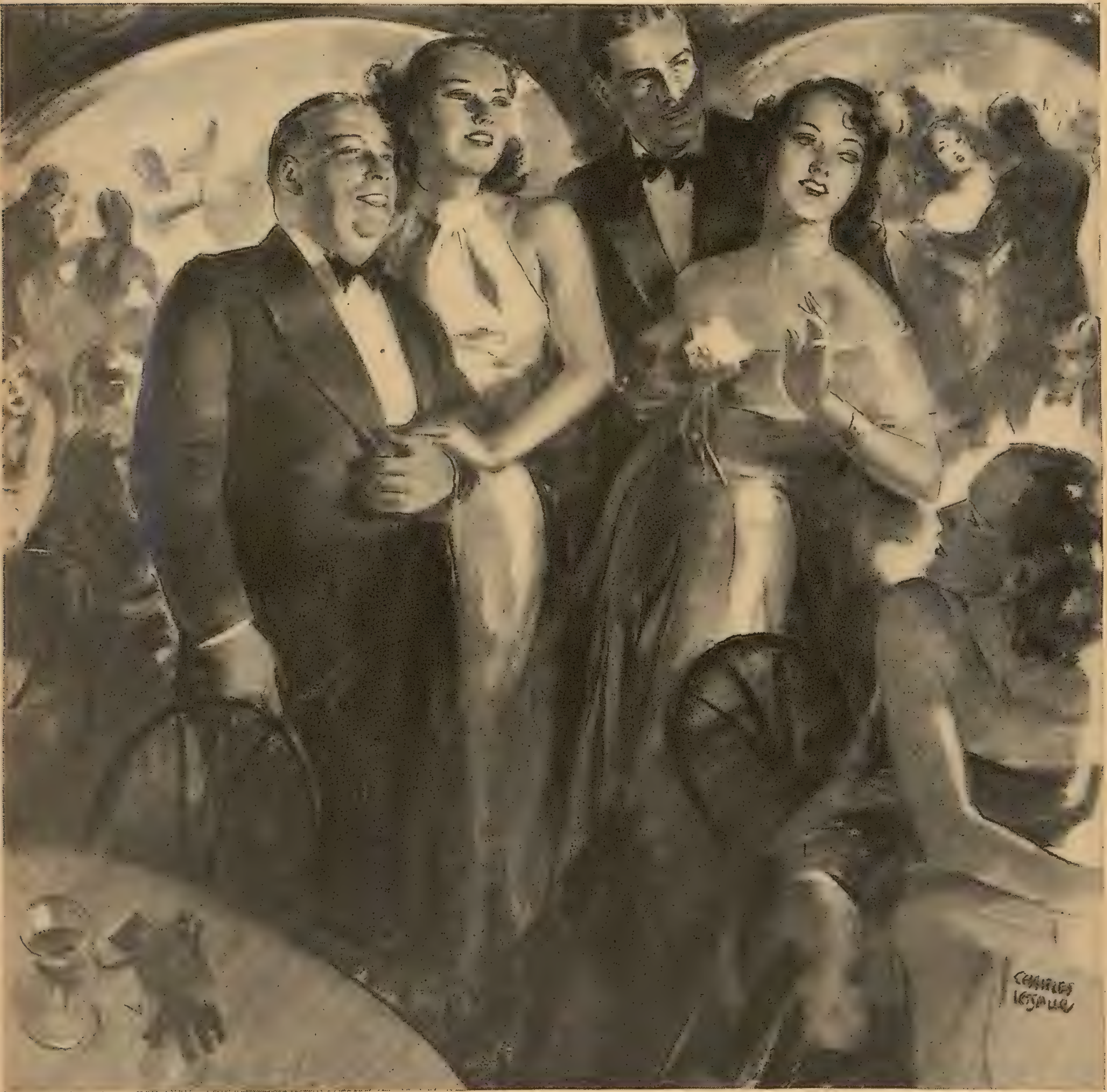
Too Many Wives

Bewildered love seeks new, beckoning havens in a frank, poignant novel of groping moderns and tangled romance

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE



Pat laughed too. It was a mad idea and she suddenly knew she was happy. A camera flashed.

Patsy Lombard

Florette Lombard

THEIR first year of marriage is ideally happy even though Patsy and Dick Lombard are opposites in taste and sensibility. He is a strapping big fellow and likes violent physical action, while she is a little girl, mentally keen and artistic. Both of them are very young.

A popular novelist, Craig Wendell, pays them a visit on their large luxurious ranch in Nevada. Eager for intellectual companionship, Patsy is naturally attracted to the writer, but Dick dislikes him and is jealous. One night, to vent his spleen, Dick virtually compels his wife to go riding with him in a terrific storm. Her horse throws Patsy and she is seriously hurt. But her love for Dick is wounded even more. She feels that they must part because they will never understand each other.

Enraged by this idea and certain that Patsy has become infatuated with Craig Wendell, her headstrong husband rushes off to New York without saying good-by. Hitting the high spots there, he finds two attractive pals in Lucia Valiant, society girl and golf champ, and Florette Vincennes, a beautiful night-club torch singer. It is not long before the latter charmer becomes his mistress.

Divorce has not affected Patsy's fundamental love for the wayward Dick. On his twenty-first birthday she sends him a present of a valuable white porcelain horse. It is side-tracked and Dick doesn't come across it for a year. But meanwhile he, too, has sent her a birthday gift of a toy merry-go-round music box.

Patsy goes into the resort ranch business with Craig Wendell, and Dick marries Florette after she is disfigured in an automobile accident, he driving at the time. Plastic surgery restores her beauty, but Dick has grown cold. And Lucia Valiant is with him too much to suit Florette.

Then Dick takes Florette to Nevada. She meets Patsy, likes her, and sings in Chubby Nixon's night club for a lark. Returning to New York, Florette grows more jealous of Lucia. Thinking the little white horse is a gift from Lucia, she takes it in her hands to smash. At that moment Dick opens the door.

PART FIVE—"THAT LUCIA BRAT"

"WHAT are you doing with—" Dick began.

Florette whirled about. "I'm smashing it! Something I've wanted to do for a long time. Something you did to—"

He leaped toward her. But she dashed the little porcelain to the floor with all her might.

And suddenly Dick saw red. All the self-control that he'd carefully built up through other scenes with her gave way. Patsy's horse!

He seized her arm, twisted it, and flung her to the floor in the midst of the broken porcelain.

"Don't you get up," he roared, "until you've picked up every piece of that! I wouldn't have had that broken for the world!"

Florette shrieked and cowered. But she knew she had gone too far—that they'd both gone too far. She hated him! A last bit of resolve crumpled and died in her. With trembling hands she gathered the bits of the little white horse. Then she dragged herself to her feet, faced him. Her red hair hung in witch locks over her blazing green eyes.

"You win!" she shot at him. "Lucia can have you! You're not safe to live with! But she's big enough to handle you! . . . . You win, and it'll cost you plenty!"

She limped across to the telephone. "Western Union. . . . Telegram to Mr. Charley Nixon, Reno, Nevada. 'Accept your offer for six weeks' singing engagement. Get lawyer and cottage for me with Patsy, and bet her a thousand that here comes some one she won't be able to talk out of it!' "

MRS. DICK LOMBARD behaved with wise modesty in Reno. True, she sang at Chubby's Place. But she wore trailing dresses of chaste black; and she continued to look like an only slightly fallen angel. Her heartbroken voice became the cry of the divorce colony; as she became its mascot. She had yumph and they knew it.

" 'Just a cottage for sale,' " she sang. And those who had so recently left figurative cottages figuratively for sale cried into their champagne. . . . " 'In every empty window I see your face.' " . . . Some of them saw the faces of the husbands they'd left; others, of the men who—they hoped—would be smiling behind their new windows. But whatever Florette's audience saw, Florette's voice made them cry—and come back to Chubby's Place the next night to cry again.

"You're the goods," Chubby himself told her over the supper they'd sometimes have together. "You've got what it takes! You've sure got yumph."

Because Florette was staying in one of Patsy Van Heuten's cottages and seemed to be a friend of hers, the older families of Reno occasionally invited her about. She enjoyed the parties at Mr. Neally's magnificent ranch—with its swimming pool, ballroom, private flying field. Mr. Neally owned half the state, so people said, and administered it wisely. He was like Nevada—big, breezy, hearty, democratic.

Florette thought that Charley Nixon was like Nevada too. In spite of the fact that he had been born in New York with a very, very old silver spoon in his mouth and with a family who, if they hadn't been so grand, would have looked cross-eyed at each other across the breakfast table and would have shouted time and time again, "How did we ever produce an offspring like Charley?"

Fat, noisy, not-so-dumb Chubby! Florette loved the parties he threw. She also reveled in the lazy sun-filled afternoons at Hot Springs with Patsy and Paul Walters and some of Patsy's other paying guests.

"CRUEL and abusive treatment" was the legal description of Dick's conduct. On those grounds Florette won her divorce and all the alimony Dick could pay.

To pay it he gave up the Thirty-sixth Street apartment where he and Florette had been so miserable. He took a room at an inexpensive hotel, where he at least could have a good swim after the day's grind. And he continued to work like a dog in Wall Street—1931, 1932, 1933. His older associates began to nod their gray heads. "There's a young man who'll come back," they said.

And they'd take him to lunch at Fraunces' Tavern or Oyster Jack's and talk market trends and government policies with him. And one or two who had marriageable daughters even cast fatherly eyes on him. Not that their daughters would pay any attention to what *they* said—for these modern clear-eyed, self-possessed misses were a greater trial than their flapper mothers!

But Dick wasn't marrying, thank you.

"Aunt Minnie used to say, 'A burned child dreads the fire,' " he told Lucia as they sat in the bar of the Waldorf-Astoria and celebrated repeal as well as Lucia's return with another trophy from England.

"Then you really had an Aunt Minnie?" she laughed. She looked smooth and smart in her English tweeds, her French beret—under which her hair fell straight and silky *à la* Garbo.

Dick felt it was good to be with her again. She wasn't like the bunch of playgirls he'd been stepping out with since her departure. Something solid and real about Lucia. Fine.

"I always thought," she went on in her delightfully deep voice, "that Aunt Minnie was a creature invented entirely by your imagination."

"Dear me, no. She was the seventh sister of my Swedish cook."

"Not the cook who was hanged?"

"How well you remember!"

"I should." Lucia bent her fair head over her old-fashioned glass. Her straight hair dropped in shining curtains against her cheeks. She seemed childishly intent on spearing the cherry in the bottom of her glass. A gesture unlike Lucia—more like Florette or Patsy. There was something suddenly electric about her.

Dick watched her strong white hands. He wondered if her body was like them—muscular and white.

Lucia met his eyes. "Want to know *why* I remember your Swedish cook?" she asked huskily.

He nodded. And suddenly knew what was coming; knew what he was making her do. Knew what for three—no, four—years she had wanted. And what he too had wanted in a way.

There was a crowd in the bar, in the corridors outside, the pleasant subdued crowd of the late-afternoon Waldorf. Yet Dick and Lucia seemed suddenly alone on the red leather lounge in the amber light. She looked beautiful and, for the first time since he'd known her, helpless and appealing.

She too had yumph.

And because Dick had grown up, because to a certain extent he had put away cruelty with other childish things, he decided swiftly to help her—do it for her.

"I know, Luce," he said seriously. "I offered you the job. You turned it down then. Would you now?" He was smiling at her in a way he never had before. He made her feel breathless.

"You know I wouldn't," she whispered.

"Darling!" He kissed her. Which seemed to surprise no one, not even the waiter, who at Dick's signal brought two more old-fashioneds.

DICK had to borrow to buy an engagement ring worthy of Lucia. A pear-shaped diamond. It suited her, as Dick suited her. They made a striking couple. "It'll be a wedding on Olympus," some of their flowery-minded well-wishers said.

Other people whispered, "He's doing a good thing for himself. Boy, does he need dough right now—with alimony to pay to two wives and all! It'll put him on his feet!" And still others said, "Wonder how he'll like being Mr. Lucia Valiant?" But people always talk, because few people really have enough to do to keep them busy anyway.

And the plans for a magnificent wedding on the Valiant estate at Southampton progressed.

"I don't care if it is your third, big boy," Lucia told him. "It's my first and last, and I've always had a kind of secret yearning to be a bridy bride!"

Which Dick thought utterly adorable of her and sweet and feminine. At last I'm lucky, he told himself over and over. She has Patsy's sweetness, Florette's savoir-vivre, and all her own splendid qualities of sportsmanship and companionship!

The hectic preparations, the lists, the photographers, the newspaper publicity bored him. "Lucia Valiant to Be Bride," "Lucia Valiant Turns to New Fields," "Lucia Valiant to Wed Wall Street Man." But the parties amused him, and Lucia's starry-eyed excitement delighted him.

"I've loved you forever, big boy," she told him, dancing with him in the blue-spangled twilight of the Biltmore.

And suddenly he thought of Patsy. "I'll love you f'rever." . . . The orchestra was playing Among My Souvenirs. A tiny brown-haired anemic-looking child was sobbing into the microphone on the dais, "—I find a broken heart among my souvenirs." . . . Lucia's fair head was pressed against Dick's cheek.

"What are you thinking?" Lucia demanded, tilting her head back.

"That you're the most gorgeous girl in this room!" he said promptly.

"Not enough," she laughed.

"Well, in ten blocks."

"In Manhattan! That's what they said about Flor—" She bit her lip.

"So they did. That reminds—" Then he, too, stopped. He must remember to send Florette's alimony check. She threw a fit when it was late.

FLORETTE threw fits when her alimony check was late because she needed it. She made a lot of money; she spent a lot. A recent picture of hers in Hollywood had been a flop. A Continental tour the year before had been successful but expensive. New York had newer, different singers. And now Florette was back in Reno, living in one of Patsy's picturesque Basque cottages, singing at Chubby's Place, and seeing a lot of Chubby himself.

"Sometimes I think I'll marry him," she'd say to Pat over a cup of afternoon tea or a cocktail before she dashed in to town and her job. "He's sweet and amiable, and he honestly believes that life is just a bowl of cherries—stewed cherries."

"Why don't you?" Pat would laugh.

"We-ell, I dunno. Comparison, maybe. Not that I care a snap of my finger for our Dick—forgive me, pet, but I can't help admitting that our ex was certainly a beautiful male!"

"Yes," Patsy would say, and light a cigarette or pour another cocktail—and brace herself for what would surely come.

In those mellow moods the two always spoke of Dick as of the dear departed. Florette did it fliply; and Patsy followed suit, hating herself for it, yet not daring to do otherwise.

FLORETTE wasn't as unseeing about all this as she seemed. She was no student of human nature, but she had noticed the little merry-go-round in Pat's boudoir. She knew where it came from. Remembered the day Dick had ordered it. Lord, would she ever forget that day! . . . She knew a heap of things about Pat. Knew that Dick's engagement to Lucia had been in some way a knockout blow.

"I've seen lots of ex-wives; but Pat's the worst!" she told Chubby and a friend of his from the East—a man who laughed with his mouth and flashing white teeth but never with his eyes.

The three were sitting, one rosy dawn, hunched over their milk and sandwiches at the deserted bar of the big night club.

"And now that Dick's marrying that Lucia brat—today's the wedding, by the way," Florette prattled on, "I know Pat is facing daily death. Dick sure left a permanent wave in her heart. I didn't know he had it in him."

Chubby laughed lazily, stroking her white hand with its emerald ring that he had given her for her third twenty-ninth birthday. "Baby," he advised sagely, "there's no permanent wave in the world that can't be taken out by proper treatment. Isn't that true, Ted?"

The man called Ted nodded.

Florette turned with a suddenly speculative air to the dark man beside her. "Ted," she suggested, "how's for *your* cheering Pat up? We'll bring you together at once. I don't trust Chubby with small dark women."

"I like blondes or redheads," Ted protested.

"Chivalrous! And beautiful too, isn't he, Chub? Rather like John Gilbert or Ronald Colman."

Ted Anderson laughed with his lips. He stood up. "That will be my happy thought for the morning. On the strength of it I'll go hunt sleep. Good day, all. Thanks for the breakfast. Come out to the airport, Nixon, along about noon. I'll show you a new gadget."

"So long." Chubby waved. (*Continued on page 46*)

Do you want to go back?

WHEN the little engines with the big smokestacks pulled railroad trains seventy years ago, here was the situation:

Wages were low. Service and safety were far below modern standards. *And freight rates were three times as high as they are today!*

Long freight trains remedied that. Long trains are the very heart of modern service.

Long trains — pulled by modern engines — on modern tracks built with heavy rails — have brought today's fast freight service, higher wages for workers, greater safety for everybody.

And now there is a threat to deprive the public by law of much of the benefit of these improvements.

The TRAIN LIMIT BILL—passed by the United States Senate and waiting action by the House of Representatives — is aimed to make the railroads split up freight trains on the pretext that it is a safety measure.

But here's how the theory squares with the fact: safety records show that accidents to employes have been *reduced by nearly three-fourths* in the very years that freight trains have been lengthened and speeded up to give better service.

What this bill really does is to force the railroads backward — backward in safety — backward in service — backward in efficiency—backward in economy.

What it does is to clamp down and smother the whole spirit of enterprise, invention and progress which are America's hope of better transportation in the years ahead.

Think it over. Do you want rail progress stopped? Do you want rail service to go back instead of ahead?

If not, better speak up now.

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

(*Continued from page 44*)

Florette blew a kiss. "He's a male with so many possibilities," she sighed to Chubby when they were alone. "And he won't let any one develop 'em."

"Life gave him a kick in the teeth a while ago."

"I know. Grim story. But—"

"Some good woman could make him forget!"

"We-ell, some *woman* anyway!"

Chubby's fat red face creased into a smile, then became as serious as its shape would allow. "Look, Flo baby, stop worrying your gorgeous head about the Pats and Teds of the world! Worry a little about me, won't you? We aren't getting any younger. Oh, I'm not going to give you a song and dance about Life passing us by. Life hasn't and it won't. You've done a lot of sight-seeing; so have I. But let's do the rest of the tour together! I've said this so often that I could go on the air with it without rehearsal—but I'm crazy for you. I'm probably one of the funniest-looking men God ever made. You're the most beautiful woman. But I can love you better and make you happier than any of your Dick Lombards or Ted Andersons or Clark Gables!"

She put her hands on the little fat man's shoulders. "Chub," she said, "you win. You've picked a lemon. But I guess you've got me."

"You mean—"

She nodded and dropped her head on his shoulder so that he wouldn't suspect she saw the tears start to his eyes.

FLORETTE didn't know quite how to tell Patsy. Particularly because today was Dick's wedding day, and Florette knew that Pat would be plumbing the depths. But she telephoned her along about nine in the morning. It had been an idea of Craig's—having phones in all the cottages.

"If I were to invite you to my chateau for a second cup of coffee, would you think me crazy?"

"Yes," said Pat. "As a matter of fact your voice sounds a trifle crazy! Say 'ah.' What's up? Ceiling cracking? Plumbing gone haywire?"

"Nothing, landlady, nothing at all. Oh, yes, I finally got my alimony check."

"I'll be right over—to collect the rent!"

Florette laughed. "Ask La Verne de La Verne to follow in half an hour, will you? And we'll both have our hair done."

Loreta La Verne—born Ida Mazur—was a pathetic creature, one of Hollywood's casualties.

"Why La V. for us today?" Patsy asked, accepting coffee across the tiny table before Florette's diminutive fireplace. . . . Today is Dick's wedding day. . . . Today is Dick's wedding day! . . . If only she could be deaf to that refrain! Never before in Patsy's life had she known what it was to feel she *needed* a drink. Now she did. She wished Florette's coffee were sake or absinthe or whatever it was that people downed when they were courting blissful unthinkingness.

"A party that Chubby's throwing tonight," said Florette.

"How come?" Patsy wearily stretched her slim jodhpur-incased legs toward the flames.

"We-ell," said Florette. But how could she interrupt Patsy's thousands-miles-away thoughts to blurt, "I'm happy! I'm going to marry Chubby!"?

She realized that Patsy was looking at her politely. She must say something. Florette had an inspiration. "It's—a little sad in a way," she began. "An old friend of Chubby is on from the East doing business at the airport. Ted Anderson. One of the most attractive men in the world—but rather tragic."

"Why tragic?"

"His wife was a dipsomaniac—impossible creature! Pretty, but crazy as a cat. Led him a devil's dance. Finally he let her get a Paris divorce last winter. Forced her into it in a way. Didn't know how bad she was; that she wasn't entirely to blame, I mean. Well, she died in a horrible automobile accident, driving herself, last spring. And—I don't know—Ted just hasn't seemed to snap out of it. Felt to blame—if he'd stuck by her it wouldn't have happened, and all that."

"Oh, that's hard!" Pat was now all attention. "It's like Dolly Winters—remember my telling you about her, or did I? She came to Reno, one of my first guests, to take the cure. Her husband was a writer, unfaithful as the wind—"

"But you *told* me before, darling! You talked Dolly out of her divorce. She went back to her writer-husband, found him practically dying, gladdened his last moments, buried him, and has been a self-respecting widow, grateful to you, ever—"

"I'm sorry!" Pat laughed apologetically. "Why did you let me repeat so much! Old age must be creeping up on me. Sure sign."

Florette saw her opening, rushed into it. "That's what I've been feeling these last few days. Maybe it's autumn. Nevada dies gloriously but dies hard in autumn. Last night Chubby and I got talking about life and death and youth and growing old. You know, he's a swell understanding person, a comfortable one. Not the kind to make heads turn on Park Avenue. With his face and figure he could land a spot with the Marx Brothers any minute! But on the other hand, I'm not growing any younger. And this eternal dieting, massaging, eliminating, rolling, stooping is certainly getting me down! I can't even let my hair go more than a week now."

"You don't look a day over eighty!" But Pat's mind had again wandered. The morning papers had said: "The Valiant-Lombard wedding will be in the great drawing room of Valhalla, which looks out over sweeping terraces and the waters of Long Island Sound. The best man . . ." Pat didn't know the best man, nor any of the people to be at Dick's wedding. All strangers to her—as Dick would be now, too. . . . Good-by, Dick, she thought. This is the real good-by. You chose this. Florette was only a mistake. But this is the end.

"So what would you think"—Florette's voice flowed on—"if I decided to marry Chubby? I could do with a comfortable home, a coupla cars, a small plane—"

Patsy burst out in exasperation: "Stop talking like an idiot! You can't fool me—you love the man!"

"Well, for crying out— Psychic the child is! I do believe you're right."

"C'm'on, tell mama."

"I've told you. That's why the party tonight, to announce it."

"Then all this sob story about your Ted Anderson was just made up out of whole cloth?"

"Oh, no, Ted's real—"

BUT Ted didn't seem real to Pat. Nor did anything that night. In fact, several times during the evening she wondered if she were going crazy. Even before the party started, when she said good night to her father—home now with a nurse—she thought, Maybe I'm getting like him. And on the way out she stopped before the pier glass in the front hall to stare at the tragic-looking little female with too-red lips and a too-red dress. "That is you, Pat," she said. She studied this feverish creature from the top of its sleek dark head to the tips of its scarlet slippers. The slippers made her think of Nikki, John Monk Saunders' heroine, about whom she'd just read. What had Nikki said? "I wear red shoes because I can walk faster in them." . . . Well, that's why she, Pat, had worn red tonight. She'd be able to race faster through the evening—starting from now till the time when she'd come back and go up to that solitary bedroom of hers, waiting in the autumn moonlight. . . . What a goal that would be! . . . But you'll be so tired by then, Pat, that you'll *sleep!* I promise you!

Two hours later she was perched at the famous Chubby's bar. Not her first perching.

"How do you do?" she said politely when Chubby presented to her a man who looked like some one she'd seen in the movies. "Oh, so *you're* Ted Anderson?"

"And *you're* Patsy Van Heuten. Nice evening, yes?"

"Not very," she said. "What are you having?"

"Soda."

"Stomach ulcers?"

He shook his head, studying her. "Must we get anatomical on our first meeting?"

"No. We could get political, religious, flirtatious—

but I'm too tired." She gave a sigh.

"Is that why you're taking those?" He waved toward the squat businesslike glass in her hand.

"Yes," she said. "So I'll get tireder."

"Call me," said Ted politely, "when you want to be put to bed." And he left her.

"Well, for goodness' sake!" Pat turned to Craig, who suddenly appeared beside her. Then she was sorry she'd noticed Craig, because he'd been hovering about her all evening, being thoughtful and sympathetic. And she didn't want sympathy.

"So you've met Anderson. Interesting person," commented Craig.

"No."

ANOTHER hour passed filled with music, balloons, confetti, dancing. Florette sang. And just as she finished singing, Pat looked at the clock. Almost time, she told herself.

Florette hailed her gaily. "Wouldn't it be a swell idea, darling," Florette called, "to send a joint telegram of congratulation to our ex?"

Everybody laughed. So Pat laughed too. Chubby sent the message for them. The crowd thought it was a lovely idea. And the reporters took a picture of Pat and Florette and Chubby and said it would make a cute story. Then Pat went quietly back to the bar.

She sat there for quite a while, not drinking nor even thinking. Just looking straight ahead at the row of bottles that didn't make much sense. By and by she was conscious that some one had been sitting beside her, watching her. She turned with annoyance. Ted Anderson again. She shrugged, reached for her glass.

He studied her for a long time. "Must you?" he asked finally.

"Are you going to mother me too?"

"No," he said thoughtfully. "Strangely enough, I think I'd rather make love to you."

"Why strangely?"

"As a rule I'm—shall we say—allergic to women. Come dance with me."

"Nope. I'm staying here."

"Foot on the rail?"

"Both feet on the rail." She showed him her red evening slippers.

He looked at them as though he'd never seen slippers before. The way he'd been looking at her. Then he spoke—right from the shoulder: "You're being a bit of a fool, aren't you, Patricia?"

She gasped, then curved her lips into a sticky-sweet smile. "But of course, Edward. Always have been!"

"And dramatizing yourself a trifle too?"

"Oh!" Her eyes flashed. "Aren't you also?" she shot at him.

He started. "I—hadn't thought of that. But—maybe you're right." Suddenly he smiled at her. And this time his eyes smiled too. Which made his face vividly gay. "I think we're going to be very good for each other," he said, putting out his hand.

Pat shook it as if in solemn compact. "Yes."

"Now we'll dance. And that will be the beginning."

Pat laughed. And at the sound of that laugh a ghost of herself slipped down from the stool of Chubby's bar to vanish into the sad shadows, leaving a younger Pat to begin to enjoy life.

At midnight they were dancing the fifth consecutive dance. It was then that Florette, looking like the sparkle in champagne, and Chubby, looking like the guy who invented Santa Claus, assailed them.

"We've an idea! A four-star heracious idea!"

"Let me tell it! You won't do it justice!"

"Shush, child! I, the pride of the—"

Reporters were hovering behind them. And they, too, seemed to be in on it.

"What?" asked Pat.

"Give!" commanded Ted, stopping dancing but still holding Pat in his arms.

"We've been watching you two—" began Chubby.

"Hurry!" Florette interrupted. "Or it'll be too late. It's after twelve o'clock now. Which means after nine Eastern time."

Chubby hurried. Ted, tightening his hold on Pat, threw back his dark head and laughed.

Pat laughed too, because it was a mad idea and because she suddenly knew she was happy. The novel sensation made her giddy. Or maybe it was Ted's arms and the way his eyes warmed her when they laughed into hers.

"Why not?" Ted asked her urgently. "We're good for each other. And this is only the beginning."

"Yes," she said. A camera flashed somewhere. Flo and Chubby were beside her and Ted.

PATSY saw Craig's face turn suddenly white and tragic in the crowd. Saw Florette all excitement, and Chubby rushing plumply off to send a second wire. Heard the master of ceremonies shout, "What publicity!"

But none of these things meant anything. Because Ted was talking to her—and she felt as though she'd reached an island after swimming a long, long time in a stormy sea.

"I'll fly us four down to Mexico, sweet," he was saying.

Then Chubby dashed back to them, shouting, "This is the message I sent to the Dick Lombards: 'Your turn to congratulate us. Yours is not the only wedding tonight. We are both following in your happy footsteps. Signed, Florette and Patsy.'"

What effect is this fantastic telegram going to have on Dick? And if it is carried out on Patsy's part, can she be happy? How will she extricate herself from this mad marriage-and-divorce mill? The entangled lives reach a new snarl in next week's Liberty.

Last Night I took an Alka-Seltzer

Boy!
HOW GOOD I FEEL THIS MORNING

WHEN you have had an unusually hard day . . . or have been out late . . . eaten midnight lunches . . . smoked or drank more than you should . . . try taking a sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer before you go to bed. The next morning instead of waking up feeling tired . . . with perhaps a splitting headache . . . you, too, will jump out of bed with a smile, saying to yourself "Boy! how good I feel this morning."

Millions of people have found in Alka-Seltzer the quick pleasant way to get relief from Headaches, Colds, Upset Stomach, Morning Misery and other common everyday aches and pains. That's why, everywhere you go you hear folks saying "there is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer."

Be Wise— Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer

Alka-Seltzer

At All Drug Stores 30c-60c pkgs.

Also Sold By The Glass at Drug Store Fountains

1938

WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

I DON'T remember what happened last year, though 1937 seems like yesterday. Maybe that's the trouble. George Ade and I are alike in this: we can sing the words and music of songs that we heard forty years ago; I can tell you who sat across the aisle from me in Room 9, Room 4, and Room 1 in Douglas School, Forest Avenue and Thirty-second Street, Chicago—Laura Matthews, Bessie Knight, and Evelyn Hayden, the first two brunettes and Evelyn a blonde. But I can't tell you who sat next to me at dinner evening before last, nor what we had. A few months ago I was on a twelve-day cruise to Trinidad. I became acquainted with eight or ten people and saw them at least fifteen hours a day; the only name I recall is that of Marc Connelly, whom I shared a stateroom with.

But I'll tell you what'll happen next year:

New Year's morning papers will say that last night's celebration was the most lavish on record, surpassing 1929, and that the streets were full of Good-Natured Crowds. The New Year's Day boasters will be two classes: those who boast of how late they stayed up, and those who boast of how early they went to bed. Some 800,267 families will decide to begin budgeting; to spend less than they earn; and about January 22, 800,266 families, having some unexpected expense, like a company dinner or four theater tickets, will abandon the budget notion; this year is all shot anyway—let's do the best we can. And Mother will tell Father that he ought to have a raise, so he asks for it, and the boss tells him that if he can better himself, O. K., but if he wants to stay on at the same salary the boss will be generous, and Father considers himself lucky. He goes home and says that the boss told him there might be a raise later.

On January 8, Jackson Day, 68 Democratic orators will tell how Jackson was the embodiment of Franklin Delano Roosevelt; 68 Republican orators will say that Jackson would have been violently opposed to everything in this dictatorial, Communistic administration. The same will go, in larger numbers, for Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays. Charles Augustus Lindbergh will be 36 on February 4; William T. Tilden will be 45 on February 10; Sinclair Lewis will be 53 on February 7; George Ade will be 72 on February 9; and Bobby Riggs, the No. 2 boy in American tennis, will be 20 on February 25.

But on February 2 the papers will print jolly stories about the weather for the next six weeks. They will talk about the ground hog seeing or not seeing his shadow. This dates back to 1676, when the almanacs said that if the sun shone on Candlemas Day, winter would continue; if it were cloudy, spring couldn't be far behind.

On February 14 a few doddering old folks will remember when red was used to describe the rose and blue the violet instead of a Communist and a hot jazz piece about Memphis or St. Louis. Financial experts, of whom there are 18,314,163, who can tell just how the national budget

JANUARY 1ST

The papers will report the most lavish New Year's Eve celebration on record.

FEBRUARY 2ND

They'll talk of the ground hog and his shadow.

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST EPSTEIN

should be balanced, won't be able to tell you whether 1938 is a leap year.

Eighty thousand newspapers will run "Forward, March!" lines; and an equal number will observe that March's entry will be leonine, and its exit therefore lamblike; or vice versa.

Edgar J. Blevitch, who murdered Beatrice Gazookus for saying "Guess who this is" over the telephone, will be acquitted by a jury, as millions cheer. The case of Jones versus Jones, suit for divorce on the ground that Mrs. Jones gave away Mr. Jones' last spring suit without consulting him, will be decided for the plaintiff.

On March 14 it will dawn suddenly on 7,863,118 persons that the first installment of the 1938 income tax will be due tomorrow, and they'd better do something about it that night. Somebody will say, "Well, I don't begrudge the government the money." I won't believe him. I don't even believe that anybody will say it.

In preseason baseball games, the Brooklyn Nationals will defeat the New York Americans, and hope will revive for a pennant winner in Brooklyn. But by October the Yankees will again have won the pennant, and will have to play the Chicago Cubs for the so-called World Series, though it is for the championship of that part of the United States lying no farther west of the Mississippi River than St. Louis. April showers will bring forth August double-headers.

As to All Fools' Day, what day in the calendar is not? For you can fool all the people most of the time, and most of the people all of the time. The regular theater season will close, and the low state of dramatic art will be lamented—a safe prophecy, as it would have been safe in the days of Sophocles, Aeschylus, and Euripides.

Ministers will deplore the sexy influence of the movies, saying that they send the younger generation hellward. They said the same thing about the elegant nickel novels of my youth. I forecast that nothing of that sort will do anybody much harm or much good.

May 1 is Moving Day in most places outside of the great and provincial city of New York. It will be the day of hope, the day when thousands of us fly from the flats and houses we bear to those we know not of. Yet moving is youth and progressivism; it is change. Age and conservatism do not like to move.

By the first week in May most of us will be used to Daylight Saving Time, that sweet delusion, that revision to "Forward, turn forward, O Time, in your flight!" It was Zona Gale's father, out in Portage, Wisconsin, who always refused to set his watch ahead in summer. "I get fooled plenty," he would say, "without fooling myself on purpose." Well, as the tiresome toastmasters used to say, that reminds me of a story. In Albany, Georgia, there is a clock that strikes the hour, and an old Negro cook, hearing it, said, "Eleven o'clock all over the world."

A humorist-soothsayer rends the veil from the year to come—and if you don't believe him, just wait and see!

"No," said the Lady of the House, "it is twelve o'clock in New York and eight o'clock in San Francisco." "Thank the Lord," said my heroine, "that I live in a town where eleven o'clock is eleven o'clock."

On Memorial Day a few of us will actually decorate graves with flowers and flags; but most of us will go to the movies, play golf and tennis, or fish.

In June thousands of us who thought that the old car would do another year, will decide that the trade-in offer is too generous to be rejected, and will ride away in the handsome new car, justifying the expenditure by proving to ourselves that we actually saved money.

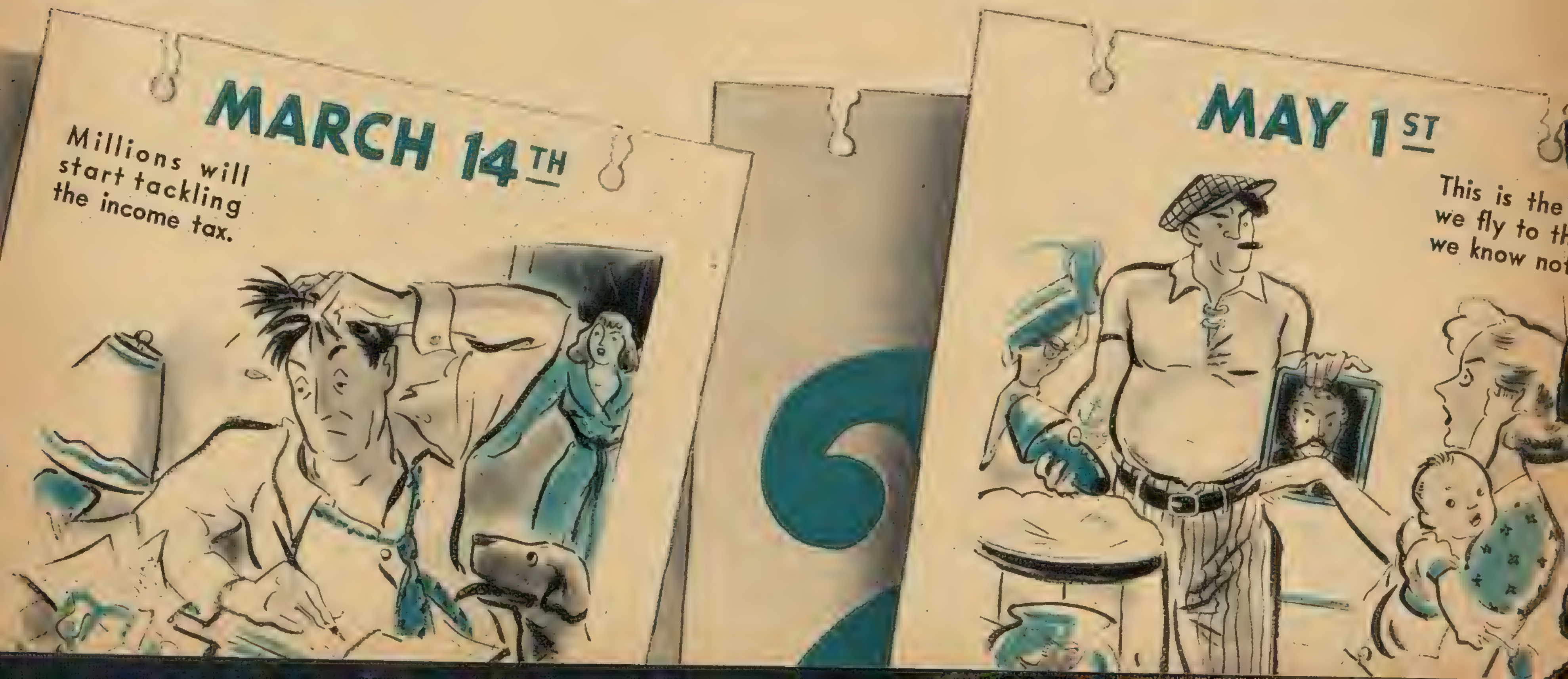
July 1 will be Fiscal New Year's Day and few of us will celebrate it with wine and wassail, and not more than half a dozen welkins will ring. But the July 4 week-end will be a long one, for Independence Day will fall on Monday. It will not rain, but millions of people will say, "This is the first Fourth in years it hasn't rained." This is a lie; it usually does not rain on May 30, July 4, or Labor Day. And so July and August will be days when the lucky ones that get vacations with pay will go away and Have Wonderful Time Wish You Was Here. I shocked a lady—a most unattractive old thing she was, if you want the truth—by sending her a postal with "Sleeping under blankets; wish you were with me." And there will be hoary jokes about how glad everybody is to get back to town; how they went away for a rest but are more tired than when they went away.

And what will they say about autumn, the melancholy days? They will say that the trees are a riot of red and gold, and that the air is like Gascon wine. If they say that, they'll be right. So the World Series will come and the football games, their importance being grossly exaggerated by the newspapers.

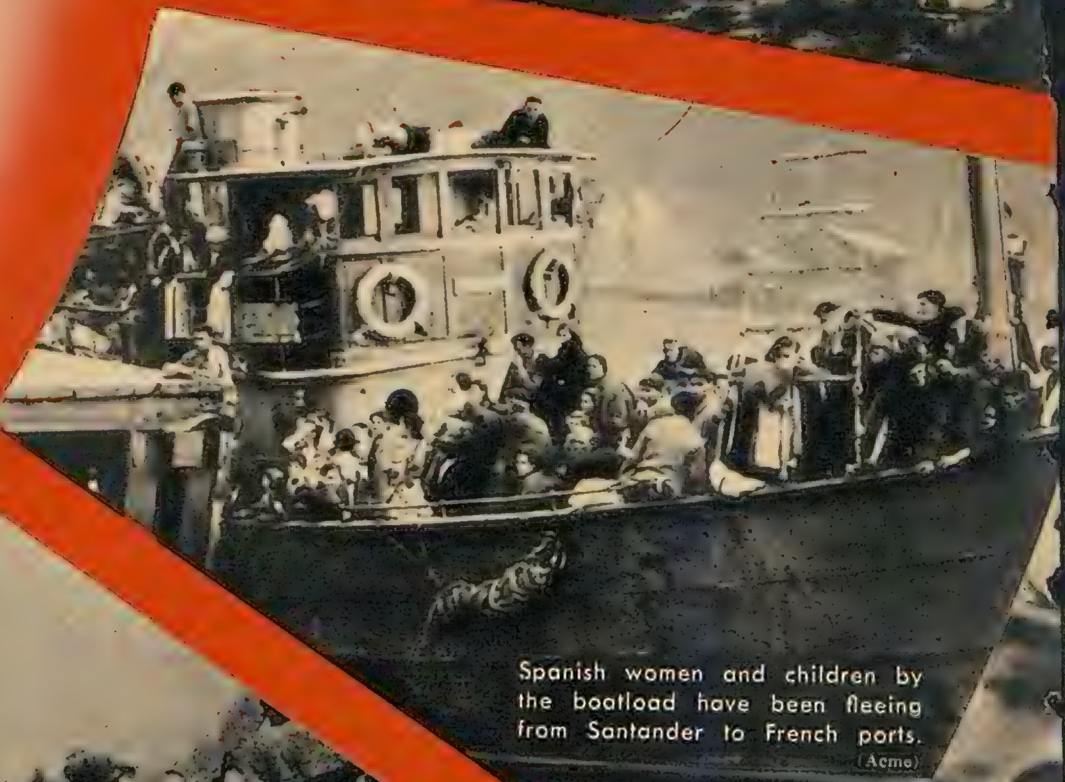
I forecast that the President of the United States will proclaim Thursday, November 24, 1938, as a day of Thanksgiving; and that thousands of persons will say on Friday morning, "It seems like Monday." And they will say it the day after Christmas and New Year's Day, too. Well, December 26, 1938, and January 2, 1939, will be Monday. The only Friday the thirteenth in the whole year will come in the otherwise merry month of May.

And the 1939 New Year's number of Liberty will have a calendar cover of 1939. And millions of us will say they don't know where this year has gone to. Well, I don't know either. I'll tell you what I think. I think—and I was saying this only last night—that Time Flies.

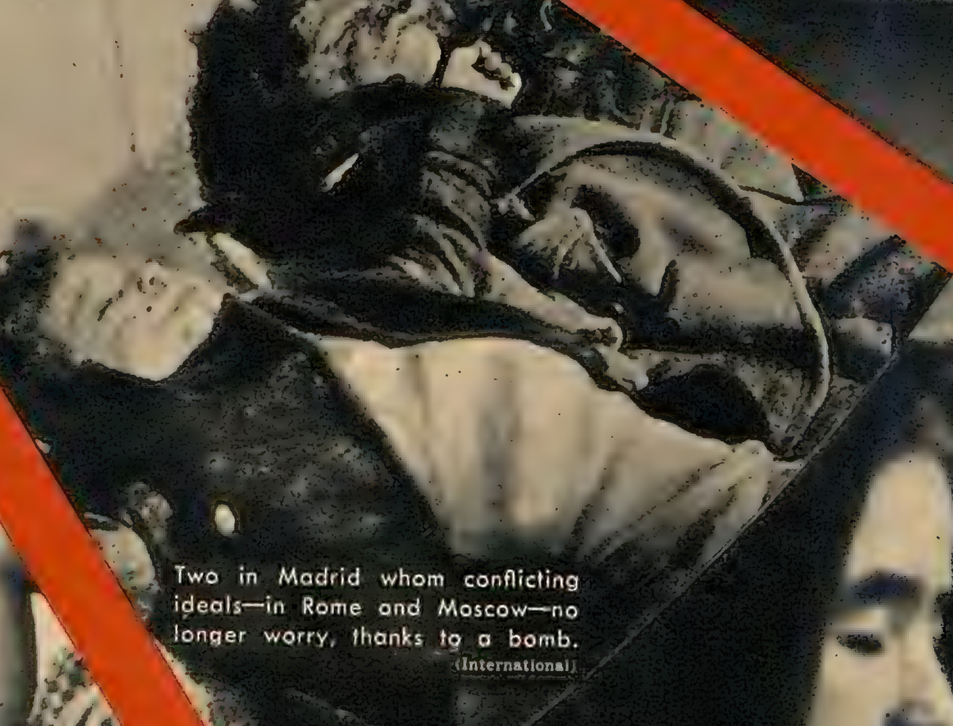
THE END



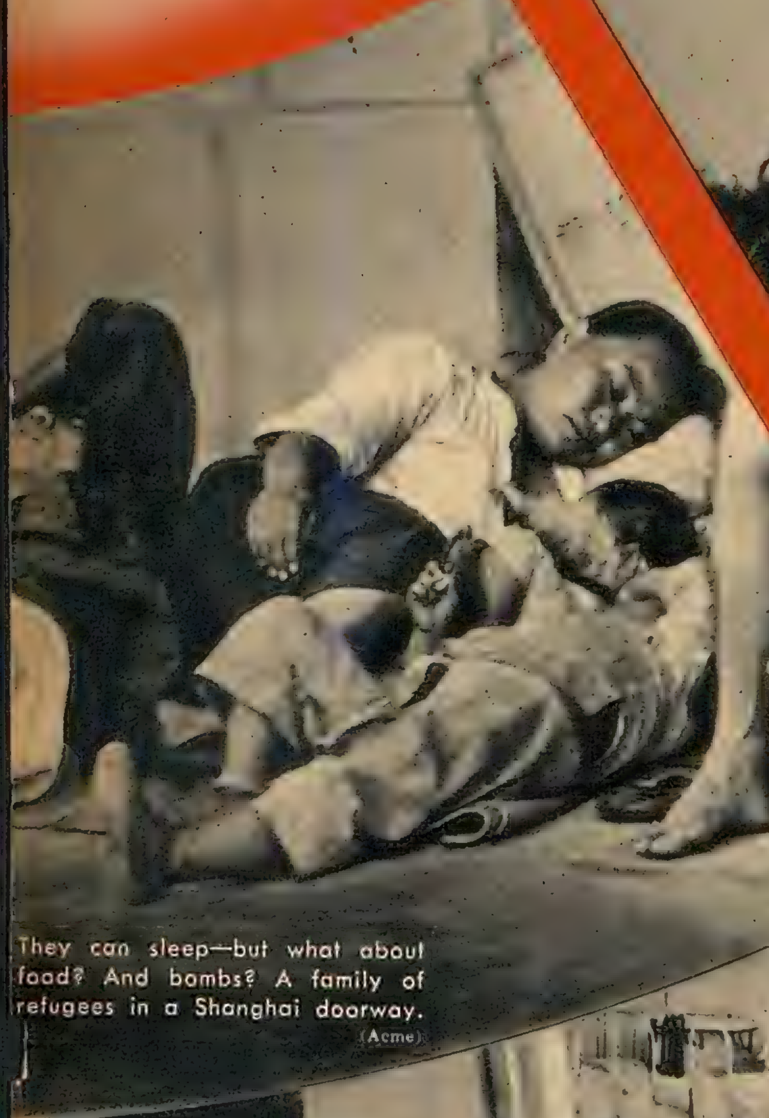
Suffer Litt



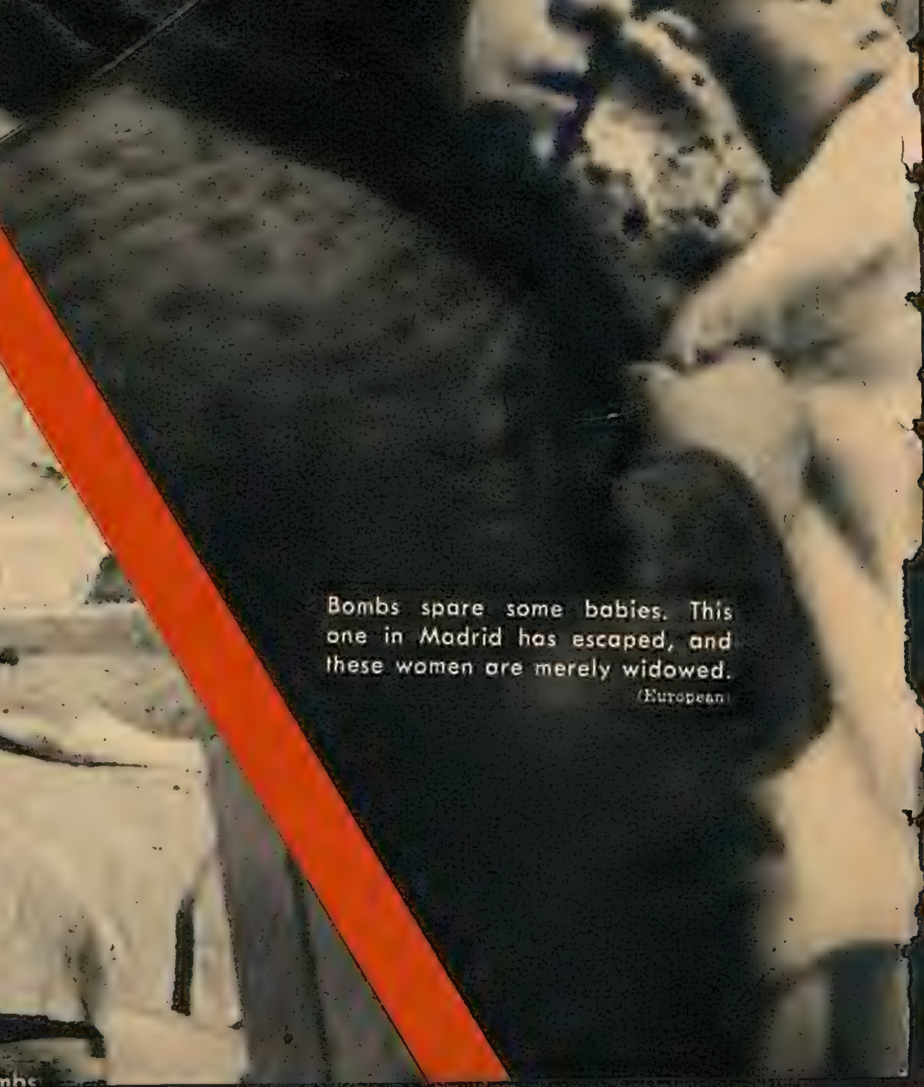
Spanish women and children by the boatload have been fleeing from Santander to French ports. (Acme)



Two in Madrid whom conflicting ideals—in Rome and Moscow—no longer worry, thanks to a bomb. (International)



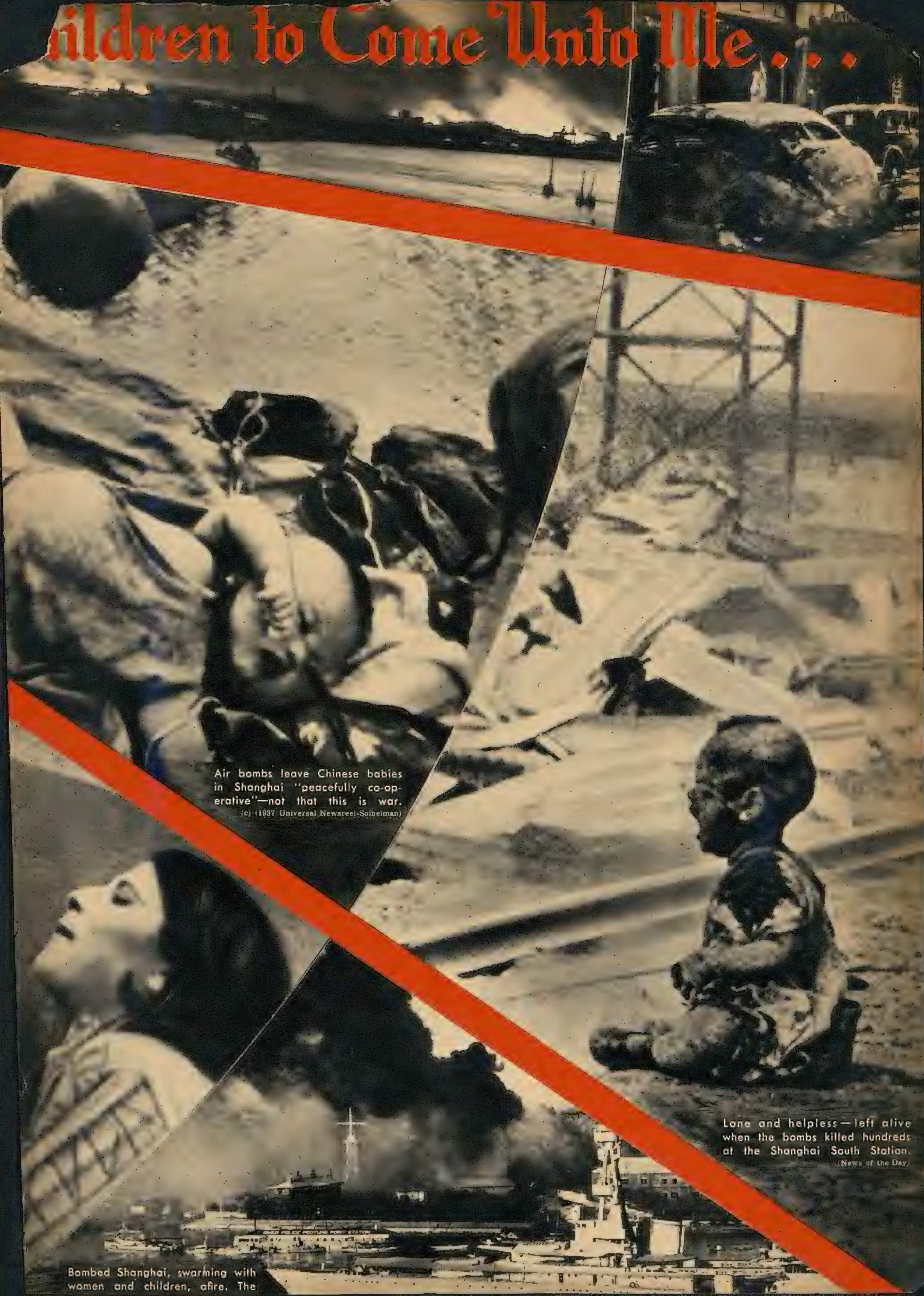
They can sleep—but what about food? And bombs? A family of refugees in a Shanghai doorway. (Acme)



Bombs spare some babies. This one in Madrid has escaped, and these women are merely widowed. (European)

This was—before the air bombs

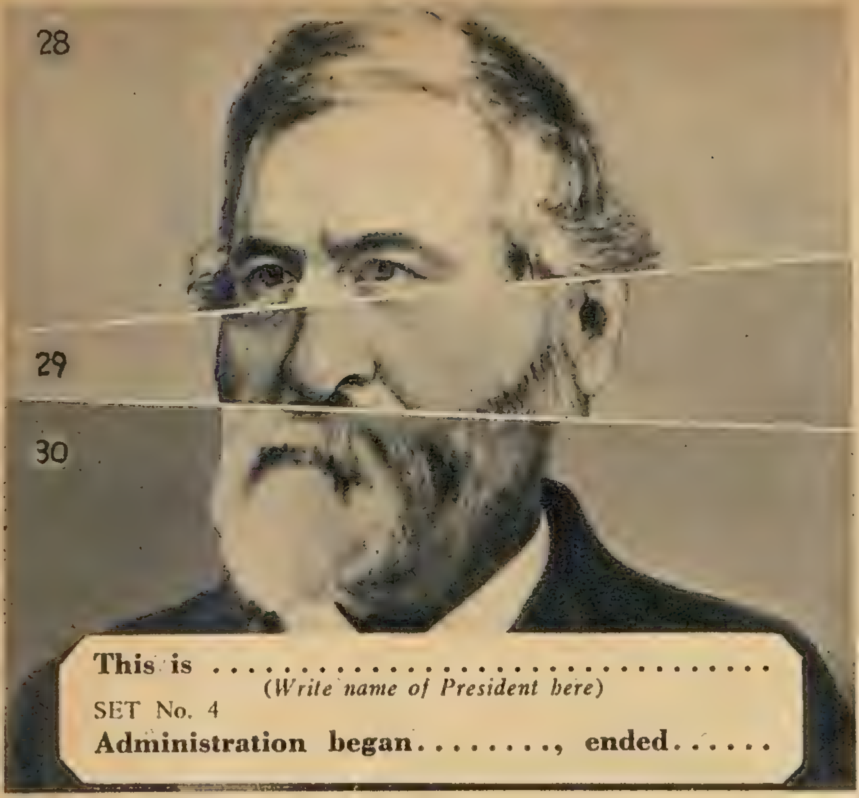
ildren to Come Unto Me. . . .



Air bombs leave Chinese babies in Shanghai "peacefully co-operative"—not that this is war.
(c) (1937 Universal Newsreel-Soibelman)

Lone and helpless—left alive when the bombs killed hundreds at the Shanghai South Station.
(News of the Day)

Bombed Shanghai, swarming with women and children, afire. The



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 4
Administration began........, ended.....

THE FOREHEAD and eyes are of a Buffalo schoolteacher; the nose is of a graduate of Williams College; the mouth and chin are of a member of the Mississippi River Commission.

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN CASH IS EXCELLENT—START NOW!

$2,500 CASH PRIZE GAME OF PRESIDENTS

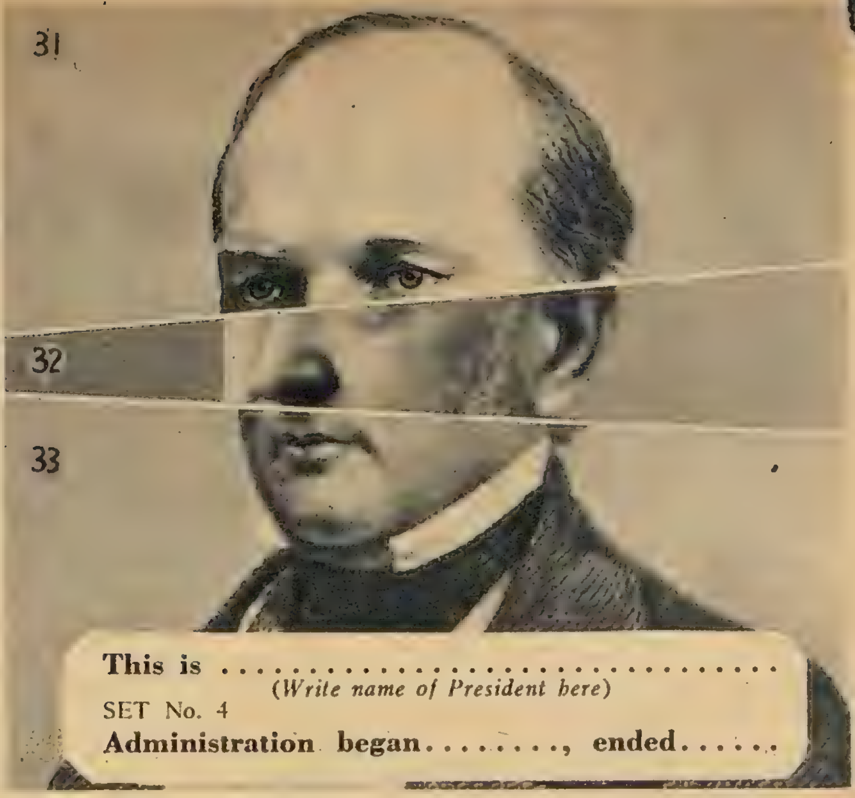
This is set No. 4 in the $2,500 CASH PRIZE Presidents Contest! If you are not already playing this great game, begin now! Cut apart these three composite pictures and reassemble them into portraits of three former Presidents. Identify each picture and indicate the beginning and end of his administration in the space provided. Solving these pictures will start you well on your way toward the cash prizes listed below. Could you use that $500?

SEND FOR FIRST THREE SETS

When you have this week's composites solved and identified, put them aside and send for the first three sets in order to bring your entry up to date. Make your request, by mail, to the address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling.

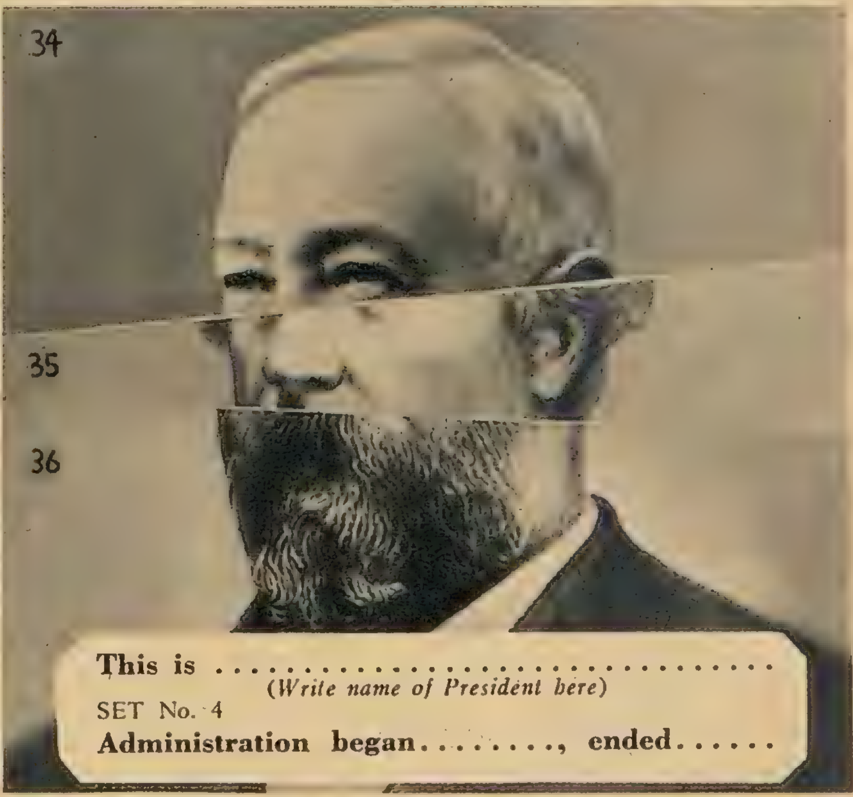
CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 4
Administration began........, ended.....

THE FOREHEAD and eyes are of an Ohio canal-boat hand; the nose is of a grandson of a President; the mouth and chin are of a New York State Comptroller.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
SET No. 4
Administration began........, ended.....

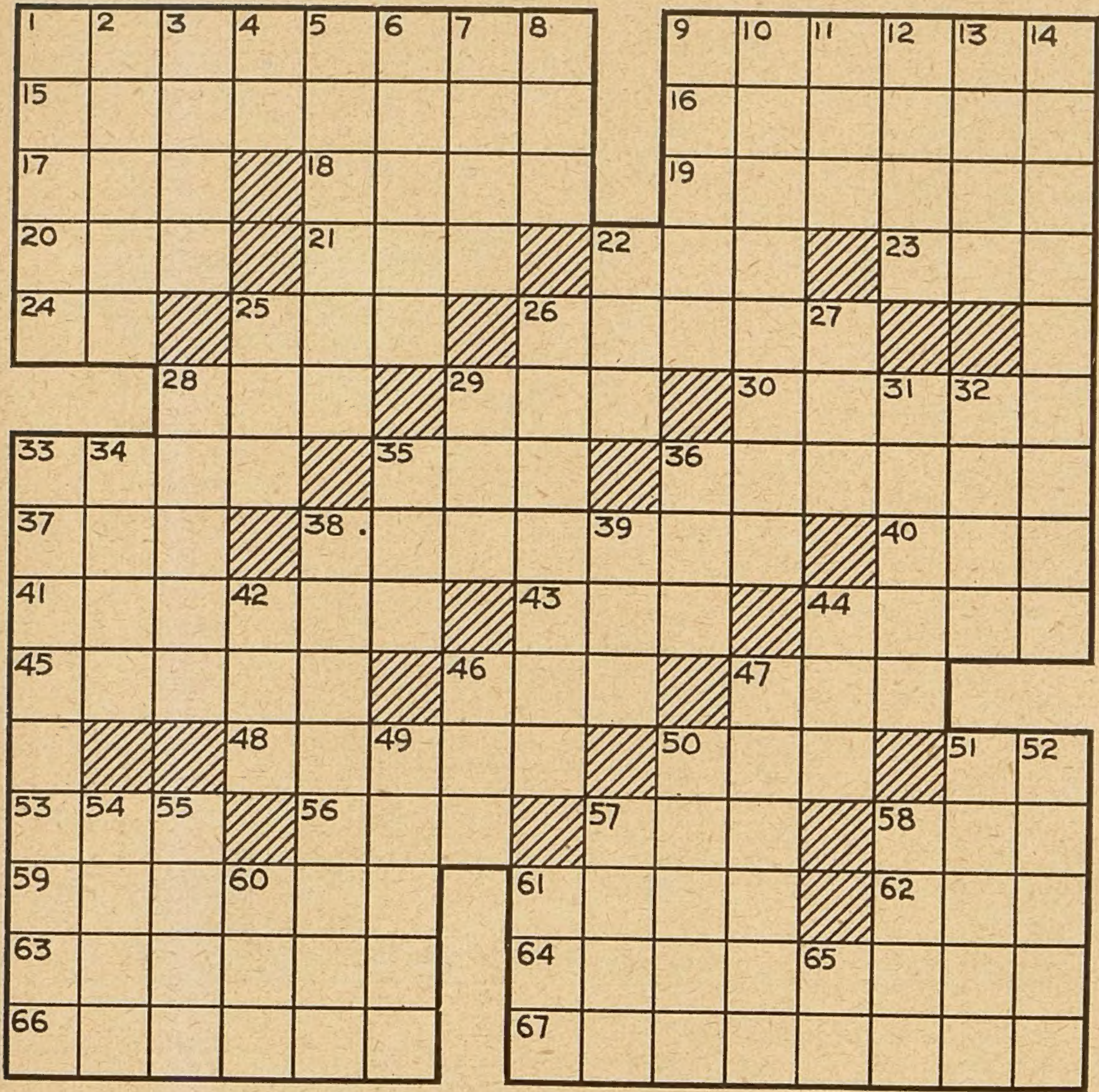
THE FOREHEAD and eyes are of a United States Senator from Indiana; the nose is of a native of New York State; the mouth and chin are of an Ohio State Senator.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.
2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.
6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, February 23, 1938, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Hangover Day
9 Every hunter should see the point of this
15 Ape man
16 "I'm seeing things!"
17 Whiskered bird of paradox (inits.)
18 What blacksmiths do to horseflies
19 Totes
20 Cry of the Crusader
21 Weanie
22 54
23 Exterior decorator (abbr.)
24 Bull Mooser (inits.)
25 Kind of man with a nodding acquaintance with Hitler
26 It may smell to high heaven but nobody'll mind it
28 D. A. R. with hair on the chest
29 Pea soup
30 She sounds almost normal
33 How bad fish smell
35 Communistic pronoun
36 Proletariat clubhouse
37 He Khan do a lot with his dough
38 Only Shane writing that'll ever be carved in stone
40 What a good crust forms on a piece of pie
41 Shaky propositions
43 She passed away amid the colored section
44 Port the Scotchman sent for
45 Bits of the Good Earth
46 This has to be ironed out before it's of any use
47 Park backward
48 What dad pays for after Christmas
50 This starts people scratching around the post office
51 The Man Nobody Noes
53 That's the system
56 What a louse it turned out to be!

PAPA KAFFIR HOME
ALAR ARIOSE ASEA
PEREGRINE■MOLARS
SEA■RASE■MIL■GET
GRATE■BETIDE
FARADS■TER■VESTS
ORATE■ENLIVEN■ET
RIPS■ORT■TOR■ORE
ASH■BUR■FEW■ELSE
GE■ROTATED■CREEL
ENTER■TIN■CANARY
HIATUS■TOKEN
OWE■TAM■PERE■DUO
MOSLEM■TRANSFERS
ERIE PLEASE AREA
REST STAYED TSAR

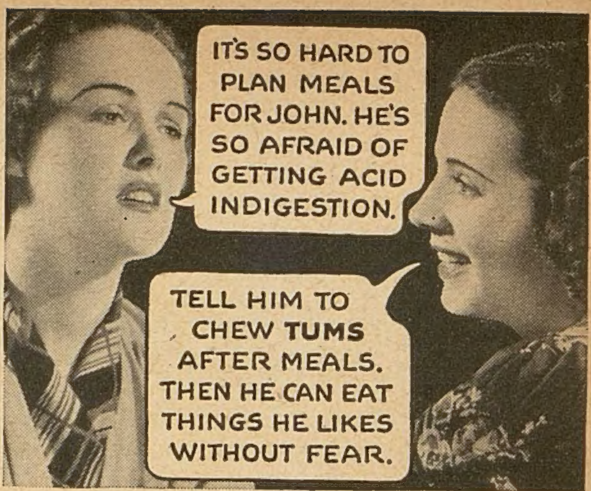
Answer to last week's puzzle

57 It's never known to have been behind
58 Where Englishmen do their interior decorating
59 Hazy Daisy works in one
61 Cackleberry Manor
62 Loads of time
63 State of being held (non-femme)
64 Coo-coo house (two words)
66 Worked at U. S. Steal
67 It straightens out things in doghouses (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Really attractive side of life
2 All they left of Joan of Arc after the trial
3 Will o' the
4 Yellowbellied Tyrants (abbr.)
5 When the world comes out in new bloomers
6 One of the 3 Must Get Theirs
7 Underground worker
8 The producer's dream (abbr.)
9 Isn't this the limit?
10 An Indian's idea of bliss (add "h")
11 Kind of drafty motoring
12 The Good Earth
13 Humpty Dumpties
14 Why baritones have big noses
22 What Marlene Dietrich found in her Xmas stocking
25 The biggest ass in Tibet
26 Colored caddies
27 Lopsided Order of Lorgnette-slingers (abbr.)
28 The slowest thing off wheels
29 These letters sound disgusted
31 Beefs from the male den
32 There's a Twist to this expression
33 The Forgotten Men of '37
34 Indian love calls
35 Cockney toads are full of them
36 Saratoga
38 Hamlet's home town
39 Hail from Rome
42 Mate to 22 down
44 Piscatorial pushmobile
46 He rarely goes out on strikes
47 Where an Indian goes to keep his wigwam
49 What the unemployed can never be
50 Where Utah breeds marshals
51 Trashiest thing in Shakespeare
52 What all floods do in the end
54 Anything's liable to turn up in one
55 The Man who was Zola
57 Milne could bear this—why can't you?
58 He's your equal—don't you feel noble?
60 Fido's present to Rover
61 Concealed Loving Suspects (abbr.)
65 Blind nit

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


IT'S SO HARD TO PLAN MEALS FOR JOHN. HE'S SO AFRAID OF GETTING ACID INDIGESTION.
TELL HIM TO CHEW TUMS AFTER MEALS. THEN HE CAN EAT THINGS HE LIKES WITHOUT FEAR.

NO NEED TO FEAR ACID INDIGESTION NOW

YES—TUMS, a remarkable discovery brings amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, and constant burning caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS contain no laxatives; no harmful drugs. *Guaranteed to contain no soda.* Over 1½ billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Try TUMS today. Only 10c for 12 TUMS at all druggists. Most economical relief. Chew like candy mints. Get a handy 10c roll today, or the three roll economy package with metal container for only 25c.

HANDY TO CARRY

EAT LIKE CANDY TUMS 10¢ STOMACH DISTRESS 10¢ A ROLL

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY IN ACID INDIGESTION

FREE Beautiful Six-color 1938 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of *TUMS* and *NR.* Send stamp for packing and postage to Lewis-Howe Company, Dept. 20-A-9, St. Louis, Mo.

Know HARTFORD?

Liberty will soon feature Hartford in the series picturing well known American communities.

In this thrifty, thriving city, Liberty goes into every sixth home.

The MOST PRECIOUS CHILDREN IN THE WORLD (*Yours, of Course*)

● Aren't your children too precious to subject them to a cough syrup whose narcotics can harm and upset their digestions? They deserve Foley's, the delicious non-narcotic cough syrup for children. For speedy relief, it's unsurpassed. For helping break up a cough and speed recovery, it's superb. Ideal for adults, too. For speedy, sure and safe relief from coughs due to colds, get a bottle of Foley's today at your druggist, 30c.

..don't they deserve a cough syrup specially formulated for them?

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar COUGH SYRUP

Why Did the Black Man Refuse $100,000?

WHEN A FOOTBALL PLAYER LOSES all interest in the game, even while the success or failure of the team lies in his hands, his fellows and the fans have something to worry about. . . . Adela Rogers St. Johns takes this theme from real life and gives you in Liberty next week the most exciting football story of the year. . . . Don't miss her Rose Bowl Mutiny. . . . Indeed we hope you won't miss any of the many exciting features in this second issue of the year. . . . For example, The Tragic Pilgrimage of Mischa Auer, by Miriam Stillwell, opens up a completely new vista in the life of this comedian. . . . You remember Eric Hatch's famous Liberty story, Irene the Stubborn Girl. . . . You remember, too, that this serial was made into a popular movie called My Man Godfrey, with William Powell and Carole Lombard. . . . Who could forget the "gorilla man" in that amusing picture? . . . That gorilla-man part made Mischa Auer famous. . . . Now you are to learn another side of his character, the strange reason that sends a funny man abroad, on the very rise of his fame, in a search for his mother's grave. . . . Another stirring article, BLACK MAN'S MIRACLES, will tell you about an American living today who was born into slavery, and who grew up to send back a check for one hundred thousand dollars from grateful white farmers whose crops he had saved by his great scientific discoveries. . . . Why did the black man send back the check? . . . We hope you will read Fred Allhoff's story about that, because it will be a good way to start the new year. . . . Among other good things next week will be David Garth's story I'll Arrange Everything, Borden Chase's They Call Him Mister, and more installments of Emil Ludwig's biography of President Roosevelt and Cornelius Vanderbilt's Too Many Wives. . . . IN A MORNING'S MAIL: Twenty-two letters about football, discussing our recent articles, This Football Skullduggery, and Stumble-backs. . . . A Washington writer tells about the crime czar of Shanghai . . . an international dope ring . . . the attitude of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek . . . and the efforts of American detectives to smash the syndicate from this end. . . . Our detectives, clever as they certainly are, make a mistake if they believe, as this writer represents, that the Shanghai crime lord was protected because once he had saved the life of the Generalissimo. . . . Chiang and his lovely wife are opium's most powerful enemies in China. . . . HOW THE GANGSTER BOSS of Shanghai was outwitted by T. V. Soong, brother of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, is a hair-raising story never yet printed. . . . Soon we hope to tell it in Liberty. . . . Eighteen more letters about safety at sea and the need for discipline in American crews. . . . From Duke University come a pack of E S P cards, a score pad, a sheet of instructions, and a request to participate in a new parapsychological experiment. . . . Glad to do this. . . . Some one sends a clipping from a columnist repeating the rumor that a reservation has been made in Johns Hopkins Hospital for the Duchess of Windsor. . . . Twenty letters about Joe Louis, most of them praising his reply to Messrs. Tully and Dempsey. . . . A man in California writes that he knows for certain that a great European figure was secretly married many years ago to a Jewess whom he divorced and transplanted to Peru, where she is now raising his son under another name. . . . The writer declares he lived in the same village and witnessed the marriage. . . . THE STORY IS NOT TRUE, could not be true . . . but it offers a riddle, because the man who writes about it is obviously an intelligent and sincere person who devoutly and without hysteria believes what he says to be true. . . . Letters from apparently sensible and earnest persons making preposterous claims are never absent from the mail. . . . How are they to be explained? . . . Cable from H. G. Wells that he has completed the manuscript of his important new piece, soon to appear in Liberty, on British Propaganda in the United States. . . . Twelve letters about Ethelda Bedford's story No One Can Take My Husband! . . . Some of them pretty wroth. . . . Letter from the mother of one of the three little girls murdered in the California canyon. . . . She is horrified that some people still do not believe in the guilt of the man convicted of the killing of the three little children. . . . A promise from Arthur T. Vanderbilt, president of the American Bar Association, that he will write an article, not in answer to Fred Collins' Can the Legal Profession Clean House? but as a statement of the aims and ideals of the American bar. . . . Thirty-seven letters about Mr. Collins' Passion Before Marriage. . . . Most of them accuse Mr. Collins of whitewashing the facts. . . . MARGARET SANGSTER YIELDS AT LAST after a long wooing and promises to do her next serial for Liberty. . . . A notorious murderess to whom we talked through a barred window at San Quentin in 1932 is free now and wants to write stories about small-town life. . . . Smedley Butler sends a piece demanding that we bring the marines home from China. . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., wires that he and Rob Wagner are having a great time high-spotting Hollywood. . . . Governor Harold Hoffman of New Jersey answers our question whether he will tell his real purpose in his Lindbergh investigation once his term of office is over. . . . Father Flanagan gives thanks for the many contributions for his work in rebuilding boys, checks and cash sent to him from Liberty readers. . . . We will come back to this another day.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

What the Farmers Want Is More Money! . Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

A Cell for Two . . . . Elita Wilson 8
Buccaneers' Booty . . . . W. Adolphe Roberts 10
Honest People Aren't Safe—Liberty's Short Short Edward Stevenson 15
It's Funny About Christmas . . . . Sibyl Spande Bowen 24

SERIALS

Emil Ludwig's Life of Roosevelt—Part IV 18
Hollywood Woman—Part IV . . . . Edward Doherty 30
I Fly in the Spanish War—Conclusion Captain Orrin Dwight Bell as told to Frederick C. Painton 37
Too Many Wives—Part V . . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 42

ARTICLES

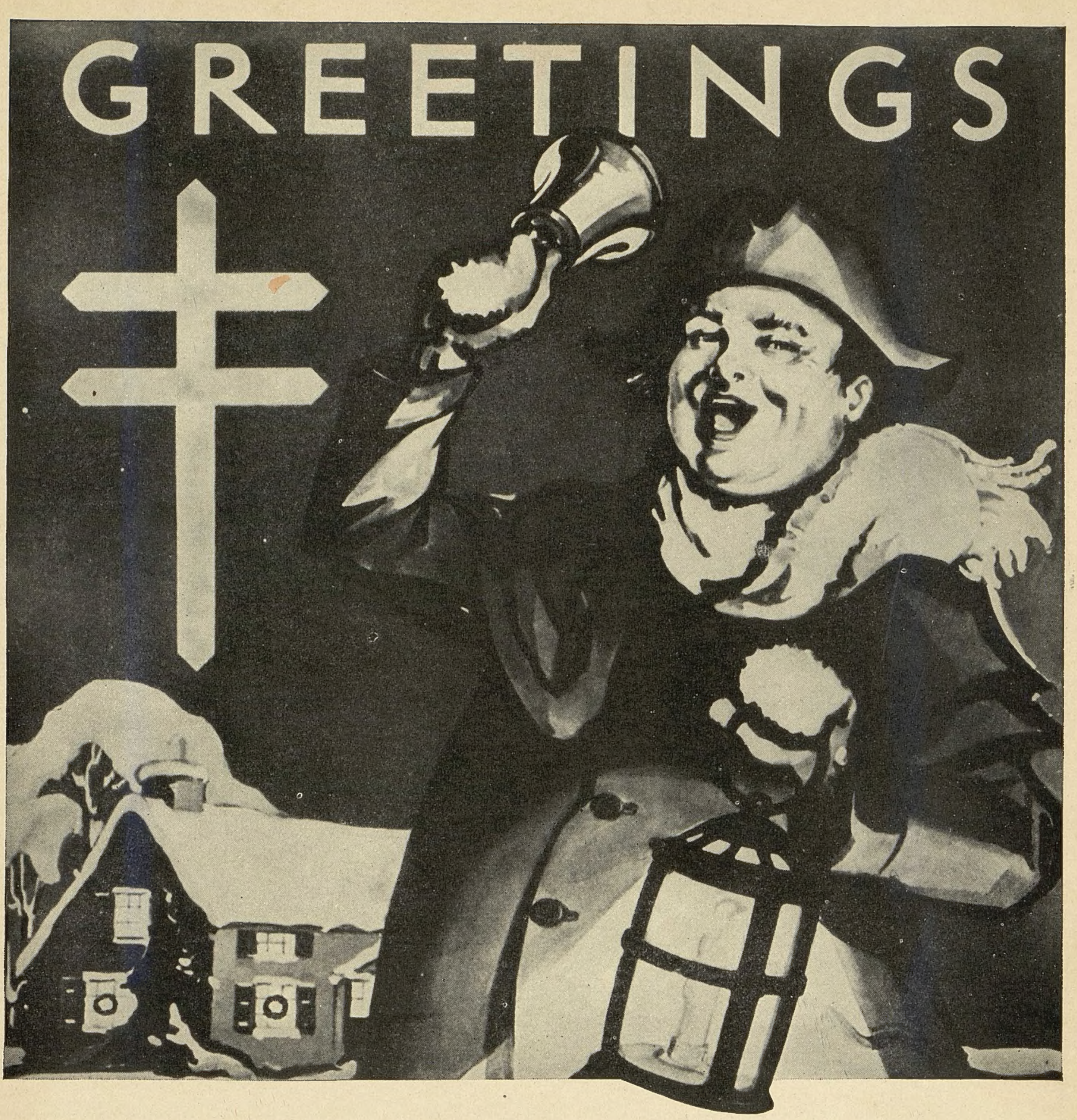
What I Found Out About the Oxford Movement Emily Newell Blair 6
Drugs, Doctors, and the Law . . . . Will Irwin 16
Listen, Youth! . . . . Elsie Robinson 28
1938: Whether You Like It or Not, You're Going to Get It! Franklin P. Adams 48
" Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me " 50

FEATURES

To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 23; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 35; Twenty Questions, 36; Vox Pop, 40; $2,500 Game of Presidents, 52; Crossword Puzzle, 53.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS



RINGING IN HEALTH...

and protection against tuberculosis

GREETINGS
1937

BUY and USE them

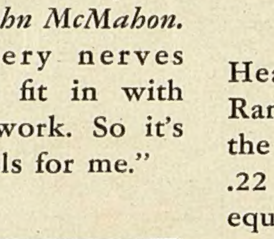
THE 1937 CHRISTMAS SEALS

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

DO EXPERT MARKSMEN FIND THAT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

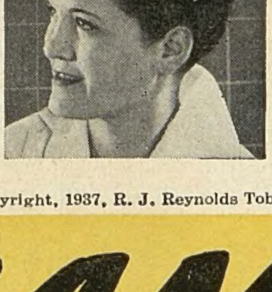
"YES, SIR, in any bunch of expert shots — Camels are the favorite cigarette," says *Ransford Triggs,* one of the foremost marksmen in America. "Marksmen know that it takes steady nerves to make high scores. And the fact that Camels don't frazzle my nerves goes over big with me. I smoke plenty of Camels every day, too."

And millions of other people — the most loyal group of smokers in the world — put their "O. K." on Camels too — making Camels the largest-selling cigarette in America



TAKING X-RAYS is a delicate job—and a tiring one too. But as Miss *Myrtle Sawler,* X-ray technician, says: "When I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me. I get a 'lift' with a Camel."

"I'M HANDLING money by thousands," says bank teller, *John McMahon.* "Jittery nerves don't fit in with this work. So it's Camels for me."



HOME economist, *Elizabeth May,* says: "There's a world of comfort in smoking Camels 'for digestion's sake,' at mealtimes."

{ABOVE}
Head-on view of Ransford Triggs on the firing line. His .22 calibre rifle is equipped with hand-made sights. He uses the sighting 'scope beside him to help get his sights set exactly for the centre of the bull's-eye. The glove helps protect his hand.

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Camel pays millions more for COSTLIER TOBACCOS! Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA